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THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-1.

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THE

WORKS

OF THE CELEBRATED

Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING,

LOVE'S CONTRIVANCE.
BUSY BODY.
MARPLOT IN LISBON.
PLATONIC LADY.
PERPLEXED LOVERS.
CRUEL GIFT.

46508
16503

LONDON:

Printed for J. KNAPTON, C. HITCH and L. HAWES, J. and R. TONSON, S. CROWDER, W. BATHOE, T. LOWNDS, T. CASLON, H. WOODGATE and S. BROOKES, and G. KEARSLY.

M DCC LX.

1760

46508.

LOVE's CONTRIVANCE:

OR,

Le Medecin malgre Lui.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

THE PREFACE.

WRiting is a kind of Lottery in this fickle Age, and Dependence on the Stage as precarious as the Caſt of a Die; the Chance may turn up, and a Man may write to pleaſe the Town, but 'tis uncertain, ſince we ſee our beſt Authors ſometimes fail. The Criticks cavil moſt about Decorums, and cry up Ariſtotle's *Rules as the moſt eſſential part of the Play. I own they are in the right of it; yet I dare venture a Wager they'll never perſuade the Town to be of their Opinion, which reliſhes nothing ſo well as Humour lightly toſt up with Wit, and dreſt with Modeſty and Air. And I believe Mr.* Rich *will own, he got more by the* Trip to the Jubilee, *with all its Irregularities, than by the moſt uniform Piece the Stage cou'd boaſt of e'er ſince. I do not ſay this by way of condemning the Unity of Time, Place, and Action; quite contrary, for I think them the greateſt Beauties of a Dramatick Poem; but ſince the other way of writing pleaſes full as well, and gives the Poet a larger Scope of Fancy, and with leſs Trouble, Care, and Pains, ſerves his and the Player's End, why ſhould a Man torture, and wrack his Brain for what will be no Advantage to him. This I dare engage, that the Town will ne'er be entertained with Plays according to the Method of the Ancients, till they exclude this Innovation of Wit and Humour, which yet I ſee no likelihood of doing. The following Poem I think has nothing can diſoblige the niceſt Ear; and tho' I did not obſerve the Rules of Drama, I took peculiar Care to dreſs my Thoughts in ſuch a modeſt Stile, that it might not give Offence to any. Some Scenes*

I confeſs

I confeſs are partly taken from Moliere, *and I dare be bold to ſay it has not ſuffered in the Tranſlation: I thought 'em pretty in the French, and cou'd not help believing they might divert in an Engliſh Dreſs. The French have that light Airineſs in their Temper, that the leaſt Glimpſe of Wit ſets them a laughing, when 'twou'd not make us ſo much as ſmile; ſo that where I found the ſtile too poor, I endeavoured to give it a Turn; for whoever borrows from them, muſt take care to touch the Colours with an Engliſh Pencil, and form the Piece according to our Manners. When firſt I took thoſe Scenes of* Moliere's, *I deſigned but three Acts; for that Reaſon I choſe ſuch as ſuited beſt with Farce, which indeed are all of that ſort you'll find in it; for what I added to 'em, I believe my Reader will allow to be of a different Stile, at leaſt ſome very good Judges thought ſo, and in ſpite of me divided it into five Acts, believing it might paſs amongſt the Comedies of theſe Times. And indeed I have no reaſon to complain, for I confeſs it met a Reception beyond my Expectation. I muſt own myſelf infinitely obliged to the Players, and in a great Meaſure the Succeſs was owing to them, eſpecially Mr.* Wilks, *who extended his Faculties to ſuch a Pitch, that one may almoſt ſay he out-play'd himſelf; and the Town muſt confeſs they never ſaw three different Characters by one Man acted ſo well before, and I think myſelf extremely indebted to him, likewiſe to Mr.* Johnſon, *who in his way I think the beſt Comedian of the Age.*

PROLOGUE.

POets like Muſhrooms riſe and fall of late,
Or as th' uncertain Favourites of State,
Inventions rack'd to pleaſe both Eye and Ear,
But no Scene takes without the moving Player:
Daily we ſee Plays, Pamphlets, Libels, Rhimes,
Become the Falling-Sickneſs of the Times;
So feveriſh is the Humour of the Town,
It ſurfeits of a Play ere three Days run.
At Locket's, Brown's, *and at* Pontack's *enquire,*
What modiſh Kick-ſhaws the nice Beaus deſire,
What fam'd Ragouts, what new-invented Sallad
Has beſt Pretenſions to regale the Palate.
If we preſent you with a Medley here,
A hodge podge Diſh ſerv'd up in China *Ware,*
We hope 'twill pleaſe, 'cauſe like your Bills of Fare.
To pleaſe you all we ſhou'd attempt in vain,
In diff'rent Perſons diff'rent Humours reign.
The Soldier's for the rattl'ng Scenes of War,
The peaceful Beau hates ſhedding Blood ſo near.
Courtiers in Com'dy place their chief Delight,
'Cauſe Love's the proper Buſ'neſs of the Night.
The Clown for Paſtoral his half Crown beſtows,
But t'other Houſe by ſad Experience knows,
This poliſh'd Town produces few of thoſe.
The Merchant is for Traffick ev'ry where,
And values not the beſt, but cheapeſt Ware:
Since various Humours are pleas'd various ways,
A Critick's but a Fool to judge of Plays.
Fool did I ſay? 'Tis difficult to know
Wh[illegible]'s that's ſo indeed, or is not ſo:
If that be then a Point ſo hard to gain,
Wit's ſure a moſt profound unfathom'd Main.
He that ſits Judge, the Trident ought to ſway,
To know who's greateſt Fool or Wit to day,
The Audience, or the Author of the Play.

EPILOGUE.

WHAT, if to end this Fortune-telling Play,
I tell you all your Fortunes here to-day;
And, faith, to judge by here and there a Face,
Fortune has Fav'rites ſcatter'd in this Place:
The Beaus, whoſe Garb of late ſuch Luſtre darts,
To draw fair Ladies Eyes, and break poor Tradeſmen's Hearts,
Their Fortune is what ſtill attends the Great,
Still borrowing, ſtill dunn'd, and ſtill in Debt.
Pit-maſks this Seaſon are grown mighty bare.
They ſcarce got Pattens to ply round May-Fair.
But when the Term, and Winter comes again,
Bawds, Brimm, and Lawyers flouriſh bravely then.
Vintners and Taylors thro' ſuch knaviſh Lives,
With honeſt Cits, and virtuous City Wives;
I fear (tho' wiſhing it might be uncivil)
Like Pawn-Brokers, they'll all go to the Devil:
The City 'Prentices, thoſe upſtart Beaus,
In ſhort ſpruce Puffs, and Vigo-Colour *Cloaths,*
Who with a Brace of Trulls ſtole here to-day,
And muſter'd up a Crown to ſee this Play;
Lewdneſs and Gaming will run them aground,
And Maſters Caſh fall ſhort a hundred Pound.
Our upper Friends, whoſe Height Reſpect denotes,
Since Liv'ries too are not unlike lac'd Coats,
By coming will ſuch Criticks grow at laſt,
Nothing but Standard-Wit will pleaſe their Taſte,
Till learning here how well the Town's harangu'd,
They'll make ingenious Speeches when they're hang'd.
Our Fidlers will be ſcraping as before,
Spend ev'ry Groat they get upon a Whore,
Lead merry Lives, damn'd ſhabby, and damn'd poor:
But where at laſt they'll go, is hard to tell,
For really they're too impudent for Hell.
The Ladies by their melting Looks, I ſee,
Will die for Love, perhaps for Love of me;
My Pity ſpeeds apace to ſave their Life,
I cou'd be kind, but muſt not wrong my Wife.
But laſtly for the Fortune of this Play,
Humour's a Hazard, yet thus much I'll ſay,
The Author purely for your Mirth deſign'd it,
And whether good or bad, 'tis —— As you find it.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Selfwill, Father to *Lucinda*,	Mr. *Bullock.*
Sir *Toby Doubtful*, an old City Knight in Love with *Lucinda*,	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Bellmie, a Gentleman in Love with *Lucinda*,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Octavio, his Friend, newly arrived from Travelling,	Mr. *Mills.*
Martin, formerly a Servant to *Bellmie*; but being poor is turn'd Faggot-maker,	Mr. *Norris.*

WOMEN.

Lucinda, Daughter to *Selfwill*, in Love with *Bellmie*,	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Belliza, her Couſin,	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Martin's Wife,	Mrs. *Norris.*

Servants.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

LOVE's CONTRIVANCE:

OR,

Le Medecin malgre Lui.

ACT I. SCENE. I.

Enter Selfvill *and* Lucinda.

Self. WHY! what Objection can you make, I ſay?

Luc. Objection, Sir!

Self. Ay, what Objection?

Luc. What Objection may one not make, Sir? He's old.

Self. He'll die the ſooner, and leave you a rich Widow; then you may marry whom you pleaſe.

Luc. I can't love him.

Self. Oh———that's not eſſential to a Wife; you can bear the Sight of him, I ſuppoſe.

Luc. So I can of a Death's-Head, but I ſhou'd not care to have it bed with me. In ſhort, Sir, if you won't conſider my Body, have ſome Pity for my Soul, for I am certain I ſhall———

Self. Cuckold him, ha——let him look to that? whoever marries is a Merchant Adventurer, and Hope is his beſt Friend: 'tis all but Chance, and I ſuppoſe Sir *Toby* han't traffick'd theſe thirty Years, but he has met with ſome leaky Veſſels in his Life-time; therefore, Daughter of mine, this is no Excuſe.

Luc. O! Heav'n what ſhall I do! [*Aſide.*] No Excuſe, Sir! I hope you won't be ſo barbarous as to force my Inclinations: I have ever been a dutiful Child to you, never thought of Marriage till you yourſelf perſuaded me.

You bad me encourage *Bellmie*'s Suit, as a Man you de-
ſign'd for my Huſband: In Obedience to you I ſtrove
love him, and by Degrees he gain'd my Heart, which n-
is unalterably his; I ne'er can love but him.

Self. You can't ——— with all my Heart, love him
on, I don't bid you hate him, nor love Sir *Toby*: You ſay
Duty to me gave the firſt Impreſſion of your Love to
Bellmie, then let your Duty give the ſecond, at my Com-
mand, to Sir *Toby*; for d'ye ſee, I am reſolv'd you ſhall
ne'er ſee *Bellmie*, till you are his Wife, and ſo conſider
on't; d'ye hear, to-morrow's the Day. [*Exit.*

Luc. What ſhall I do?

Enter Belliza.

Bell. What! in Tears, *Lucinda?* What's the matter?
Is my Uncle obſtinate?

Luc. As obſtinately bent to my undoing, as the Romiſh
Church to Hereſy; and much, I fear, 'tis not in my Power
to ſtem the Tide of his Reſolutions, for he has no Con-
ſideration but Riches.

Bell. Well, were it my Caſe I know what I wou'd do.

Luc. There is no room left to do any thing; we are
pent up to ſo narrow a point of time, that I can turn no
way for help.

Bell. And ſo you lie down and take what comes; a
very pretty Reſolution in Extremity truly!

Luc. What wou'd you have me to do? My Father's im-
moveable, all my Tears and Entreaties are thrown away
upon him, he's fix'd in his Deſign: Beſides, I have not
heard a Word from *Bellmie* theſe two Days, nor know I
the Reaſon on't.

Bell. Theſe two Days! there's a Lover indeed, he de-
ſerves to loſe his Miſtreſs; does he conſider what in-
conſtant Things we Women are? Had he been my Ser-
vant, o'my Conſcience, I ſhou'd have forgot him the firſt
Day, and got a new one the ſecond.

Luc. Indeed I ſhou'd be angry with him myſelf, did I
think him guilty of Indifference; but I'm perſuaded 'tis not
his Fault: Which way to give him Notice of my Father's
Proceedings, I know not; for I have been ſo ſtrictly
watch'd theſe two Days, that I cannot ſo much as come at
Pen, Ink, or Paper.

Bell.

Bell. Well, Girl, to ſhew you that I am a Well-wiſher to your Deſigns, I'll undertake the Embaſſy myſelf, if you'll give me your Inſtructions.

Luc. You ſhew yourſelf a Friend in every thing; come into the next Room and I'll give you 'em immediately. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Sir Toby Doubtful *and Servants.*

Sir Toby. Do you hear, if any body brings me any Money, ſend for me to Mr. *Selfwill*'s Houſe immediately; but if any wants Money, tell 'em I am not at home, nor ſhan't be all Day. [*Exit Servants.*

Enter Octavio.

Oct. A very prudent Order, faith,——Sir *Toby*, your Servant.

Sir *Toby.* Mr. *Octavio*, I am heartily glad to ſee you; pray how long have you been in *England?*

Oct. Theſe ſix Months, but not one in Town; the laſt Bills you tranſmitted me to *Calais* brought me over. I was ſeveral times upon Change, but cou'd not have the good Fortune to meet with you: Come, ſhall we take a Bottle together.

Sir *Toby.* Another time, Sir, I ſhall be glad to crack a Bottle with you, but at preſent I have a little preſſing Buſineſs; and yet I cou'd wiſh to ſtay now, for I have a little preſſing Buſineſs upon my Hands, wherein I ſhou'd be glad of a Friend's Advice——Now I know you are a Man of Senſe, and your Father was my particular Friend, and I have a very great Reſpect for you as his Son, and wou'd rather take your Advice than any Man's I know again; therefore we'll ſtep into this Houſe, and I'll tell you what 'tis.

Oct. Oh! Sir *Toby*, you do me too much Honour; I'll promiſe to give you the beſt Advice I'm capable of. Allons; ſo, ho the Houſe here!

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. You are welcome, Gentlemen; will you be pleas'd to walk into a Room?

[*Exeunt, and enter again in a Room with a Table and Wine.*

Sir *Toby.*

Sir *Toby*. Well, Mr. *Octavio*, before I tell you what it is, I conjure you not to flatter me, but deal freely, and give your juſt Thoughts of the Matter.

Oct. You may be certain I will.

Sir *Toby*. I think there can be nothing worſe in a Friend, than not to ſpeak his Mind freely.

Oct. You are in the right.

Sir *Toby*. In this Age one finds but few Friends ſincere.

Oct. That's true.

Sir *Toby*. Promiſe me then.

Oct. I promiſe you.

Sir *Toby*. Swear by your Faith you will.

Oct. Upon the Faith of a Friend I will; therefore pray tell me your Buſineſs——What the Devil can all this mean? [*Aſide*.

Sir *Toby*. Why then 'tis this; ſhall I do well to marry?

Oct. By the Injunction, I thought it was either Hanging or Marrying. [*Aſide*.] Who you! Sir *Toby*?

Sir *Toby*. Yes, myſelf in proper Perſon; what is your Advice upon that?

Oct. I pray before I give you my Opinion, tell me one thing.

Sir *Toby*. What's that?

Oct. What Age are you?

Sir *Toby*. What Age?

Oct. Ay.

Sir *Toby*. Faith I don't know; but I'm very well.

Oct. Can you gueſs near what Age?

Sir *Toby*. No, I never think of that.

Oct. Hark ye, Sir, how old were you when my Father was firſt acquainted with you?

Sir *Toby*. Ha--how old?—why about twenty.

Oct. Very good; and how long were you together at [illegible]

Sir *Toby*. Eight Years.

Oct. How long did you live in *France*?

Sir *Toby*. Seven Years.

Oct. You were ſome time in *Holland* too.

Sir *Toby*. Five Years and a half.

Oct. And when did you come over again?

Sir *Toby*. I came over in eighty.

Oct. So, from eighty to ſeven hundred [illegible] Years.

Years, I think; and five Years in *Holland*, and ſeven Years in *France*, that is thirty-three, and eight Years at *Rome*, that is forty-one, and twenty Years you own at your firſt Acquaintance with my Father, which is juſt three-ſcore and one, by your own Confeſſion, and it may be a Year or two older,

Sir *Toby*. Who I, Mr. *Oſtavio?* No, no, it can't be, you have reckon'd wrong.

Oſt. Nay, I have calculated juſt I'll aſſure you; whereupon I ſhall ſpeak freely like a Friend; and as you made me ſwear to do ——— —Marriage won't do your Work, that's a thing we young Men ought to think ſeriouſly on before we do it, but Men of your Age ſhould never think on't at all: If one would give the greateſt Ill a Name 'tis Marriage, I know nothing worſe, eſpecially to an old Man; therefore if you'll take my Advice, don't think on't: I ſhou'd think that Man ridiculous that wou'd keep open Houſe for all Strollers, and yet is uncapable of ſharing the Diverſion himſelf. No, no, my Friend, grey Hairs and a bridal Bed are ridiculous Companions.

Sir *Toby*. Look ye, Sir, I aſk'd your Advice as a Friend, and not to be affronted.

Oſt. And I gave it you as a Friend, Sir; I'm ſure I deſign'd no Affront, Sir *Toby*.

Sir *Toby*. Sir, I ſay my Hair is not grey with Age; for I was as grey as I am now at twenty, and ſo was my Father before me.

Oſt. Nay, Sir *Toby*, that may be. I proteſt I did not think any harm when I ſpoke; you bid me ſpeak my Mind freely, you know.

Sir *Toby*. I did ſo, but did not think you had been of this Opinion; for I can aſſure you I ſhall marry, and the very Woman I deſign, and I warrant ſhe'll like me ne'er the worſe for my grey Hairs, as you call 'em.

Oſt. Perhaps the Lady may ſuit your Years, Sir *Toby*; if ſo, you'll do well to marry.

Sir *Toby*. My Years ——— What do you mean, Mr. *Oſtavio*? I think any Lady ſuits my Years ——The Lady I deſign to marry is about twenty, and I love her.

Oſt. You love her!

Sir *Toby*. And I have her Father's Conſent.

Oſt. You have her Father's Conſent!

Sir *Toby*.

Sir *Toby*. Yes; and the Match is concluded on, and is to be to-morrow.

Oct. Nay then marry a' God's Name; I ſhan't ſpeak one Word more.

Sir *Toby*. Why, wou'd you have me fancy myſelf old, Sir, ſo long as I have the Vigour of a Man of thirty: Don't I walk upright? [*Walks.*] Nay, can dance a Minuet with e'er a young Fellow of you all, la, la, lal, lara, lera, la. [*Skips and dances.*] My Legs don't fail me, thank God: I have no need of a Coach nor Chair to carry me to my Miſtreſs.——And look you here, I have as good a Set of Teeth as e'er a Beau in Chriſtendom. [*Shews his Teeth.*] I have a very good Appetite too, I can digeſt four Meals a Day, and am as ſound as a Roach, Boy. Hem, hem, hem. [*Coughs.*] Ha! what ſay you to theſe Symptons, Friend? Mayn't I venture to marry, think ye?

Oct. By all means, I was miſtaken.

Sir *Toby*. Sometimes I am of another Mind; but when I think what a Pleaſure it will be to poſſeſs a young beautiful Creature that will careſs, and ſtroak, and fondle me when I am weary, and out of Humour.

Oct. That will cuckold you when ſhe is in Humour. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Toby*. Beſides, when I die the Name of the *Doubtfulls* is extinct in the Male Line; therefore I'm reſolv'd to beget a Boy, that ſhall beget another Boy, and ſo bear up my Name to Poſterity. Ah! what Pleaſure it will be to ſee the little Creatures playing about one's Knees, and to hear one tell me the Boy has my Noſe, another my Eyes, the third my Mouth, and Smile; ha, ha.

Oct. While the Mother ſmiles, to think you had the leaſt hand in the getting it. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Toby*. And then when I come from Change, to have 'em run and meet me, and call Papa; 'tis ſurely the moſt greeable Pleaſure in the World, and I hope to get half a dozen of 'em ere I die yet, Boy.

Oct. Father half a dozen, you mean, old Gentleman. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Toby*. What ſay'ſt thou then, ha——Boy?

Oct. Oh! Sir, I wou'd counſel you to marry with all the haſte you can.

Sir *Toby*. Good——you counſel me.

Oct.

Oct. You can't do better.

Sir *Toby.* I'm overjoy'd to think that your Opinion jumps with mine. I ever took you to be a Man of Senſe ——and you give this Counſel out of pure Friendſhip?

Oct. I do upon my Word; for when a Man refuſes to follow my Counſel, I think the beſt thing I can do, is to adviſe him to follow his own. But pray, Sir *Toby*, who is this Lady?

Sir *Toby.* *Lucinda.*

Oct. What, the great Beauty?

Sir *Toby.* Yes, Sir.

Oct. Daughter to Mr. *Selfwill.*

Sir *Toby.* The ſame.

Oct. What do I hear? [*Aſide.*

Sir *Toby.* What do you ſay?

Oct. A very noble Match.

Sir *Toby.* Had I not Reaſon in my Choice?

Oct. Oh! without doubt.——But I'm miſtaken if you have her, old Gentleman. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Toby.* Well, I invite you to the throwing of the Stocking, Mr. *Octavio.* Ha—you'll wiſh yourſelf in my Place, Boy.

Oct. I have a Friend will put you out of your Place, perchance, if I come time enough to give him notice on't. [*Aſide.*] I'll not fail; Sir, your humble Servant.

Sir *Toby.* Sir, your very humble Servant.

[*Exit* Sir Toby.

Oct. He to marry *Lucinda* to-morrow, and by her Father's Conſent! Ah! poor *Bellmie!* But I muſt inſtantly go ſeek him, and let him know his Affairs are in an ill poſture at preſent. [*Exit.*

The SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Martin *and his Wife.*

Mar. I ſay I won't work to-day: and if I ſay I won't I won't; and ſo you had as good hold your Tongue.

Wife. 'Tis very fine indeed, a Woman muſt not ſpeak.

Mart. I ſay 'tis my Buſineſs to ſpeak, and act too; pray who am I? am not I your Lord and Maſter?

Wife. And who am I, if you go to that? am not I the Wife of your Boſom? What did I marry you for? to bear with all your mad Freaks? No, no, I'd have you to know, I ſhall make you turn over a new Leaf.

Mart. Oh! the Plague of an ill Wife, as *Ariſtole* has well obſerv'd, when he ſays, a bad Woman is worſe than the Devil.

Wife. Pray obſerve this learned Man, with his many Airs, that Man of Parts.

Mart. Yes, Huſſy, I am a Man of Parts; ſhew me e'er a ——— in Town knows what I do; tho' I am forced to follow ſuch a mechanick Employment, I was brought up better. I lived ſix Years with Mr. *Bellmie*, the moſt ingenious Gentleman about Town, in the Quality of a *Valet de Chambre*: I read all his Books, and tho' I ſay it, had a very good ſmattering of Philoſophy, which Science my Maſter was an Admirer of; and I ſay again, *Ariſtotle* condemn'd you.

Wife. The Man's mad.

Mart. The Woman's mad, I think, or ſhe'd never croſs ſuch a Huſband.

Wife. Curs'd be the Hour I made you ſo, and double curs'd the Minute I ſaid yes. [*Cries.*

Mart. Curs'd be the ——— that made me ſign my Ruin.

Wife. Your Ruin! you have ruin'd me indeed, and almoſt brought me upon the Pariſh; you have eat up all I brought, tho' 'twas more than you cou'd have expected with a Wife.

Mart. That's a Lie, for I have drank the greateſt part of it.

Wife. You have e'en ſtript me of the Bed I lay upon.

Mart. You'll riſe the earlier.

Wife. Nay, you han't left ſo much as one Moveable in the whole Houſe.

Mart. That's another Lie, for I have left your Tongue; and as for Goods, the fewer we have, the eaſier we ſhall remove.

Wife. And from Morning to Night do nothing but drink and play.

Mart. That's becauſe I wou'd not wear myſelf out too ſoon with Labour; for Labour overcomes every thing, you know.

Wife. And what do you think I ſhall do in the mean time with the Family?

Mart. E'en what you pleaſe.

Wife. And, you Sot, muſt things always go thus?

Mart. Softly, good Wife, ſoftly, if you pleaſe, good Words, I beſeech you.

Wife. Muſt I eternally be plagued with your Debauchery and Lazineſs?

Mart. You know, Wife, I am ſometimes cholerick, and given to Paſſion, and have a pair of very good Fiſts.

Wife. I ſcorn your Threats.

Mart. My good Wife, your Hide itches for a Dreſſing.

Wife. I'd have you to know I don't fear that.

[*Striping her Fingers.*

Mart. Thou dear half of me, thou haſt a mind to have ſomething at my Hands.

Wife. Do you think to fright me with your Words?

Mart. Sweet Object of my Eyes, I ſhall warm your Cheeks.

Wife. You Sot, who are you?

Mart. I ſhall beat you.

Wife. Drunkard.

Mart. Don't provoke me.

Wife. Infamous Fellow.

Mart. I ſhall curry your Jacket.

Wife. You curry my Jacket! Traytor, Cheat, Coward, Raſcal, Thief, Knave, Varlet, Informer!

Mart. Nay then——— [*Beats her.*

Wife. Ah! Murder, Murder, ah!———

Enter Octavio *with his Sword, and ſlaps* Martin *o'er the Shoulders.*

Oct. How now! what Inſolence is this? Are you not aſham'd to beat a Woman? ha!

Wife. May be I have a mind to be beaten, what's that to you? [*Coming up to him.*

Oct. Mary, if you have a mind to it, with all my Heart.

[*Putting up his Sword.*

Wife. Pray why do you trouble yourſelf?

Oct. Good Woman, be patient, I have done.

Wife. Is it your Buſineſs?

Oct. No, truly.

Wife. Go, you are an impertinent Fellow.

Oct. I ſhall not ſpeak one Word more, but heartily wiſh he had drub'd her ten times as much. [*Aſide.*

Wife.

Wife. Suppoſe I am pleaſed he ſhou'd beat me, I ſay, what's that to you?

Oct. [*Nods only.*]

Wife. You are a Fool to trouble yourſelf with other Folks Buſineſs.

Oct. [*Nods again, then turns to Martin.*] Friend, I am ſorry I diſturb'd your Diverſion, but hope you know how to begin again.

Mart. May be I do, may be I do not, what's that to you, whether I do or no?

Oct. That's true, as you ſay, neither do I care.

Mart. If I have a mind to beat her, I will beat her, and if I have not a mind, I won't.

Oct. With all my Heart.

Mart. She's my Wife, not yours.

Oct. Thank Heaven.

Mart. You have nothing to do with me, nor do I want your help.

Oct. Nor ſhall I trouble myſelf to give it you. Ha!

Enter Bellmie.

Bellmie, luckily met, I was juſt going to your Lodgings; but hearing the Cry of Murder here, put a ſtop to my Haſte.

Mart. Nobody deſired your ſtay, Sir; you might have march'd as ſoon as you came for that Matter.

Bellm. Prithee what's the matter with the Fellow?

Oct. Why when I came I found 'em fighting, the Woman cry'd out Murder; but I no ſooner took her part, but they both fell upon me Pellmell, and have rung ſuch a Peal in my Ears, I ſhan't have the right Uſe of them this Month.

Bellm. Sure I ſhou'd know that Face ——— D'ye hear, Friend, is not your Name *Martin?*

Mart. Maſter *Bellmie*.

Bellm. Where have you led your Life, Sirrah?

Mart. Why truly, Maſter, I can't tell.

Wife. But I know who can ——— e'en from one Alehouſe to another, Sir.

Mart. Your Tongue won't lie ſtill. [*Aside to her.*

Bellm. I told you what your Drunkenneſs would bring you

you to, but you ne'er believ'd me; here, there's a Guinea for you, be Friends with your Wife, d'ye hear?

Mart. Ah! Sir, we never bear Malice, as you ſhall ſee, Sir;——Wife, come and kiſs me, Wife.

Wife. I kiſs you! I'll ſee you hang'd firſt; d'ye think I'll be us'd at this rate?

Mart. Look'e Wife, I love you the better for beating you, faith 'tis all out of pure Love, 'tis indeed Wife; and ſuch little Quarrels as theſe do but cement the Paſſion of Love: Faith, Wife, if I did not beat thee, I ſhou'd cuckold thee.

Wife. Say you ſo—nay, if I thought that—[*Aſide.*] You ſhou'd beat me as oft as you pleaſe.

[*Runs to him and kiſſes him.*

Mart. Faith and troth 'tis true.

Bellm. Why now 'tis as it ſhou'd be.——D'ye hear, Sirrah, come to my Lodgings at the Golden Ball at the end of the Street, perhaps I may have Occaſion to uſe you, you uſed to be a lucky Rogue upon a Pinch.

Mart. Ay, Maſter, and I have not forgot it yet.

Bellm. [*To* Octavio.] I'm now at Leiſure to hear your Story, but I think my Lodging the moſt proper Place.

[*Exeunt.*

Wife. Hark'e, Huſband, where are you a going?

Mart. To the Ale-houſe to drink my Maſter's Health.

Wife. And ſpend all the Money, ha!

Mart. Why what if I do? ha! it was given to me.

Wife. Given to you! I'm ſure my Bones have paid for it.

Mart. But it was my Friend gave the Money tho'.

Wife. But if had not cry'd out, your Friend might not have come this way tho'.

Mart. That's right——well Wife, I won't ſtand with you for little Matters, you ſhall beat me now, and I'll cry out, if you think that will get you a Guinea; if not, if you'll come to the Ale-houſe, I'll make you drunk; and ſo good b'w'ye.

Wife. And am I always to be be uſed thus?——well, if I am not revenged, I am no Woman. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE Bellmie's *Lodgings.*

Enter Bellmie *and* Octavio.

Bellm. TO be married to-morrow, say you?——impossible.

Oct. So he told me, and there is nothing impossible that has any relation to Falsehood; especially where a Woman is concern'd.

Bellm. Falshood! by Heaven I'm certain she never gave Consent, 'tis her Father's Doings all; for as I told you, he forbad me his House two Days ago, upon what Grounds I know not, but I suspected his Treachery.

Oct. After countenancing your Pretensions, what Excuse cou'd he have for altering his Mind?

Bellm. Why a very lame one; he said he had consider'd better, and did not think me a proper Match for his Daughter; telling me he shou'd be very glad to see me any where but at his own House, and so left me. I have ever since been so perplex'd to know the Cause, I scarce have suffered Sleep to close my Eyes: I have endeavoured all means possible to see *Lucinda*, but in vain.

Oct. Write to her.

Bellm. Ha! a lucky Thought comes into my Head; I'll to *Martin*, he us'd to be the wittiest Rogue at these Contrivances living; I'll be with you again presently. [*Exit.*

Oct. This 'tis to be an honourable Lover now, leave a Friend for a Mistress———Well, but let me see, what shall I do here alone? ho!———What Books are these? [*Turns over two or three Books.*

Enter Belliza, *and slaps him on the Back with a Fan.*

Bell. What! studying *Bellmie?*——— Oh Lord!—I beg your pardon, Sir; I am mistaken, I find.

Oct. Only in the Name, Madam, for I am a Man, and at your Service. A charming Woman this—who the Devil is she? [*Aside.*

Bell. This is Mr. *Bellmie*'s Lodging, is it not, Sir?

Oct. It is, Madam.

Bell.

Bell. Is he within, pray?

Oct. I expect him every Minute, Madam,——but can nobody do your Buſineſs but Mr. *Bellmie*, Child?

Bell. Not at preſent, Sir.——A genteel handſome Fellow this——who is he, I wonder? I don't remember ever to have ſeen him before. [*Aſide.*

Oct. My Friend's a happy Man to have pretty Ladies viſit him alone.

Bell. You ſeldom think Happineſs depends upon our Sex.

Oct. He that does I am ſure is a Fool. [*Aſide.*] No, Madam! why you are the only Bleſſing of our Lives; are not all our Troubles, Cares, and Toils ſoftned by the endearing Embraces of a Woman? Have they not Power to ſmooth the roughneſs of our Tempers, and make us calmly ſink into their Boſom? In ſhort, Madam, Women rule as they pleaſe.

Bell. But like true Engliſhmen, you are never pleas'd long with one Government.

Oct. Not if they affect arbitrary Sway; Liberty of Conſcience, you know, Madam.

Bell. Ay, and Men's Conſciences are very large.

Oct. And Women have no Conſcience at all.

Bell. You are very free, methinks.

Oct. You are very handſome, faith.

Bell. I'll not believe you think ſo.

Oct. Egad, Madam, ſtay but till my Friend comes, and he will vouch for me.

Bell. Is *Bellmie* your Friend, Sir?

Oct. I think ſo, Madam——I'm ſure we have fought for each other, been drunk, whored and ſlept together, which are the common Symptoms of Friendſhip.——Thus far your Query is anſwer'd.

Bell. Very virtuous Symptoms truly, and conciſely expreſs'd. Well, Sir, and I may preſume you partake of his Secrets too; for that is one part of Friendſhip, as I take it.

Oct. So——now has ſhe a mind to diſcover ſomething; poor Creature, he has us'd her unkindly, I warrant. [*Aſide.* Yes, faith, Madam, I think we are pretty free in thoſe Matters; I don't believe he has any Secrets but what I know——except his Intrigue with you, which I cou'd find in my Heart to cuckold him for, for concealing it from me. [*Aſide.*

Bell. Pray, Sir, tell me, I hear he is mightily in Love with one *Lucinda*———will he marry her, think you?

Oct. Ha! she's jealous, I must not discover the Truth, lest the Consequence be prejudicial to my Friend. [*Aside.* I know there was some such talk once, Madam, but to my certain Knowledge it was never design'd by him.

Bell. How! never design'd by him! you mistake sure?

Oct. Not at all, I won't say he did not like her, because I believe he wou'd have done her the Favour, but she wou'd not consent upon any Terms; but that ever he had any Design of marrying her, I absolutely deny.———I hope she'll believe me. [*Aside.*

Bell. Impossible!———yet it may be true, for the Earth produces not more Variety of Colours, than the Breast of Man Tricks to deceive: I am glad I know this, that *Lucinda* may not deceive herself with vain Hopes. [*Aside.*] And are you certain of this, Sir?

Oct. As certain as that I live, Child; and as a Proof of what I say, she's to be married to-morrow to Sir *Toby Doubtful*, and *Bellmie* designs to meet them at the Church-door with Musick, to congratulate her Marriage.

Bell. A generous Rival truly!

Oct. Ah! Madam, he's the most generous Man in the World; his Mistress and his Pocket are still at his Friend's Service.

Bell. Let his Friends share his Mistress! I'm afraid if his Friends applaud his Generosity, they condemn his Sense.

Oct. Quite to the contrary, Madam, they admire his Morals; he's a Well-wisher to his Country, and knows that the engrossing any Commodity ruins Trade.

Bell. And is this his private Opinion, say you?

Oct. Directly———Ay, 'tis so, this is some Woman he keeps; and poor Soul, she's afraid when he has bought a Seat of his own, he'll not continue the Lease of her frail Tenement. [*Aside.*] But prithee Child, why are you so inquisitive?

Bell. I had some Reasons, Sir, but my Scruples are much clearer by the Discovery you have made, for I depend upon what you say for Truth.

Oct. That you may in every thing, Madam, as certainly as that I envy my Friend the Share he holds in your Esteem! He's my Friend, 'tis true, and as such, I ought

to

to have conceal'd his Failing —— But Beauty, bewitching Beauty, has Power at any time to unlock the Cloſet of my Breaſt; your Charms are irreſiſtibly engaging; hi, ho. [*Sighs.*] Faith, Madam, I'm in Love. [*Looking languiſhingly.*

Bell. For how long, pray Sir?

Oct. Faith, Madam, that I can't tell; but if it holds on as it begins, I believe to my Life's end.

Bell. And how many Friends have you to ſhare, pray?

Oct. Faith, Madam, none at all. I fancy I ſhould play the Monopoliſt, were you once at my Diſpoſal.

Bell. But that would be a Ruin to Trade, you know; you would be reckon'd an Enemy to your Country.

Oct. Od ſo, that's true, as you ſay; but no matter, I am no Member of Parliament, I have nobody's Affairs but my own upon my Hands.

Bell. So conſequently fear no Petitions.

Oct. No, faith, Madam, I fear nothing but your Eyes.

Bell. I can aſſure you there is no Malignity in 'em; you'll be never the worſe for looking at 'em.

Oct. I poſitively deny that; for I find I am ſtrangely diſorder'd, and nothing but the knowing of your Name, and Lodgings, and Leave to wait on you, can prolong my Life a Moment.

Bell. O Lord! if you are ſo near Death, I'll be gone, leſt I am indited for your Murder: you'd do well to pray, Sir; ſhall I ſend a Parſon to you? Ha, ha, ha! [*Laughs.*

Oct. No, you dear charming Devil you. [*Catching her.* I can offer up my Devotions at no Altar but yours, you muſt not leave me, by Heaven you ſhall not, till I know your Name.

Bell. Well, that you may'nt be forſworn, my Name is *Belliza.*

Oct. Your Lodging too.——

Bell. I muſt know you better firſt.

Oct. Why, 'tis in order to be better acquainted I aſk it, Child; come, dear, dear, Madam, don't torture me with Expectation. I won't tell *Bellmie*, faith.

Bell. Then you'll not know, Sir, and ſo adieu. [*Exit.*

Oct. So, ſhe's gone——did ever any body know ſo croſs a Jade; now has ſhe an itching to purſue the Cuſtom of her Sex, to be talked of, and enquired after; a Pox! I have a good mind not to aſk *Bellmie* about her, and yet I don't

don't know what's the matter with me, I have a deviliſh mind to a Night's Lodging with her; but then ſhe's my Friend's Miſtreſs: why, what then, ſhe's not his Wife — Egad, I am reſolved to ſound his Inclination, he can't be in Love in two Places at once, I am certain he is really ſo with *Lucinda*—Ay, but that's honourable Love, he may keep a Miſtreſs for all that—But perhaps he may be weary of her, and glad to conſign her over to me; Beauty's a falling Commodity, yet if the Perquiſites ben't damaged, I'll accept 'em: So upon mature Conſideration, I'll aſk him who ſhe is —— ho, here he comes.

Enter Bellmie.

Bellm. I was afraid I had tired you Patience, did you not think me long?

Oct. No, faith, I have been very well diverted in your Abſence.

Bellm. With what, prithee?

Oct. Why with the beſt Diverſion in the World, a pretty Woman.

Bellm. A Woman!

Oct. Yes, faith, ſo ſhe ſeem'd!; wiſh I cou'd give you a more evident Proof of it; for ſhe's very handſome.

Bellm. How came ſhe here?

Oct. Upon her Legs I preſume.

Bellm. But upon what Buſineſs?

Oct. The main Buſineſs, I ſuppoſe, Love, Love, Friend; ſhe wanted you, *Bellmie*; and I can aſſure you I have done you no inconſiderable Piece of Service, if you knew all.

Bellm. Prithee, what is't?

Oct. Nay, hold there; like a politick Warrior, while the Power's in my own Hands, I'll make my own Conditions; if I tell you one thing, you muſt grant me another.

Bellm. You know you may command any thing that is in my Power; prithee what is't?

Oct. A very inconſiderable thing to a Man in your Circumſtances; only a Night's Lodging with your Miſtreſs, that's all.

Bellm. What mean you, *Octavio.*?

Oct. Why here has been a very pretty Lady to ſee you, an

and by all Appearance ſhe's a Miſtreſs of yours, tho' you was never ſo honeſt as to tell your Friend your Happineſs; faith *Bellmie*, 'twas not like a Friend to conceal an Intrigue of this nature; what! keep a Miſtreſs and let nobody know it! I'm ſure I never ſerv'd you ſo.

Bellm. What! do you mean to banter me? ——I keep a Miſtreſs!

Oct. Yes, yes, don't deny it with that grave Face; that philoſophical Air won't do, Man, her Jealouſy diſcover'd, all; ſhe wou'd fain have pump'd me out of ſomething about *Lucinda*, whether you loved her or not, or did deſign to marry her——but thanks to this projecting Brain of mine, that furniſh'd me with Lies quick as my Tongue cou'd utter 'em, ſhe remains in Ignorance; I told her you deſign'd no ſuch thing.

Bellm. How! ods life, do you know what you have done? This muſt be ſomebody from *Lucinda*. I have no Miſtreſs, nor do I know any Woman breathing ſo intimately as to expect a Viſit from her, except my Relations, who are all known to you, therefore it muſt be from her.

Oct. Ay, ay, don't think I'll let that paſs upon me, I expect for the Service I have done you to know where the Lady lives; yet faith and troth, *Bellmie*, if you will really confeſs you love her, the Devil take me if I attempt making you a Cuckold, tho' I have, by the way, a violent Inclination; but Friendſhip has always had the Aſcendant over my Deſires yet.

Bellm. I tell you, *Octavio*, what I have ſaid is true, upon my Honour it is; and farther, I here promiſe to renounce all Claim whatſoever to the whole Sex, except *Lucinda*; will that ſatisfy you?

Oct. I take you at your Word, the Lady told me her Name was *Bellize*,——What ſay you now, Friend? ha!——How beats your Heart? ha! ha!

Bellm. As I ſuſpected, 'tis *Lucinda*'s Couſin, you have ruin'd——

Oct. Ha! how! what's that? *Lucinda*'s Couſin!

Bellm. Ay, poſitively; Oh! unfortunate Man that I am, to miſs the luckieſt Minute Fate had in ſtore for me. [*Raves.*

Oct. What then! is my charming delicious Harlot dwindled into a virtuous Woman at laſt! a Pox of all Minutes, I ſay, ſince there's none lucky to me—Prithee, *Bellmie*, forgive me, for faith I deſign'd well: ——— But who the Devil can divine; for my part I was never more miſtaken in all my Life, the Devil take me if I cou'd ſee honeſt Woman writ in their Forehead; but hark'e, if you'll tell me where the Lady lives, I'll go and unſay all I have ſaid.

Bellm. 'Twill be to no purpoſe; did ſhe leave no Meſſage?

Oct. None at all.

Bellm. Were you not my Friend, *Octavio*, I cou'd not forgive what you have done; for ought I know I have loſt *Lucinda*, 'tis owing to your Conduct.

Oct. Pox on't, I was ne'er more vext in my Life; prithee what's to be done? what ſays *Martin?*

Bellm. I know not what's to be done now,—he has promis'd to deliver me a Letter, if poſſible; all I can do is patiently to expect the Event: prithee do you go find out Sir *Toby*, and try what Diſcovery you can make; but be ſure you don't let him know that you are acquainted with me, perhaps he may introduce you as a Friend of his, and ſo you may ſpeak to *Lucinda* or her Couſin; which if you do, remember what you owe your Friend: But be ſure you make particular Enquiry about the time, for I am reſolv'd he ſhall not marry her whilſt I can hold this—

[*Points to his Sword.*

Oct. I'll do't ———when I parted with him he told me he was going thither; egad I'll impudently go and aſk for him.

Bellm. But what Pretence can you have?

Oct. Oh! let me alone for that, I never want Pretence, when I can either ſerve my Friend, or ſee a pretty Woman; and egad this *Belliza* runs plaguily in my Head.

Bellm. I hope you are caught, *Octavio*, I ſhou'd be glad to ſee you quit this roving Temper, and think of living honeſtly, and marry.

Oct. That's as much as to ſay, you'd be glad to ſee me hand-cuff'd and fetter'd, juſt ready to be ſhipp'd for a *Virginia* Slave; thank you heartily, *Bellmie*, you wiſh your Friends very well.

Bellm.

Bellm. Only as well as I do myſelf; come, come, I hope to ſee you of another mind, and I can aſſure you, nothing would be to me more welcome, next the enjoying my *Lucinda*, than your Company at Church upon the ſame Deſign.

Oct. Why this 'tis now; on my Conſcience ſome Men love their Friends ſo well, that if they were to be hang'd themſelves, rather than part from them, they'd have them hang'd for Company. Ha, ha!

Bellm. You are of a happy Temper, always gay.

Oct. And whilſt I enjoy my dear, dear Liberty, I ſhall always be ſo. Adieu. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE Selfwill's *Houſe.*

Enter Lucinda *and* Belliza.

Luc. FALSE! impoſſible!

Bell. He's a Man, Couſin, pray conſider that.

Luc. He's a Man, but not like common Men; I never found him falſe even in the ſmalleſt Matter, nor will I believe it now: No, his Friend belies him, or———

Bell. Or I belie the Friend, ha! I wiſh you find it ſo. [*Snappiſhly.*] His Friend belies him! — Methinks now cou'd I quarrel with her for her ſlight Opinion of his Friend; and yet I don't know what's the Matter neither, but methinks I have a very great Reſpect for his Friend. [*Aſide.*

Luc. What makes you ſo angry, Couſin?

Bell. What makes you ſo incredulous?

Luc. Love, now if you give the ſame Reaſon, I have done.

Bell. On my Conſcience I ſhall let the World know I like this Fellow before I know it myſelf. [*Aſide.*] No, truly, Couſin, I can't be ſo complaiſant; but I am concern'd, me thinks, that you ſhou'd ſay his Friend belies him; for truly I think I never ſaw a prettier Gentleman in my Life, or one that look'd more like a Man of Honour, and I dare ſay he is ſo.

Luc. But he's a Man, Couſin, pray conſider that.

Bell. And muſt he needs be falſe, becauſe he's a Man?

Luc. Your own Argument, Couſin.

Bell. Dewce on't, I ſhall diſcover myſelf. [*Aſide.* That's true too; well, perhaps he did belie him—tho' I dare ſwear he did not. [*Aſide.*

Luc. Yet may be he did not; for what ſhould be the Reaſon of his Abſence theſe two Days? If I was certain on't, he ſhou'd not be before-hand with me, at leaſt in the Opinion of the World; I'd marry this old Fellow, tho' I hate him; but that wou'd be to be reveng'd on myſelf, he wou'd be pleas'd at my Misfortune; therefore I'm reſolv'd if he's falſe never to marry.

Bell. Have a care, Couſin, make no Reſolutions; for here comes one will endeavour to break them.

Enter Selfwill *and Sir* Toby Doubtful.

Self. How now! what, in Tears, you ſtubborn Baggage you? Be pleaſant you had beſt, and entertain Sir *Toby*, as you ought to do, a Man that to-morrow is to command you.

Bell. Then if he don't rule till to-morrow, ſhe may rule to-day, may ſhe not?

Self. Ay, 'tis your Sex's Privilege before Marriage.

Bell. Is it ſo? Why then if I was in her place, I wou'd command Sir *Toby* never to ſee my Face again.

Self. How how Huſſy. [*Holds up his Cane.*] 'Tis from your Counſel proceeds her Diſobedience; but I'll part you, I'll warrant you.

Sir *Toby.* Ladies your humble Servant; Madam, I am extremely troubled that you are ſo indiſpoſed, but I hope 'twill off again.

Self. Ay, ay, Sir *Toby*, they are only Maiden's Tears; tho' their Hearts leap for Joy, yet they'd think it an unpardonable Fault, if they did not weep for four or five Days before they were married.

Sir *Toby.* Nay, if that be all, I'm ſatisfy'd; I can aſſure you, Mr. *Selfwill*, ſhe ſhall have no Occaſion to weep after Marriage, and that's the beſt, I take it—To-morrow, Madam, your Father has appointed to make me happy; I hope you have no Objection to the Day. [*To Lucinda.*

Luc. To-morrow! Oh Heavens! what ſhall I ſay to prevent this curſt Marriage? [*Aſide.*

Self. No, no, Sir *Toby*, ſhe has no Anſwering to the Day;

Day; why don't you ſpeak you ſtubborn Baggage you, ha! ſpeak, and to the purpoſe too, you had beſt.

Bell. To the purpoſe do you ſay, Uncle? then—

Self. Hold your Tongue, you Slut you, hold your Tongue.

Martin without. Four a Penny *China* Oranges, four a Penny.

Self. You won't ſpeak then?

Luc. What ſhou'd I ſay, Sir? you may force me to what you pleaſe, but my Heart will not let my Tongue ſpeak ought to pleaſe you in this Affair; therefore I think 'tis better not to ſpeak at all.

Self. Say you ſo, Miſtreſs? but your Tongue ſhall pronounce ſome few Words to-morrow, Gentlewoman, that will pleaſe me; to Love, Cheriſh, and Obey, d'ye hear?

Martin. Four a Penny *China* Oranges, four a Penny.

Sir *Toby.* Four a Penny, that's cheap, call in that Fellow.

Self. Hang 'em Sir *Toby*, they are too cheap to be good.

Sir *Toby.* We'll ſee 'em.

Enter Martin *with Oranges.*

Sir *Toby.* Hark ye, Friend, are your Oranges good?

Mart. As good as any's in *England*, Maſter; cut one, Sir, if you pleaſe; if you don't like it, you ſhan't pay for it.

Sir *Toby.* Thou ſpeakeſt like an honeſt Fellow, I'll try a penny-worth of e'm [*He chuſes 'em.*

Mart. This Lady ſhall judge. [*Taking out his Knife, and making as if he cut an Orange, then offers it to* Lucinda.] Pray taſte this Orange, Madam.

Luc. Don't trouble me with your Oranges. [*Strikes it down and diſcovers a Letter that was conceal'd in it.*] I don't care whether they are good or bad.

Mart. Ah, Madam! [*Endeavouring to take up the Letter,* [*but is prevented by* Selfwill.

Self. What's this? a Letter in an Orange?——This is a new Way of pimping. [*Looking upon it.*

Sir *Toby.* Ha! how's that! a Letter in an Orange, Mr. *Selfwill?* Bleſs me, that muſt be Conjuration.

Luc. A Letter! Oh unfortunate! it muſt be from *Bellmie*; and if I am not miſtaken, this Fellow ſerv'd him once.

Bell. See what comes of Impatience now: had you had Philoſophy enough to have borne all your Ills patiently, you had perhaps found a Cure for them in this Orange.

Mart. 'Tis my beſt Way to ſteal out, ere he has done reading, or perhaps I ſhall be ſhew'd the next Way to the Horſe Pond. [*Exit* Martin.

Self. What! is the Dog gone? If I catch him with his four a Penny Oranges again, I'll make an Italian Singer of him. Lord! Lord! what will the World come to?

Sir *Toby.* Truly I ſhou'd never have ſuſpected this Fellow for a Bawd, pray let me ſee the Letter, Mr. *Selfwill.*

[*Puts on his Spectacles and reads.*

'Tis impoſſible to expreſs what I have ſuffer'd ſince your Father forbad me his Houſe, not being able to let you now I die if e'er you conſent to his unjuſt Propoſals; therefore if you ſtill love me, as once I flatter'd myſelf you did, be ready at you Window this Night at twelve, and I'll bring you a Conveyance ſhall ſafely help you to the Arms of

Your faithful
Bellmie.

Self. There's a Piece of Treachery for you, Sir *Toby!*

Sir *Toby.* Treachery indeed, and I'll inſtantly go tell Mr. *Bellmie* he's a Raſcal.

Self. No, you ſhall firſt prevent his Deſigns, then let him do his worſt, you ſhall be married preſently.——Here *Robin*, go tell Mr. *Tickletext* the Parſon; I wou'd ſpeak with him immediately.

Luc. The Parſon, Sir!

Self. Yes, forſooth, the Parſon; I'll prevent your running away with *Bellmie.*

Luc. Running away with *Bellmie*, Sir?

Self. Ay, running away with *Bellmie*; what a Pox do ye echo me for; ha! if you are ſo fond of ſpeaking after one, I hope the Sight of the Parſon won't diſpleaſe you.

Luc. But I'll ne'er ſay after him with any in the Company, I'll aſſure you.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir *Toby*, here's a Gentleman inquires for you, he ſays his Name is *Octavio.*

Sir *Toby.* Ods ſo, a very honeſt Gentleman.

Self.

Self. Deſire him to walk up, if he's your Friend, he's welcome.

Sir *Toby.* His Father was my particular Friend.

Enter Octavio.

Sir *Toby.* Mr. *Octavio*, I'm your moſt humble Servant.

Oct. Sir *Toby*, your humble Servant. [*To* Selfwill.] Sir, your Servant.

Self. Sir, you are welcome.

Oct. Pray, Sir *Toby*, which is the Lady is to make you happy.

Bell. As I live, *Bellmie*'s Friend—Hi, ho!——bleſs me, what ails my Heart? [*Aſide.*

Luc. Octavio here! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Toby.* This is ſhe, Mr. *Octavio*; and you come opportunely to give her to me, for the Parſon is juſt coming.

Oct. Heaven forbid. [*Aſide.*] Say you ſo, Sir *Toby?*—Madam your humble Servant. [*Saluting her.*] By Heaven, Madam, *Bellmie* will break his Heart. [*Aſide to her.*] [*Goes to* Belliza *and ſalutes her.*] Faith, Madam, I ly'd in every Syllable I ſaid to you at *Bellmie*'s Chamber, except when I told you I lov'd you. [*Aſide to her.*

Bell. I wiſh that be not the greateſt. [*Aſide.*

Luc. Poor *Bellmie!* which Way ſhall I prevent both our Misfortunes: I have it. [*Aſide.*] Oh! Oh!

[*She counterfeits a Fit.*

Oct. Oh Heavens! look to the Lady.

Sir *Toby.* Good lack-a-day, what's the matter! Is ſhe ſubject to theſe Fits, Mr. *Selfwill?*

Self. Truly, I never knew her have but one, and that was at the Sight of a Cat. ——Poor Girl.

Bell. A lucky Hint, I'll take it. [*Aſide.*] And that is the Reaſon now, for I ſaw a Cat at that Door this Minute, ——'Tis rather to avoid the old Cat's ſcratching her, by the by tho'. [*Aſide.*

Self. She's a coming to herſelf; *Lucinda*, ſpeak to me, Child, how doſt thou do?

Luc. Oh! Oh!—Oh!

Oct. How do you do, Madam?

Luc. [*Shakes her Head, but anſwers nobody.*]

Sir *Toby.* How does my Chicken? ha!

Luc. [*Shakes her Head again.*]

Tell. Speak to us, Couſin, how do you do? Oh! dear Uncle, I fear ſhe can't ſpeak.

Self. Not ſpeak! I'd rather ſhe ſhou'd loſe all the reſt of her Senſes. Speak to me, Child.

Luc. [*Shakes her Head, and points to her Mouth.*]

Sir *Toby.* Oh Lord! Oh Lord! dumb, why ſhe can't ſay after the Parſon; what an Inundation of Miſchief's here?

Enter Mr. Tickletext.

Tickle. What's the matter, Mr. *Selfwill*, is not your Daughter well?

Self. Not very well, Mr. *Tickletext*, ſhe has an Antipathy againſt a Cat, and it ſeems one look'd into the Room juſt now and made her faint away.

Tickle. Why truly one may obſerve a great deal from Sympathy and Antipathy; but pray what did you ſend for me for, Mr. *Selfwill?*

Oct. Only to ſay Grace, that the Lady and Sir *Toby* might fall too; but you have ſtaid ſo long, Mr. Parſon, that the Lady's Stomach is gone.

Sir *Toby.* You are very ſatyrical upon your Friends, Mr. *Octavio*; but I hope her Stomach will come again, as you call it tho'.

Self. Or I'll make her eat againſt her Stomach, I can tell her that.

Bell. Ay, but Uncle, that ſeldom digeſts well, and what don't digeſt will throw the Body into a Fever.

Self. Does it ſo, Mrs. Quack.——Do ye hear, I ſuſpect a Trick. [*Aſide to* Belliza.

Tickle. If the Lady be not well you had beſt defer it till to-morrow, Sir *Toby.*

Self. No, Sir, there's a Neceſſity of having it done to-night.

Bell. What, tho' my Couſin can't ſpeak, Uncle?

Self. Hold your Tongue, you Jade you; if ſhe can't ſpeak ſhe ſhall make Signs.

Tickle. What! can't the Lady ſpeak? Nay, then I'll have no hand in the Buſineſs; I do not think I can juſtify it, when I don't know if the Parties are willing.

Self. The Parties are willing.——Sir *Toby*, are you not willing to marry my Daughter?

Sir *Toby.* 'Tis what I deſign.

Self.

Self. And is ſhe not my Child, have not I a right to diſpoſe of her as I pleaſe?—I ſay ſhe ſhall have him; and if ſhe can't ſpeak, I'll anſwer for her myſelf.

Tickle. Truly, Mr *Selfwill*, I muſt beg your Pardon, I'll not do it.

Self. Then, Sir, [*Taking off his Hat*] you may let it alone, I'll have thoſe that will; and, Sir, if you won't do my Buſineſs, I have no Buſineſs with you, there lies the Door. ——The Obſtinacy of Women and Prieſts wou'd confound the Patience of any Man,

Tickle. With all my Heart, Gentlemen your Servant. [*Exit.*

Bell. Lord, Lord, Uncle, why ſhould you affront the Gentleman, becauſe he has more Conſcience than you?

Self. Huſſy, hold your Tongue. [*Holds up his Cane.*] Was ever Man thus plagued?

Sir *Toby.* Truly, Mr. *Selfwill*, I think 'tis better to defer it till to-morrow, as Mr. *Tickletext* ſays.

Self. But do you think what may be the Conſequences of it, Sir *Toby?*

Sir *Toby.* That's true, but no matter, I'll ſit up with her, and then let him come if he dares.——How do you, my dear? [*They ſtand about* Lucinda.

Off. Madam, ſhall I never ſee you at *Bellmie*'s Lodgings again? [*Aſide to* Belliza.

Bell. I believe not, Sir.

Off. Why then I know what I know.

Bell. Pray what's that, Sir?

Off. You'll ſee me very often at yours, that's all; for I find by the beating of my Pulſe, the Motion of my Brain, and the heaving of my Heart, I am very far gone in that dangerous Diſtemper called Love, and you are the only Phyſician can ſave my Life.

Bell. You had beſt not truſt to my Skill, for I am but a Quack, as my Uncle ſays; but I ſuppoſe your Condition is not deſperate

Off. I ſhan't die this Minute, Madam, I hope Heaven will let me ſerve my Friend ere I make my Exit, and then the Parſon ſhall truſs me up as ſoon as you pleaſe: I muſt ſtraight to *Bellmie*, and let him know how Affairs ſtand. I hope *Lucinda* does but counterfeit this Silence.

Bell. I hope ſo too; I believe 'tis in *Bellmie*'s Power to make her ſpeak again; huſh, we are obſerved.

Sir *Toby.* Ah! Mr. *Octavio*, you know a pretty Woman, I find.

Oct. Ay, I thank Heaven, I have all my Senſes, Sir *Toby*, and he that has, muſt own this Lady claims that Title; but how does your Miſtreſs, Sir *Toby?*

Sir *Toby.* Faith, dumb, dumb ſtill, I wou'd give five hundred pounds that ſhe cou'd ſpeak.

Self. And I five hundred more.

Oct. You had beſt put it in the Courant, by that Means you'll have the Aſſiſtance of the moſt able Men in the Kingdom.

Self. I'll do it this Minute.——Here, carry her to her Chamber: Sir, I am your humble Servant.

Oct. Sir, your humble Servant; Sir *Toby* I am yours, I hope the Lady will recover. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Martin's *Wife.*

Wife. Which Way ſhall I be reveng'd on my Huſband, a Woman always has it in her Power to be revenged one Way; but I wou'd pay him in his own Coin.

Enter one of Selfwill's *Footmen going to the Printer's.*

Servant. Pray, good Woman, whereabouts lives the Printer that prints the Courant?

Wife. At the Poſt-houſe at *Temple-Bar*; pray, Sir, what News are you going to put into the Courant, any Robberies or Murders committed?

Serv. No, good Woman, I am going to put a Reward of five hundred Pounds, for any Man that can reſtore my young Miſtreſs to her Speech again.

Wife. A good Hint. [*Aſide.*] —Pray, Sir, who do you belong to?

Serv. Mr. *Selfwill.*

Wife. Good lack-a-day, is his Daughter taken dumb, do you ſay?

Serv. 'Tis too true indeed.

Wife. I know a Man can cure him if he will, but you'll have much ado to perſuade him to it; he has prodigious Skill,

and to my Knowledge has done wonderful Cures, even to the raiſing the Dead; but there is but one Way to make him own his Knowledge, for to look at him you wou'd not think he knew a Pig from a Dog, as we may ſay.

Serv. Say you ſo; what is he, pray?

Wife. Nay, but a poor Man neither, he's a Faggot-maker, but a ſeventh Son, and as I tell you, he can do it if he will.

Serv. Why ſure five hundred Pounds will tempt him then.

Wife. No, nothing will tempt him, for he never takes any Money for what he does; but I can tell you how you ſhall make him own himſelf a Doctor.

Serv. How is it pray?——Egad I ſhall be a rich Man, for I'll keep the Money tō myſelf. [*Aſide.*

Wife. Why you muſt beat him ſoundly, or he'll not own any thing of the Matter; try firſt with good Words, but I know that will be to no purpoſe; but you may try however, you'll find him in the Wood-yard binding of Faggots. I'd adviſe you to make what haſte you can, for I can aſſure you he is a Man of wondrous Skill, but be ſure don't ſpare his Bones till he confeſſes it.

Serv. I'll warrant you I'll make him confeſs it with a Devil to him, if beating will do it. [*Exit.*

Wife. So now ſhall I have ſufficient Revenge;
The old Law ſays give Eye for Eye,
And Tooth for Tooth reſtore;
Then beat him well for beating me,
And I deſire no more. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Wood-yard, Martin ſinging, binding of Faggots, with his Bag and Bottle by him.*

Enter two Servants.

1ſt Serv. THIS muſt be he.

2d Serv. He looks more like a Gold-finder than a Doctor——Come, let's ſpeak to him.

1ſt Serv. Speed your Work, honeſt Man.

Mart.

Mart. Thank you, thank ye, Friend [*Sings on.*

[Martin *seeing them come near him, removes his Bag and Bottle on t'other Side.*

2d Serv. We are come upon earneſt Buſineſs to you, Sir.

[*They go on the other Side, he moves his Bag and Bottle again.*

Mart. I don't like your Buſineſs, you look as if you were ſharp ſet. [*Aſide.*] From who, pray?

[*One goes on one Side, and the t'other on the other; he moves his Bag and Bottle between his Legs.*

1ſt Serv. From Mr. *Selfwill.*

Mart. Ha, about Faggots, I ſuppoſe; I promiſe you there is not better in *England*, than what I ſell.

2d Serv. No, Sir, he has heard of your wondrous Skill.

Mart. Ay, Maſter, I defy any Man in *England* to make better.

2d Serv. He has heard, I ſay———

Mart. Ay, Maſter, he has heard, I ſuppoſe, that mine are two Shillings better in an hundred, than any he can buy.

2d Serv. That you have great Skill———

Mart. In Faggot-making; why truly not to praiſe myſelf too much, I'll bind a Faggot with any Man in the Queen's Dominions, be he what he will.

2d Serv. In Phyſick, Sir.

Mart. Ha! what a Pox does he mean?——Egad I'll not underſtand him. [*Aſide.*

1ſt Serv. And deſires you'd let him have———

Mart. Them as cheap as I can——— that I will I promiſe you.

1ſt Serv. Give him your beſt——

Mart. That I will too, Maſter:—But then he muſt give the beſt Price: Here's a Faggot now, do ye ſee, a hundred of them Faggots are twelve Shillings, and I'll ſell him an hundred of theſe for ten; now perhaps you may like theſe as well as them, but there's a great deal of Difference.

1ſt Serv. Zounds, will you hear what we have to ſay to you?

Mart. Ay, Maſter, give me leave to deal honeſtly with you, I don't uſe for once, but hope to keep your Cuſtom;

do

do ye ſee, Maſter, there's great Difference between dry Wood and ſallow Wood.

1ſt Serv. My Maſter deſires you to come along with us ———

Mart. I can't tell how to ſpare ſo much Time, Maſter, except you are certain he will give me my Price; for I won't abate a Farthing of what I told you, take them or leave them. [*Sits down again and ſings.*

2d Serv. This is the Devil of a Doctor, —— Sir, I ſay we don't come about ———

Mart. I have ſet you the laſt Price, Maſters, I'll promiſe you.

2d Serv. I ſay ——

Mart. Ay, ſay what you pleaſe, Maſter, but I can't abate a Penny.

1ſt Serv. We don't come about Faggots, my Maſter's Daughter is ſtricken dumb, and he is inform'd you have very great Skill in phyſical Operations, therefore he has ſent for you, and if you can reſtore her to her Speech, he'll give you five hundred Pounds.

Mart. Ha! I ſmell a Rat, they want to have me in their Clutches to reward me for my Oranges; but I ſhall fail them. [*Aſide.*

2d Serv. What ſay you, Sir?

Mart. Alas! Maſter, I don't know what to ſay, you are pleaſed to be merry, I find; I a Doctor! ha, ha, ha!

1ſt Serv. Nay, we are in earneſt, I'll aſſure you, therefore pray don't put us to the Trouble of uſing you roughly; for upon my Word, tho' I know how to make you comply, I wou'd much rather you ſhould confeſs it by fair Means

Mart. Confeſs what, Sir?

2d Serv. That you are a Doctor, Sir: We have heard what wondrous Cures you have done, tho' your Modeſty won't let you own it; but pray, Sir, don't ſtand to diſpute, but come along with us.

Mart. Cures! ha, ha, ha! you certainly have miſtaken the Man; why do I look as if I was a Doctor?

1ſt Serv. 'Tis no Matter what you look like, Sir, we know you are one, therefore pray come along, or we ſhall make you.

Mart

Mart. Ay, you may make me go along with you, if you will, but you'll never make a Doctor of me I can tell you.

2d Serv. Nor you won't own it?

[*Slaps him over the Back.*

Mart. Own what, Gentlemen, what do you mean?

1ſt Serv. To make you confeſs. [*Strikes him.*

Mart. What muſt I confeſs?

2d Serv. Your Skill.

Mart. Skill, Gentlemen! I confeſs all the Skill I have is in Faggot-making, in good faith, Maſters.

1ſt Serv. We ſhall make you alter your Note, Mr. Faggot-maker, ere we have done with you.

[*Both beat him.*

Mart. Hold, hold, Gentlemen, I am ———

2d Serv. Oh! have we found the Way to make you ſpeak Truth.

Mart. But a Faggot-maker— [*Looking pitifully.*

1ſt Serv. Again at your Shifts; we were told indeed that you muſt be ſoundly beaten, ere you wou'd own it.

[*They beat him ſoundly.*

Martin. Oh! hold, hold, I am a Doctor, Gentlemen, I beg your Pardons.

2d Serv. Sir, your humble Servant; now we honour you, be pleas'd to be cover'd Sir.

Mart. By no Means, Sir.

2d Serv. O! by all Means, Sir, pray put on your Hat.

Mart. Sir, your humble Servant, Sir: [*Comically.*] Pray what Diſtemper has your young Lady, Sir?

2d Serv. She's dumb, Sir.

Mart. Dumb! good lack, good lack ——— I wiſh my Wife was ſo [*Aſide.*

2d Serv. She was ſtruck dumb, juſt as ſhe was going to be married to Sir *Toby Doubtful*; and they were forced to put off the Marriage, becauſe ſhe cou'd not ſay after the Parſon.

Mart. Say you ſo, a very hard Caſe truly. —— This may be a very lucky Hit for my Maſter *Bellair*; for I ſuſpect ſhe's not dumb in earneſt. [*Aſide.*

2d Serv. Well, Sir, do you think you can do her any good?

Mart. Why, Maſters, I'll uſe my Endeavours, ſince

you have got the Secret out, I'll assure you; and I don't question but to bring her to her Speech again.

1st Serv. Say you so, Sir, pray come along quickly then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE Selfwill's *House.*

Lucinda *on a Couch, with* Belliza *by her.*

Bell. And how long do you design to be dumb, Cousin?

Luc. Till I can speak to the Purpose.

Bell. That is, till you can get *Bellmie*, or discard the old Man. Well, this Love's a desperate Business.

Luc. As desperate as 'tis, Cousin, I find you are not frighten'd at the Apprehension of it.

Bell. What do you mean?

Luc. Nay, what do you mean by hiding your Desires from me?

Bell. Desires! what Desires prithee?

Luc. What! you think I don't see you are in Love with *Bellmie*'s Friend! Don't you remember how warmly you asserted his Innocence this Morning, when he traduc'd *Bellmie*, and but now you confess'd he ly'd in every Syllable.

Bell. And will you infer from that, I love him?

Luc. Come, come, Cousin, we never stickle up for the Person we don't care for.

Bell. Well then, *Lucinda*, to be ingenuous, I do like *Octavio* above all Men living, I can't tell why,—but methinks there is something in his Humour so very agreeable, that did he like me as well, I cou'd be content to say those three dismal Words, Love, Honour, and Obey.

Luc. Well, Cousin, I'm glad to find you'll bear me Company; if Fortune should smile once again, I'll warrant you *Octavio* won't forsake his Friend, and so fair a Fortune; but here comes my Father, now to my Couch.

[*Runs and lies down.*

Enter Selfwill *and* Martin.

Self. How dost thou, Child? speak to me if thou can'st? [*She shakes her Head.*

Bell. Indeed, Uncle, I have try'd all the Ways I cou'd think on to make her speak to me, but to no Purpose. —Ha!

—Ha! if I'm not miſtaken, that is the ſame Fellow that brought the Oranges to-day, I ſuſpect ſhe'll quickly ſpeak were but my Uncle removed. [*Aſide.*

Self. Good lack! Well, Mr. Doctor, you ſee what a Condition ſhe's in, if you can reſtore her to her Speech, I'll give you what you'll aſk.

Mart. I don't doubt it, Sir.———Pray, Madam, open your Mouth. [*She opens.*] Very well —— Let me feel your Pulſe; in a very low Condition truly. Sir, I muſt deſire every body to avoid the Room; for I never work any of theſe Cures before any but my Patients, and you muſt bring me Pen, Ink, and Paper, and be ſure you ſhut the Doors faſt, and for your Life don't let any body approach within twenty Feet of the Door.

[*In a very grave Tone.*

Bell. So —— now I ſee my Suſpicion is true—Sure, Doctor, you deſign to conjure for her Speech.

Mart. Not at all, Madam, but I have a particular Method, and it is not ſafe for any body to be near.

Bell. I am gone, pray Heaven your Deſign proſpers. [*Exit.*

Self. But Doctor, may I not ſtay in the Room, I'll not look towards you.

Mart. By no Means, Sir,———I tell you, if any Perſon is in the Room the Charm will be of no Effect.

Self Say you ſo, Sir? well then I'm gone,——— but I'm reſolv'd to watch which Way this Fellow does this Miracle, it muſt be by the Devil certainly; I have a Window in my Chamber looks into this, whence I may ſee all that's done. [*Aſide.*] Well, Doctor, I'll pray for you that your Undertaking may proſper, I'll ſend you Pen, Ink, and Paper immediately. [*Exit.*

Mart. Pray do, Sir.——Now if ſhe ſhou'd really be dumb—Egad I'll try. [*Aſide.*] What wou'd my Maſter *Bellmie* give to be in my Place, Madam.

Luc. Ha! *Bellmie!* are not you he that was here with Oranges?

Mart. I am, Madam.——— Ho, ho, it is as I ſuppoſ'd. [*Aſide.*

Enter one with Pen, Ink, &c.

Mart. And go, go, go, be gone quickly. [*Exit Servant.* Ah! Madam, if you had taken that Letter.

Luc.

Luc. I wiſh I had; but hark ye, did you never live with *Bellmie?*

Mart. Yes, Madam, when he firſt courted you; my Name is *Martin*; but Poverty and Labour, Madam, has almoſt defac'd me in the Memory of every body; but Madam, we muſt be quick, pray take this Paper and write to my Maſter, who is almoſt driven to Deſpair, to hear of this ſad Accident.

Luc. Give it me quickly; but pray, which Way got you Credit with my Father to paſs upon him for a Doctor?

Self. Certainly they talk, I can't hear what they ſay tho'. [*Appears at a Window.*

Mart. By Inſpiration, I think; for how I came to be taken for a Doctor I don't know; all I know is, that I was forced hither out of the Field, by two of your Father's Men, perhaps they miſtook me for another; but they were very importunate, as my poor Back and Shoulders can teſtify, for I am almoſt beaten to a Jelly.

[*Shrugs his Shoulders.*

Luc. Alas! poor Fellow, there's a Guinea for thee; certainly this muſt be a lucky Omen——Well, I'll give you a Letter immediatly. [*Writes.*

Self. They certainly talk, but if I'm not miſtaken, ſhe's a writing too; pray Heaven this ben't ſome Fiend, and my Child making a Contract with the Devil; I'll ſtep down and try whether the Devil or I are moſt cunning.

Luc. There, I have done.

Enter Selfwill *behind her, and ſnatches the Paper from her.*

Self. Have you ſo?

Luc. Oh Lord!

Mart. Ha! Nay then a clear Stage for the Doctor. [*Exit.*

Self. What's this? [*Reads.*

My dear, dear Bellmie, *it is impoſſible for me to expreſs the Joy I feel, at finding you conſtant when I leaſt thought you ſo; let me beg of you to ſuſpend your Fears, for I am not dumb, only counterfeit it as the laſt Remedy to prevent my barbarous Father's Deſigns, who was reſolutely bent to marry me that Moment; and be aſſur'd I'll never give my Hand to any but thyſelf; therefore be certain of the Heart of*

Your Lucinda.

Oh

Oh brave!——Barbarous Father!———hum!——You impudent, audacious, treacherous Slut!———Huſſy, I'll marry you to my Scullion, I will, Huſſy, if I pleaſe; counterfeited with a Pox, I'll counterfeit you; I'll yerk the ſullen Devil out of you, I will ſo.

Enter Belliza.

Bell. Bleſs me, Uncle, what's the matter?

Self. I'll tell you what's the matter by and by, if you vex me; where's this Rogue, this cozening Dog, this is the ſame Fellow, I believe, that brought the Devil in an Orange, but I'll ſend him to the Devil I warrant him. [*Exit.*

Bell. Well, Couſin, I over-heard all, what will you do now? he'll certainly force you immediately.

Luc. I have but one Card left to play, if that fails I'm loſt.

Enter Selfwill *again.*

Self. He has made his Eſcape, a Dog; but if ever I catch him———Well, Miſtreſs, I hope you Tongue is in Readineſs,—here's Sir *Toby*; one Denial, do ye hear, and you had better be hang'd.

Luc. On my Knees, Sir, I beg your Pardon.—And ſince I ſee nothing will perſuade you to the contrary, I ſubmit freely to your Pleaſure.

Self. So, that's well ſaid.

Enter Sir Toby.

Self. Joy, Sir *Toby*, my Daughter ſpeaks again.

Sir *Toby.* Then I am a happy Man; Madam, your moſt humble Servant. [*Salutes her.*

Self. Well, I'll to the Parſon, Sir *Toby*; Couſin, in the mean Time do you dreſs the Bride; adad I'll have a Dance ere I ſleep yet. [*Exit.*

Sir *Toby.* Well, my dear, we ſhall be very happy, you ſhall never refuſe me any thing, and I'll do juſt what I pleaſe with you; we may toy, and play, and kiſs,——and—ha! from the Head to the Foot, for I am Maſter of all; methinks I ſee your pretty Eyes, half cloſed languiſhing thus, and your ruby Lips like a Roſe-bud juſt opening, and diſtilling a moiſt Dew upon mine: Ha! your

your pretty Ears ſuck'd to a Vermillion Colour, your Alabaſter Neck, and thoſe two pretty Bubbies;——and you—in fine, all your Perſon is at my Diſcretion, and I at my own to careſs you as I pleaſe. Ha! my Girl, does not this pleaſe you? ha!

Bell. O my Conſcience, the old Man's in a Rapture. [*Aſide.*

Luc. O! extremely, Sir *Toby*; for my Father's rigid Severity has made me almoſt weary of my Life, I am ſtark mad for my Liberty; for my Part I never loved *Bellmie* only with a Deſign to get away from my Father, and his gay Humour promiſed me I ſhou'd follow my own; but I'd as live have you as him, or any body elſe, ſo I get but out of my Father's Juriſdiction.

Sir *Toby.* How! how! was that all?

Luc. Poſitively, which I hope to Heaven will quickly be; now I'll prepare for Diverſion, and retrieve the Time I've loſt; you muſt promiſe me one thing, Sir *Toby.*

Sir *Toby.* What's that, Madam?

Luc. To let me have a Houſe, or very good Lodgings about St. *James's.*

Sir *Toby.* About St. *James's?*

Bell. Oh! by all Means, Sir *Toby*, all People of Breeding, and Faſhion, live at that End of the Town.

Luc. Eſpecially the Company that I ſhall moſt covet.

Sir *Toby.* But St. *James's* is quite out of my Way of Buſineſs; for that lies at the Exchange you know.

Bell. Better ſtill, Sir *Toby*, for you may keep Lodgings in the City, and viſit your Wife every Saturday Night, and ſtay till Monday, true Citizen like, you know.

Sir *Toby.* Why, what do you think I deſign to lie with my Wife but once a Week than?

Luc. Once a Week! I wou'd not for the World bed with you oftener; why 'tis not the Faſhion, Sir *Toby*; and I aſſure you when I marry I hope to be my own Miſtreſs, and follow my own Inclination, which will carry me to the utmoſt Pinacle of the Faſhion.

Sir *Toby.* Humh!——that is as much as to ſay, the Faſhion is for Ladies to cuckold their Huſbands; and for the better effecting of it, they'd find Pretence for lying alone. [*Aſide.*

Bell. You look like a very gallant Gentleman, Sir *Toby.*

Sir *Toby.*

Sir *Toby*. I believe if ſhe takes your Counſel, I ſhall ſoon look like a Beaſt. [*Aſide.*

Luc. Ay, that knows how a Woman ſhou'd live; I'm certain you are not one of thoſe ill-natur'd Huſbands, who expect to keep their Wives like Melons under Glaſſes; I believe we ſhall agree the beſt in the World.

Sir *Toby*. Aſunder I believe it muſt be then. [*Aſide.*

Bell. She'll diſtract the old Fellow preſently. [*Aſide.* And then, Sir *Toby*, you muſt alter your Livery, and give a lac'd one, for grey turn'd up with blue looks ſo like a Country Squire. Ha, ha, ha!

Luc. One thing more I had like to have forgot, I muſt have a French Chariot poſitively; for I wou'd not give a Farthing for a Chariot, if it ben't a French one.

Sir *Toby*. French! egad I wou'd not have a Nail about my Coach that's French, for the Wealth of the Eaſt-India Company. French Chariot! ſay ye? Zouns, Madam, do ye take me for a Jacobite? ha!

Bell. Oh Lord! he'll beat us by and by. [*Aſide.*] ——No, no, Sir *Toby*, Gentlemen may follow the French Faſhions, nay, ſup with a Frenchman, yet be no Jacobite.

Sir *Toby*. I ſay 'tis a Lie, and I'll keep no French Chariot.

Luc. You'll at leaſt keep ſix Horſes, Sir *Toby*, for I wou'd not make a Tour in Hyde-Park with leſs for the World; for methinks a pair looks like a Hackney.

Sir *Toby*. Zouns this Woman will undo me. [*Aſide.*

Luc. For my Part I hate Solitude, Churches, and Prayers.

Bell. So do I directly; for except St. *James*'s Church, one ſcarce ſees a well dreſt Man, or ever receives a Bow from any thing above one's Mercer.

Sir *Toby*. Why what a World of Religion our Ladies have; why do you go to Church to pay and receive Bows pray?

Bell. Not abſolutely on purpoſe, Sir *Toby*; but ſhe that has no Reverence from a Crowd, is look'd upon as an obſcure Perſon, than which there cannot be a greater Affront: for the Pleaſure of living now-a-days, is to be known and talk'd of.

Sir *Toby*.

Sir *Toby.* And I'm miſtaken if you'll not give Cauſe enough for Talk. [*Aſide.*

Luc. For my part I love the Park, Plays—Oh Heavens! what ails you Sir? Your Countenance is chang'd.

Sir *Toby.* 'Tis only Vapours———my Head is giddy a little.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha!

Luc. Oh! 'tis a Diſeaſe that afflicts Abundance of People; ———but our Marriage, I hope, will diſſipate that. I'll fetch you ſome cold Water, Sir *Toby.*

Sir *Toby.* No, no, it will off again.—Mercy upon me, what a Judgment have I eſcap'd! [*Aſide.*

Luc. Well, Sir *Toby*, I'll in and dreſs, my Father and the Parſon will be here preſently———Come Couſin, if this has not put Marriage out of his Head, Heaven help *Lucinda.* [*Aſide.*

Bell. 'Tis the maddeſt Method I e'er knew put in Practice.

Sir *Toby.* The Devil take him that ſtays for their coming. [*Exit.*

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Bellmie, Octavio, *and* Martin.

Bellm. Was there ever a more promiſing Proſpect ſo curſedly croſs'd?

Oct. Never certainly, yet you are happy in being beloved; Fortune will at laſt crown your Wiſhes, *Bellmie*, ſhe cannot always be ſevere; it is her Property to change, you know, therefore chear up.

Bellm. O that I had a thouſand Men to fight for her Sake, they ſhou'd one after another fall, or I'd be freed from this curſed Pain of Wiſhing. I have no Hopes now, there's no Way left to get Poſſeſſion of her. ———I'll fire his Houſe about his Ears.

Oct. That may endanger her——ha? who comes here, Sir *Toby?* Do you ſlip aſide, for he does not know that I know you.

Bellm. I wiſh he was as young as I am, that I might take an honourable Revenge on him.

Enter Sir Toby.

Sir *Toby.* Pox on't, I find I love this Woman, tho' if I marry her, I'm certain to be a Cuckold.

Oct.

Oct. Sir *Toby*, your Servant, well met, I was juſt going to look for you, a Jeweller of my Acquaintance tells me you were enquiring for a Diamond Ring, to preſent your Lady with, he ſays he has one of the fineſt in *England*, and deſires me to introduce him.

Sir *Toby*. Mr. *Octavio*, I thank you; but I have no Occaſion for it at preſent.

Oct. How! not at preſent! why you'll give it her before you marry her, won't you?

Sir *Toby*. But I don't know whether I ſhall marry her or no; I wiſh I were in *France* now, for there's wiſe Men, and learned Men, that wou'd reſolve one a Queſtion immediately.

Oct. A good Hint——Why, Sir *Toby*, if you have any Queſtion depending on Philoſophy or Aſtrology, here's one of the moſt ingenious Fellows in *France* now in Town, I came over in the ſame Ship with him.

Sir *Toby*. Say you ſo, Sir? pray can you bring me to him?

Oct. My Servant ſhall ſhew you, or he ſhall be at my Lodging in a Quarter of an Hour: I wou'd wait on you myſelf, Sir *Toby*, was I not to help a Friend away with his Miſtreſs, a friendly Office, you know.

Sir *Toby*. Ay, ay, Sir, ſo it is; well, Sir, I'll be at your Lodgings in that Time, you'll give Order to your Man. I'll know I'm reſolv'd, whether this be only her Humour, or if I ſhall be a Cuckold or not. [*Exit.*

Bellmie *appears.*

Bellm. I over-heard all; but what a Pox does he want a wiſe Man for?

Oct. I know not, but gueſs it is ſomething about *Lucinda*; what think you of perſonating the wiſe Man I promiſed to introduce him to? if it don't abſolutely prevent, it may at leaſt defer the Marriage.

Bellm. With all my Heart.

Oct. Come, let's to my Lodgings, where you ſhall equip yourſelf ready to receive him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *changes to* Lucinda's *Apartments.*

Enter Lucinda *and* Belliza.

Bell. I'My Conſcience this is the maddeſt Frolick I ever ſaw, why thou haſt almoſt thrown the old Man into Convulſions; I dare ſwear thou haſt frighted Matrimony out of his Head.

Luc. I hope ſo, or he'll fright me out of my Wits.

Bell. Nay, if he ventures on you after this, you need never fear his being jealous.

Luc. I doubt I ſhall give him Cauſe enough, if he has not the Grace to take Warning.——But huſh, here's my Father.

Enter Selfwill.

Self. Daughter, where's Sir *Toby?*

Luc. Gone out, Sir, but he'll not be long, I ſuppoſe.

Self. Odſo, gone out! ——I made account he ſhou'd have heard the Muſic practis'd over, which I deſign'd for your Wedding; for I'll keep a public Wedding, Girl.

Bell. 'Tis too late, Uncle, to invite any body to-day, therefore you had as good defer the Wedding till to-morrow, had you not, Uncle?

Self. No marry had I not.——Hang Delays, I hate them, ſhe may be married to night, and we may keep the Wedding to-morrow, or next Day, therefore I ſay ſhall be done to-night, I ſpoke to ſome of the Singers in the Play-houſe to be ready if I ſent for them, and I gave them an Invitation to my Houſe, and one of them is within already; and Daughter, till Sir *Toby* comes ſhe ſhall divert you, d'ye hear, deſire that Gentlewoman to come in.

Enter Mrs. Shaw.

Self. Come, Madam, pray oblige us with ſome of your neweſt Entertainments. [*She ſings.*] Very well, very well, there's five Guineas for you, d'ye ſee, to-morrow I ſhall ſend for you again. Come, my Girl, come along with me, and I'll make you a Preſent of your Mother's Jewels; thou ſhalt loſe nothing my Girl, by being dutiful, d'ye ſee.

Bell.

Bell. Nor you get nothing by being obſtinate, old Gentleman, if our Plot takes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Octavio's *Lodgings.*

Enter Bellmie *like a Philoſopher on one Side, ſeeming to talk to ſome body within; and Sir* Toby *and Servants on the other Side.*

Serv. That's he, Sir. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir *Toby.* Very well.

Bellm. Go, you are inſufferable, a Man fit to be baniſh'd all learned Converſation. [*Looking back.*] Yes, I'll maintain it by all the Arguments of Philoſophy, that thou art an *Ignoramus*, and ought to be deſpis'd by all Men of Letters.

Sir *Toby.* He's in a Paſſion with ſomebody. —Sir, —— Sir ——

Bellm. Thou pretend to argue Reaſon, and doſt not underſtand the Elements of Reaſon?

Sir *Toby.* His Anger blinds him, he does not ſee me.— Sir, ——Sir, ——

Bellm. It is a Poſition to be condemned by all the learned World.

Sir *Toby.* Somebody has vex'd him.

Bellm. Toto cœlo, tota via aberras.

Sir *Toby.* Doctor, I kiſs your Hand.

Bellm. Your Servant.

Sir *Toby* May one ——

Bellm. Doſt thou know what thou haſt done? [*Looking back.*] Thou haſt committed a Syllogiſm in *Abordo.*

Sir *Toby.* I wou'd——

Bellm. The Major is inſipid, the Minor is impertinent, and the Concluſion ridiculous.

Sir *Toby.* I ——

Bellm. I'll be hang'd ere I agree to what thou ſay'ſt, and I'll hold my Opinion to the laſt Drop of my Ink.

Sir *Toby.* Doctor, I wou'd ——

Bellm. Yes, I'll defend that Poſition, *Pugnis & Calcibus, Unguibus & Roſtro.*

Sir *Toby* Mr. *Ariſtotle*, pray mayn't one know what puts you into ſuch a Paſſion?

Bellm. A Subject the moſt juſt in the World.

Sir *Toby.*

Sir *Toby* Pray what is it?

Bellm. An ignorant Fellow wou'd pretend to no Argument the moſt unjuſt, unſufferable, inſupportable—

Sir *Toby.* May one not know what it is?

Bellm. Ah! Sir, every thing is turn'd upſide down, and the World is corrupted as if there was a Licence for Vice; and the Magiſtrates who are eſtabliſh'd to keep good Order, ought to bluſh for ſuffering ſuch an intolerable Scandal as this, which I ſpeak of.

Sir *Toby.* But pray what is it?

Bellm. Is it not a horrible thing, a thing that cries to Heaven for Vengeance, that it ſhou'd be ſaid publickly, the Form of a Hat.

Sir *Toby.* How!

Bellm. I hold the Figure of a Hat, not the Form, ſo far, that there's this Difference between the Form and the Figure; the Form is the exterior Diſpoſition of Bodies animate, and the Figure is the exterior Diſpoſition of Bodies inanimate; ſo that the Hat being inanimate, it muſt be ſaid the Figure, not the Form; yes, thou ignorant Blockhead, this is the Way you muſt talk, and this is the Term that *Ariſtotle* expreſſes in the Chapter of Qualities.

[*Looking back.*

Sir *Toby.* Is this all?———why I thought you had loſt all you have in the World; don't mind this, think no more on't, Doctor.

Bellm. I am ſo mad I hardly know myſelf.

Sir *Toby.* Oh! lay aſide the Form and Figure of the Hat, I have ſomething elſe to communicate to you, I—

Bellm. Impertinent Blockhead! [*Looking back.*

Sir *Toby.* Pray, Sir, contain yourſelf, I——

Bellm. Ignorant!

Sir *Toby.* Oh gad! I———

Bellm. To pretend to hold an Argument of this Kind.

Sir *Toby.* He is in the wrong indeed,—I ——

Bellm. Expreſsly an Opinion condemned by *Ariſtotle.*

Sir *Toby.* Yes, you are in the right, and he's a Fool, an impudent Fellow to pretend to argue with a Doctor of your Knowledge, but there's an End of that Matter: I deſire you to hear me; I am come to conſult you about an Affair that troubles me a little; I have a Deſign to take me a Wife to keep me Company: the Perſon, d'ye ſee, is handſome, well ſhap'd, and I like her very well, and ſhe

is over-joy'd to marry me, and her Father has given me his Conſent; but I'm afraid of you know what, the common Misfortune that attends married Men; ſo that I wou'd deſire you as a wiſe Man, and gifted with Knowledge of the Stars, to tell me your Opinion, and give me your Advice upon it.

Bellm. Rather than it ſhall be allow'd to be the Form of a Hat, I'd ſooner allow *datur vacuum in rerum natura*, or that I am an Aſs.

Sir *Toby.* Plague on this Man. [*Aſide.*] Pray, Doctor, hear People a little when they ſpeak to you; I have been a talking to you this Hour, and you don't anſwer me one Word to the Purpoſe.

Bellm. I beg your Pardon, I have ſuch Reaſon to be angry, that I'm not myſelf yet.

Sir *Toby.* Pho—let all that alone, and pray hear me.

Bellm. Well, I will,—pray what wou'd you ſay to me?

Sir *Toby.* I wou'd ſpeak to you about ſome ſerious Buſineſs.

Bellm. What Tongue wou'd you uſe with me?

Sir *Toby.* What Tongue!

Bellm. Ay.

Sir *Toby.* Why the Tongue I have in my Head, I ſhan't borrow my Neighbour's.

Bellm. Ay, but what Idiom, what Language I mean?

Sir *Toby.* Ho, that's another thing.

Bellm. Will you talk to me in Italian?

Sir *Toby.* No.

Bellm. In Spaniſh?

Sir *Toby.* No.

Bellm. In High-Dutch?

Sir *Toby.* No.

Bellm. In French?

Sir *Toby.* No.

Bellm. Latin?

Sir *Toby.* No.

Bellm. Greek?

Sir *Toby.* No.

Bellm. Hebrew?

Sir *Toby.* No.

Bellm. In Syriac?

Sir *Toby.* No.

Bellm. In Turkiſh?

Sir *Toby.* No.

Bellm.

Bellm. Arabick?

Sir *Toby.* No, no, no, no, Engliſh.

Bellm. Ho! in Engliſh——very well.——Then come on t'other Side, for this Ear is kept only for Strangers, and the other for our Mother Tongue.

Sir *Toby.* Here's a great deal of Ceremony with theſe People. [*Aſide.*

Bellm. Well, what wou'd you aſk now?

Sir *Toby.* I told you before, Sir, but I perceive you did not mind me, why I wou'd conſult you upon a little Difficulty.

Bellm. A Difficulty in Philoſophy without Doubt.

Sir *Toby.* Excuſe me, I——

Bellm. Perhaps you wou'd know if the Subſtance and Accident, are Terms ſynonimous or equivocal, in regard of their Being.

Sir *Toby.* Not at all, I wou'd——

Bellm. If Logick be an Art or Science.

Sir *Toby.* No nor that, I——

Bellm. Whether it has three Operations of the Mind, or the third only.

Sir *Toby.* No, I——

Bellm. If there is ten Categories, or if there be but one.

Sir *Toby.* Neither, I——

Bellm. If the Concluſion be of the Eſſence, or of the Syllogiſm.

Sir *Toby.* No, no, no, no.

Bellm. If the Good be reciprocal with the End.

Sir *Toby.* Zouns, no—— [*Stamps.*

Bellm. If the End can move us by a real Being, or by an intentional Being.

Sir *Toby.* No, no; by the Devil and all his Imps, no.

Bellm. Why then explain your Mind, for I can't gueſs it.

Sir *Toby.* So I will explain myſelf, but you won't hear me. I tell you I have a Mind to marry, I have her Father's Conſent and hers too, but I'm afraid——

Bellm. Words be given to Man to explain his Mind, the Mind is the Picture of Things, as our Words are the Pictures of our Meaning; but theſe Pictures differ from all other Pictures, inſomuch as other Pictures are diſtinguiſh'd by their Originals; and the Word keeps in itſelf the original Being, that it is nothing elſe but the Mind explained

plained by ſome exterior Sign or Motion; whence it comes that thoſe who think well talk the better; explain then your Mind by your Words, which is the moſt intelligible of all the Signs.

Sir *Toby*. A Pox take you and all your Signs and Figures; get in and be damn'd, get in. [*Puſhes him in.*

Enter Octavio.

Oct. Ha, ha, ha. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Toby*. Oh! Mr. *Octavio*, are you come? Pox take your learned Man here, he won't hear one Word a Man has to ſay to him; I never was ſo plagu'd in all my Life, phugh,—— [*Walks about in a Heat.*

Oct. I juſt heard his Character, Sir *Toby*, and came to your Relief; faith I had but ſmall Acquaintance with him, as I told you before, only coming over in the ſame Ship with him: but I have heard of another, a very ſober diſcreet Perſon, they ſay, if you pleaſe you may conſult him, he lodges at the Sign of the Globe in the next Street; I have a little Buſineſs at preſent, or I'd wait on you, Sir *Toby*. I hope you'll excuſe me. [*Exit.*

Sir *Toby*. Sir, your Servant.—A Pox on' this Fellow, I ſhan't be myſelf again this Hour, yet I'm reſolv'd to hear what t'other ſays; for if there is any Poſſibility of eſcaping Cuckoldom, I wou'd marry this Girl. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Octavio *and* Bellmie.

Oct. Excellently well performed, *Bellmie*; why you cant learnedly, and wou'd make an admirable Fortune-teller, ha! thou'rt an handſome Fellow, and wou'd have all the Ladies Cuſtoms.

Bellm. Pox take this old Dog, he has put me quite out of Breath, I had much ado to forbear laughing.

Oct. Nor I; but come let's conſider who ſhall perſonate the other learned Man; what think you of doing it yourſelf?

Bellm. With all my Heart.

Oct. You muſt alter your Dreſs then, and repreſent a Man whoſe Temper and Principles are juſt oppoſite to all you did juſt now; ſeem to doubt every thing, and be poſitive in nothing, d'ye hear?

Bellm. I'll warrant you, let me alone for croſs Purpoſes.

Oct. Come, you muſt about it immediately: in the mean time I'll go and tell Mr. *Selfwill*, Sir *Toby* wou'd ſpeak with him at the Globe; I'll be ſure to get him abroad, then do as we agreed on. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE Selfwill's *Houſe.*

Enter Selfwill, Lucinda, *and* Belliza.

Self. I can't imagine where Sir *Toby* is gone, I wonder he ſhou'd go out of the Way, when he knew I was gone for the Parſon.

Bell. It is not very civil truly.

Luc. I hope he'll never come again. [*Aſide.*

Enter Octavio.

Oct. Ladies, your humble Servant. Mr. *Selfwill*, Sir *Toby* humbly begs your Pardon, he met with ſome Friends that detain him againſt his Will, at the Globe, where he deſires you'd meet him; and he alſo begs the Favour of this Lady to give me leave to wait on her to the Church, where he'll meet her inſtantly; for what Reaſon I know not, but he ſays he's reſolved not to be married out of a Church, which I believe was the Cauſe of his going away.

Self. Nay, if that be all, with all my Heart.

Oct. 'Tis to *Bellmie*, Madam, I conduct you. [*Aſide.*

Self. D'ye hear, Daughter, let Mr. *Octavio* wait on you, as Sir *Toby* deſires: Niece, you'll bear her Company, and ſee her given away.

Bell. But not to the Man you expect, Uncle. [*Aſide.*

Self. Mr. *Octavio* your Servant. [*Exit.*

Oct. Sir, yours. Now, Madam, if Fortune favours us, *Bellmie* will be happy. [*Turning to* Belliza.] Madam, have you no Charity, how long muſt I ſerve ere you reward my Service?

Bell. Serve me, Sir! this is the firſt Moment I knew I had ſuch a Servant; I ſhall obſerve with what Diligence you officiate for the future.

Oct. For the future! ods life, Madam, what do you mean? If you knew my Conſtitution half ſo well as I do, you'd reward me preſently; for I have ſerv'd already, in my Opinion, a Patriarch's Apprenticeſhip.

Bell. Nay, if your Account runs ſo ſwiftly, I'm afraid you'll forget you e'er ſerv'd at all.

Oct. No, Madam, bind me faſt in Marriage-Bonds, and I ſhall become as errant a Huſband as you'd wiſh.

Luc. The Gentleman promiſes fair, Couſin; pray try him.

Bell. Firſt let me ſee you diſpoſed of, what that may put into my Head I know not, but I'll promiſe nothing.

Oct. But perform, I hope, as much as thoſe that do;

I'll ſtill hope the beſt: Come, Ladies, my Friend will be impatient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Globe.*

Enter Bellmie *on one Side, and Sir* Toby *on the other.*

Sir *Toby.* Doctor, your Servant.

Bellm. Sir, your very humble Servant; pray what is your Buſineſs?

Sir *Toby.* Ay, this Man is ſomething like, he'll give one leave to ſpeak. [*Aſide.*] I am come, Doctor.—

Bellm. Hold, Sir, change, if you pleaſe, your Way of talking; our Philoſophy teaches never to be poſitive in any thing, always ſuſpend your Judgment.—By that Rule you muſt not ſay you are come, but you believe you are come.

Sir *Toby.* Believe I am come?

Bellm. Yes.

Sir *Toby.* I muſt believe it becauſe it is ſo.

Bellm. That is not the Conſequence, you may believe it to be ſo, tho' the thing is not true.

Sir *Toby.* How! what, is it not true that I am come?

Bellm. That's uncertain, and we are to doubt of any thing.

Sir *Toby.* What! am I here, and don't you talk to me?

Bellm. I believe you are there, and I think I talk to you, but am not certain of it.

Sir *Toby.* What the Devil, do ye banter me? I am here, and I ſee you there plain enough, yet there's no Belief in it. Pray let all theſe Whims alone, and let us talk of our Buſineſs, I come to tell you I have a mind to marry.

Bellm. I don't know that.

Sir *Toby.* Why but I tell you.

Bellm. That may be.

Sir *Toby.* And the Lady I deſign for my Wife is young and handſome.

Bellm. That's not impoſſible.

Sir *Toby.* Shall I do well or ill to marry her?

Bellm. One or the other.

Sir *Toby.* Ha! here's another Rogue now. [*Aſid.*] I aſk you if I ſhall do well to marry that Lady?

Bellm. According as it proves.

Sir *Toby.* Shall I do ill?

Bellm. Peradventure.

Sir *Toby.* Pray, Sir, anſwer me as you ſhou'd do.

Bellm. 'Tis my Deſign.

Sir *Toby.*

Sir *Toby*. I have a great Inclination for the Maid.

Bellm. Not unlikely.

Sir *Toby*. I have her Father's Conſent.

Bellm. It may be ſo.

Sir *Toby*. But in marrying her I'm afraid of being a Cuckold.

Bellm. It may be done.

Sir *Toby*. May it ſo, Sir?

Bellm. There's no Impoſſibility.

Sir *Toby*. Did ever any body hear ſuch a cautious Dog? [*Aſide*] But what wou'd you do, if you were in my Place?

Bellm. I don't know.

Sir *Toby*. What wou'd you counſel me to do?

Bellm. What you pleaſe.

Sir *Toby* You'll make me mad. [*Looking angrily.*

Bellm. I waſh my Hands of it.

Sir *Toby*. The Devil take him. [*Aſide.*

Bellm. Look'e Sir, what will happen, will happen.

Sir *Toby*. Pox on this Dog. I'll make you change your Note, I'll warrant you. [*Beats him.*] There's for your Nonſenſe, now, I'm ſatisfied.

Bellm. What Inſolence is this, to ſtrike a Philoſopher, a Man of Learning as I am?

Sir *Toby*. Pray, good Doctor, change your Way of talking, you muſt not be poſitive in any thing, you muſt not ſay I beat you, the moſt you can ſay, is that you believe I beat you.

Bellm. I'll inſtantly make my Complaint to a Juſtice, I'll have Satisfaction for the Blows I received.

Sir *Toby* I waſh my Hands on't.

Bellm. I have the Marks upon my Shoulders.

Sir *Toby*. That may be.

Bellm. 'Tis you have given me 'em.

Sir *Toby*. That's not impoſſible.

Bellm. I ſhall have a Warrant for you.

Sir *Toby*. I know nothing of the Matter.

Bellm. And you ſhall make me Satisfaction, or go to Priſon.

Sir *Toby*. What will happen, will happen. Ha, ha, ha.

Bellm. Ay, let me alone with you. [*Exit.*

Sir *Toby*. The Devil go with you and all ſuch confounded Dogs, one can't get one Word poſitive from 'em; a

little canting Nonſenſe, what a Pox do they pretend to Learning for? I knew as much before I came as I do now; what ſhall I do in this Incertitude? If I marry I ſhall certainly be a Cuckold, and my Children Baſtards.—There muſt be ſomething in theſe Fellows Shufflings, for burn 'em they are wiſe Men when one has ſaid all; and therefore they certainly know I ſhall be a Cuckold if I marry, but are afraid to tell me ſo; therefore I will not marry I am reſolved, and ſo I'll go and tell Mr. *Selfwill.* Ha! what, is he come to aſk Advice too?

Enter Selfwill.

Sir *Toby.* Mr. *Selfwill* your humble Servant, what do you do here?

Self. Why! did you not ſend for me, Sir *Toby?*

Sir *Toby.* Not I, Sir.

Self. What! did you not ſend *Octavio* for me, and order'd him to wait on my Daughter to Church, where you'd meet her.

Sir *Toby.* Upon my Faith, not I. I was juſt a coming to tell you I have already altered my Deſign of Marriage, my Years do not ſuit with Matrimony; and therefore I deſire you to diſpoſe of your Daughter to whom you pleaſe; I beg your Pardon, but won't marry I'm reſolved.

Self. How! how's this, Sir *Toby!* Do you make a Fool of my Daughter?

Sir *Toby.* Not I, Mr. *Selfwill,*———nor do I deſign your Daughter ſhall make a Cuckold of me.—— [*Aſide.*

Self. What do you mean by ſaying you won't marry?

Sir *Toby.* Juſt as I ſay, I mean,--I will not marry I tell you.

Self. Did you not ſend for me, ſay you?——

Sir *Toby.* No, Sir.

Self. Nor for my Daughter?

Sir *Toby.* Neither.

Self. O Lord! I'm ruin'd, undone. [*Stamps.*] Who is this *Octavio?* Sir *Toby,* you are a Knave, I doubt in my Conſcience. I believe you have pretended Love to my Daughter all this while, only to put a Trick upon me.

Sir *Toby.* Have a care what you ſay, Mr. *Selfwill*; egad I won't take an Affront. [*Holds up his Cane.*

Enter Bellmie, Octavio, Lucinda *and* Belliza.

Oct. Hold, Gentlemen, I hope you are not in earneſt; Sir *Toby,* I have brought your Bride. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Toby.*

Sir *Toby*. She ſhall be your Bride if you will, Sir.

Oct. Here's a Gentleman has a better Title to her.

Bellm. and Luc. Your Bleſſing, Sir. [*To* Selfwill *kneeling*.

Self. What the Devil! you are not married, are you?

Oct. 'Tis even ſo, Mr. *Selfwill*.

Self. Why then take her, but not a Groat of mine along with her, I'll promiſe you that; there's five hundred a Year her Grandmother left her, which I can't hinder her of, I wiſh I cou'd, you ſhou'd ſtarve together.

Sir *Toby*. Tal, dera, dal, dal, dal; I'm glad I'm ſhut of her, for if ſhe cou'd ſteal a Huſband, ſhe'd have ſtole the Devil and all of Gallants. [*Aſide*.] But I thought, Mr. *Octavio*, you was my Friend.

Oct. So I am, Sir *Toby*; did I not tell you from the firſt, Marriage wou'd not agree with your Years? ha!

Sir *Toby*. 'Tis very true, Sir, and I thank you for your Care.

Oct. Mr. *Selfwill*, Uncle I mean, give me your Hand, and let's be Friends.

Self. Uncle! why what, my Daughter did not ſet your Chops a watering too, did ſhe Niece, ha? I wiſh you much Joy, if there can come any ſuch thing from the Sex, for I'm in doubt if there can or no; ſhe has a good Fortune, as long as that laſts you may live well enough, and when 'tis ſpent there's Hedges and Barns in the Country; hang, drown, or ſtarve, I care not. [*Exit*.

Oct. and Bellm. Ha, ha, ha!

Bellm. Come, my Dear, —— in me
You ſhall both Father, Friend, and Huſband find,
I ne'er can want of ought while you are kind.

Enter Martin *and his* Wife.

Mart. Sir, I have brought the Muſic.

Bellm. That's well, we'll have a Dance however; but firſt let me beg one Favour of you, Sir *Toby*.

Sir *Toby*. What's that, Sir?

Bellm. Only to forgive this Fellow, and make one in our Diverſion.

Sir *Toby*. Forgive him! why I don't know him.

Mart. Not my Perſon perhaps, Sir *Toby*, but my Parts you do. I am he that ſold you Oranges, Maſter; likewiſe the Doctor that reſtor'd this young Lady to her Speech; and this Gentleman, [*Pointing to* Bellmie] by my Ad-

vice perſonated the two famous Aſtrologers of whom you enquired your Fortune, whether or no you ſhould be a Cuckold, Maſter; do you know us now, Sir?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Toby.* A thorough pac'd Rogue,—Why what an Aſs have I been made on! [*Aſide*] Hark'e, Sirrah, do you expect to be hang'd, ye Dog?

Mart. I am married, Sir.

Sir *Toby.* You are married! why then, may the Curſe of Cuckoldom light on thee, or what's worſe, the Fear of it. Good-by to you all. [*Exit.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha! [*All laugh.*

Bellm. Well, *Martin,* your Wife and you ſhall live with me for the future, but you ſhall beat her no more.

Wife. Nay, I'm pretty even with him, Sir, for I put him off for a Doctor, and got him well drub'd into the Bargain.

Oct. A very cunning Stratagem; but come, let the Diverſion begin.

SONG. By Mr. *Leveridge.*

1.

SUE to Cælia *for the Favour,*
Why ſhou'd poor deluded Man,
As if he were ſole Receiver,
Return no Bliſs again?

2.

Were not Love condemn'd to Blindneſs
Quickly he wou'd find,
Tho' to him ſhe feign the Kindneſs,
She's to herſelf moſt kind.

3.

Let us baniſh then the Faſhion,
And be reſolutely brave,
Since it is their Inclination
Let 'em aſk before they have.

Oct. Come, my *Belliza,* you ſhall find that I have hitherto talked wildly, that I love in earneſt.

My Study ſhall be ſtill for your Content,
Give me but Love, you never ſhall repent.

THE

THE

BUSY BODY.

A

COMEDY.

Quem tulit ad ſcenam ventoſo Gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus Spectator, ſedulus inflat.
Sic Leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit——

Horat. Epiſt. Lib. II. Ep. 1.

PROLOGUE.

By the Author of Tunbridge-Walks.

THO' modern Prophets were expos'd of late,
The Author cou'd not prophesy his Fate:
If with such Scenes an Audience had been fir'd,
The Poet must have really been inspir'd.
But these, alas! are melancholy Days
For modern Prophets, and for modern Plays.
Yet since Prophetic Lies please Fools of Fashion,
And Women are so fond of Agitation;
To Men of Sense I'll prophesy anew,
And tell you wondrous Things that will prove true:
Undaunted Colonels will to Camps repair,
Assur'd there'll be no Skirmishes this Year;
On our own Terms will flow the wish'd-for Peace,
All Wars, except 'twixt Man and Wife shall cease.
The grand Monarch may wish his Son a Throne,
But hardly will advance to lose his own.
This Season most Things bear a smiling Face;
But Play'rs in Summer have a dismal Case,
Since your Appearance only is our Act of Grace.
Court Ladies will to Country Seats be gone,
My Lord can't all the Year live great in Town;
Where, wanting Opera's, Basset, *and a* Play,
They'll sigh, and stitch a Gown to pass the Time away.
Gay City-Wives at Tunbridge *will appear,*
Whose Husbands long have labour'd for an Heir;
Where many a Courtier may their Wants relieve,
But by the Waters only they conceive.
The Fleet street *Sempstress—Toast of* Temple *Sparks,*
That runs spruce Neckcloths for Attorneys Clerks;
At Cupid's *Gardens will her Hours regale,*
Sing fair Dorinda, *and drink bottled Ale.*
At all Assemblies Rakes are up and down,
And Gamesters where they think they are not known.
Shou'd I denounce our Author's Fate to-day,
To cry down Prophecies, you'd damn the Play;
Yet Whims like these have sometimes made you laugh,
'Tis Tattling all like Hunc Bickerstaff.
Since War and Places claim the Rage that write,
Be kind, and bear a Woman's Treat to-night;
Let your Indulgence all her Fears allay,
And none but Women-Haters damn this Play.

EPILOGUE.

Ime you ſee one Buſy Body *more;*
Though you may have enough of one before.
With Epilogues, the Buſy Body's *Way,*
We ſtrive to help, but ſometimes mar a Play.
At this mad Seſſions, half condemn'd ere try'd,
Some, in three Days have been turn'd off, and died.
In ſpite of Parties, their Attempts are vain,
For, like falſe Prophets, they ne'er riſe again.
Too late, when caſt, your Favour one beſeeches,
And Epilogues prove Execution-Speeches.
Yet ſure I ſpy no Buſy Bodies *here,*
And one may paſs, ſince they do ev'ry where.
Sour Criticks Time, and Breath and Cenſures waſte,
And baulk your Pleaſure to refine your Taſte,
One buſy Don ill-tim'd high Tenets preaches,
Another yearly ſhows himſelf in Speeches.
Some ſniv'ling Cits would have a Peace for ſpite,
To ſtarve thoſe Warriors who ſo bravely fight;
Still of a Foe upon his Knees afraid,
Whoſe well-bang'd Troops want Money, Heart and Bread.
Old Beaux, who none, not ev'n themſelves can pleaſe,
Are buſy ſtill, for nothing——but to teize.
The Young, ſo buſy to engage engage a Heart,
The Miſchief done, are buſy moſt to part.
Ungrateful Wretches, who ſtill croſs one's Will,
When they more kindly might be buſy ſtill.
One to a Huſband, who ne'er dreamt of Horns,
Shows how dear Spouſe with Friend his Brows adorns.
Th' officious Tell-tale Fool (he ſhou'd repent it)
Parts three kind Souls that liv'd at Peace contented.
Some with Law-Quirks ſet Houſes *by the Ears,*
With Phyſick one what he would heal impairs;
Like that dark mob'd-up Fry, that Neighb'ring Curſe,
Who to remove Love's Pains beſtow a worſe.
Since then this meddling Tribe infeſt the Age,
Bear one a while expos'd upon the Stage:
Let none but Buſy Bodies *vent their Spight,*
And with Good-humour, Pleaſure crown the Night.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *George Airy*, a Gentleman of Four Thouſand a Year, in Love with *Miranda*,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Sir *Francis Gripe*, Guardian to *Miranda* and *Marplot*. Father to *Charles*, in Love with *Miranda*,	Mr. *Eſtcourt.*
Charles, Friend to Sir *George*, in Love with *Iſabinda*,	Mr *Mills.*
Sir *Jealous Traffick*, a Merchant that had liv'd ſome Time in *Spain*, a great Admirer of the *Spaniſh* Cuſtoms, Father to *Iſabinda*,	Mr. *Bullock.*
Marplot, a ſort of a ſilly Fellow, cowardly, but very inquiſitive to know every body's Buſineſs, generally ſpoils all he undertakes, yet without Deſign,	Mr. *Pack.*
Whiſper, Servant to *Charles*,	Mr. *Bullock*, jun.

WOMEN.

Miranda, an Heireſs, worth Thirty Thouſand Pounds, really in Love with Sir *George*, but pretends to be ſo with her Guardian Sir *Francis*,	Mrs. *Creſs.*
Iſabinda, Daughter to Sir *Jealous*, in Love with *Charles*, but deſign'd for a *Spaniſh* Merchant by her Father, and kept up from the Sight of all Men,	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Patch, her Woman,	Mrs. *Saunders.*
Scentwell, Woman to *Miranda*,	Mrs. *Mills.*

THE BUSY BODY.

ACT I. SCENE *the Park.*

Sir George Airy *meeting* Charles.

Cha. HA! Sir *George Airy!* A Birding thus early! What forbidden Game rous'd you ſo ſoon? For no lawful Occaſion cou'd invite a Perſon of your Figure abroad at ſuch unfaſhionable Hours.

Sir *Geo.* There are ſome Men, *Charles*, whom Fortune has left free from Inquietudes, who are diligently ſtudious to find out Ways and Means to make themſelves uneaſy.

Cha. Is it poſſible that any thing in Nature can ruffle the Temper of a Man, whom the four Seaſons of the Year compliment with as many Thouſand Pounds; nay, and a Father at reſt with his Anceſtors?

Sir *Geo.* Why there 'tis now! a Man that wants Money thinks none can be unhappy that has it; but my Affairs are in ſuch a whimſical Poſture, that it will require a Calculation of my Nativity to find if my Gold will relieve me, or not.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! never conſult the Stars about that; Gold has a Power beyond them; Gold unlocks the Midnight Councils; Gold outdoes the Wind, becalms the Ship, or fills her Sails; Gold is omnipotent below; it makes whole Armies fight, or fly; it buys even Souls, and bribes the Wretches to betray their Country: Then what can the Buſineſs be, that Gold won't ſerve thee in?

Sir *Geo.* Why, I am in Love.

Cha. In Love? —— Ha, ha, ha, ha! in Love, Ha, ha, ha, with what, prithee? a *Cherubim?*

Sir *Geo.*

Sir *Geo.* No; with a Woman.

Cha. A Woman, good; Ha, ha, ha! and Gold n help thee?

Sir *Geo.* But ſuppoſe I'm in Love with two———

Cha. Ay, if thou'rt in Love with two hundred, G will fetch 'em, I warrant thee, Boy. But who are the who are they? come.

Sir *Geo.* One is a Lady whoſe Face I never ſaw, but witty as an Angel; the other beautiful as *Venus*——

Cha. And a Fool———

Sir *Geo.* For aught I know, for I never ſpoke to her, but you can inform me; I am charm'd for the Wit of one, and die for the Beauty of the other.

Cha. And pray which are you in queſt of now?

Sir *Geo.* I prefer the ſenſual Pleaſure; I'm for her I've ſeen, who is thy Father's Ward, *Miranda*.

Cha. Nay then I pity you; for the Jew my Father, will no more part with her and 30000 Pounds, than he wou'd with a Guinea to keep me from ſtarving.

Sir *Geo.* Now you ſee Gold can't do every thing, *Charles*.

Cha. Yes; for 'tis her Gold that bars my Father's Gate againſt you.

Sir *Geo.* Why, if he is this avaritious Wretch, how cam'ſt thou by ſuch a liberal Education?

Cha. Not a Souſe out of his Pocket, I aſſure you: I had an Uncle who defray'd that Charge, but for ſome little Wildneſſes of Youth, tho' he made me his Heir, left Dad my Guardian 'till I came to Years of Diſcretion, which I preſume the old Gentleman will never think I am; and now he has got the Eſtate into his Clutches, it does me no more good than if it lay in *Preſter-John*'s Dominions.

Sir *Geo.* What, can'ſt thou find no Stratagem to redeem it?

Cha. I have made many Eſſays to no Purpoſe; tho' Want, the Miſtreſs of Invention, ſtill tempts me on, yet ſtill the old Fox is too cunning for me——I am upon my laſt Project, which if it fails, then for my laſt Refuge, a brown Muſquet.

Sir *Geo.* What is't? can I aſſiſt thee?

Cha.

Cha. Not yet; when you can, I have Confidence ough in you to aſk it.

Sir *Geo.* I am always ready, but what does he intend lo with *Miranda?* is ſhe to be ſold in private? Or will t her up by Way of Auction, at who bids moſt? If egad I'm for him; my Gold, as you ſay, ſhall be ervient to my Pleaſure.

Cha. To deal ingenuouſly with you, Sir *George*, I know very little of her, or Home; for ſince my Uncle's Death, and my Return from Travel, I have never been well with my Father; he thinks my Expences too great, and I his Allowance too little; he never ſees me, but he quarrels; and to avoid that, I ſhun his Houſe as much as poſſible. The Report is, he intends to marry her himſelf.

Sir *Geo.* Can ſhe conſent to it?

Cha. Yes, faith, ſo they ſay; but I tell you I am wholly ignorant of the Matter. *Miranda* and I are like two violent Members of a contrary Party; I can ſcarce allow her Beauty, tho' all the World does; nor ſhe me Civility, for that Contempt: I fancy ſhe plays the Mother-in-law already, and ſets the old Gentleman on to do Miſchief.

Sir *Geo.* Then I've your free Conſent to get her.

Cha. Ay, and my helping Hand if Occaſion be.

Sir *Geo.* Pugh, yonder's a Fool coming this Way, let's avoid him.

Cha. What, *Marplot?* no, no, he's my Inſtrument; there's a thouſand Conveniences in him; he'll lend me his Money, when he has any, run of my Errands, and be proud on't; in ſhort, he'll pimp for me, lye for me, drink for me, do any thing but fight for me, and that I truſt to my own Arm for.

Sir *Geo.* Nay, then he's to be endur'd; I never knew his Qualifications before.

Enter Marplot *with a Patch croſs his Face.*

Marpl. Dear *Charles*, yours——Ha! Sir *George Airy*, the Man in the World, I have an Ambition to be known to. [*Aſide.*] Give me thy Hand dear Boy——

Cha. A good Aſſurance! But hark ye, how came your beautiful Countenance clouded in the wrong Place?

Marpl. I muſt confeſs 'tis a little *mal-a-propos*, but no matter

mat'er for that; a Word with you, *Charles*: Prithee, troduce me to Sir *George*——he is a Man of Wit, I'd give ten Guineas to——

Cha. When you have 'em, you mean.

Marpl. Ay, when I have 'em; pugh, Pox you Thread of my Diſcourſe——I wou'd give ten Gui I ſay, to be rank'd in his Acquaintance: Well, 'tis a va Addition to a Man's Fortune, according to the Rout of the World, to be ſeen in the Company of leading Men for then we are all thought to be Politicians, or Whigs, Jacks, or High-Flyers, or Low-Flyers, or Levellers—— and ſo forth; for you muſt know, we all herd in Partie now.

Cha. Then a Fool for Diverſion is out of Faſhion, I find.

Marpl. Yes, without it be a mimicking Fool, and they are Darlings every where; but prithee, introduce me.

Cha. Well, on Condition you'll give us a true Account how you come by that mourning Noſe, I will.

Marpl. I'll do it.

Cha. Sir *George* here's a Gentleman has a paſſionate Deſire to kiſs your Hand

Sir *Geo.* Oh, I honour Men of the Sword, and I preſume this Gentleman is lately come from *Spain* or *Portugal*——by his Scars.

Marpl. No, really, Sir *George*, mine ſprung from civil Fury: Happening laſt Night into the Groom-Porter's—— I had a ſtrong Inclination to go ten Guineas with a ſort of a, ſort of a ——Kind of a Milk-Sop as I thought: A Pox of the Dice he flung out, and my Pockets being empty, as *Charles* knows they often are, he prov'd a ſurly *North-Briton*, and broke my Face for my Deficiency.

Sir *Geo.* Ha! ha! and did not you draw?

Marpl. Draw, Sir! why I did but lay my Hand upon my Sword, to make a ſwift Retreat, and he roar'd out, Now the Deel a ma Sol, Sir, gin ye touch yer Steel, Ife whip mine through yer Wem.

Sir *Geo.* Ha, ha, ha!

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, ha! ſafe was the Word, ſo you walk'd off, I ſuppoſe.

Marpl. Yes; for I avoid fighting purely to be ſerviceable to my Friends, you know——

Sir *Geo.*

Sir Geo. Your Friends are much oblig'd to you, Sir; I hope you'll rank me in that Number.

Marpl. Sir *George*, a Bow from the Side-Box, or to be nam'd in your Chariot, binds me ever yours.

Sir Geo. Trifles; you may command 'em when you please.

Cha. Provided he may command you ———

Marpl. Me! why I live for no other Purpoſe ——— Sir *George*, I have the Honour to be careſs'd by moſt of the deſigning Toaſts of the Town; I'll tell 'em you are the fineſt Gentleman ———

Sir Geo. No, no, prithee let me alone to tell the Ladies it ——my Parts——can you convey a Letter upon Occaſion, or deliver a Meſſage with an Air of Buſineſs, ha?

Marpl. With the Aſſurance of a Page, and the Gravity of a Stateſman.

Sir Geo. You know *Miranda!*

Marpl. What, my Siſter Ward? Why, her Guardian is mine, we are Fellow Sufferers: Ah! he is a covetous, cheating, ſanctify'd Curmudgeon; that Sir *Francis Gripe* is a damn'd old ———

Cha. I ſuppoſe, Friend, you forget that he is my Father ———

Marpl. I aſk your Pardon, *Charles*; but it is for your Sake I hate him. Well, I ſay, the World is miſtaken in him, his Outſide Piety makes him every Man's Executor; and his Inſide Cunning makes him every Heir's Jaylor. Egad, *Charles*, I'm half perſuaded that thou'rt ſome Ward too, and never of his getting: for thou art as honeſt a Debauchee as ever cuckolded Man of Quality.

Sir Geo. A pleaſant Fellow.

Cha The Dog is diverting ſometimes, or there wou'd be no enduring his Impertinence. He is preſſing to be employ'd, and willing to execute; but ſome ill Fate generally attends all he undertakes, and he oftener ſpoils an Intrigue than helps it ———

Marpl. If I miſcarry, 'tis none of my Fault, I follow my Inſtructions.

Cha. Yes; witneſs the Merchant's Wife.

Marpl. Piſh, Pox, that was an Accident.

Sir Geo. What was it, prithee?

Cha. Why you muſt know, I had lent a certain Merchant

chant my hunting Horſes, and was to have met his in his Abſence: Sending him along with my Groo make the Compliment, and to deliver a Letter t Lady at the ſame Time; what does he do, but gi Huſband the Letter, and offers her the Horſes.

Marpl. I remember you was even with me, fo deny'd the Letter to be yours, and ſwore I had a Bet upon her, which my Bones paid for.

Cha. Come, Sir *George*, let's walk round, if you are not engag'd; for I have ſent my Man upon a little earneſt Buſineſs, and I have order'd him to bring me the Anſwe into the Park.

Marpl. Buſineſs, and I not know it! Egad I'll wat him.

Sir *Geo.* I muſt beg your Pardon, *Charles*, I am meet your Father.

Cha. My Father!

Sir *Geo.* Ay! and about the oddeſt Bargain perhaps you ever heard of; but I'll not impart till I know the Succeſs.

Marpl. What can his Buſineſs be with Sir *Francis?* Now would I give all the World to know it; why the Devil ſhould not one know every Man's Concern! [*Aſide.*

Cha. Proſperity to't whate'er it be. I have private Affairs too; over a Bottle we'll compare Notes.

Marpl. Charles knows I love a Glaſs as well as any Man, I'll make one: ſhall it be to-night? Ad I long to know their Secrets. [*Aſide.*

Enter Whiſper.

Whiſp. Sir, Sir, Mrs. *Patch* ſays *Iſabinda*'s *Spaniſh* Father has quite ſpoil'd the Plot, and ſhe can't meet you in the Park, but he infallibly will go out this Afternoon, ſhe ſays; but I muſt ſtep again to know the Hour.

Marpl. What did *Whiſper* ſay now? I ſhall go ſtark mad, if I'm not let into the Secret. [*Aſide.*

Cha. Curſt Misfortune! come along with me, my Heart feels Pleaſure at her Name. Sir *George*, yours; we'll meet at the old Place the uſual Hour.

Sir *Geo.* Agreed; I think I ſee Sir *Francis* yonder. [*Exit.*

Cha. Marplot, you muſt excuſe me, I am engag'd. [*Exit.*

Marpl. Engag'd! Egad I'll engage my Life I'll know what your Engagement is.

Miran.

Miran. [*Coming out of a Chair.*] Let the Chair wait: My Servant that dodg'd Sir *George*, ſaid he was in the Park.

Enter Patch.

Ha! Miſs *Patch* alone! Did not you tell me you had [illegible]'d a Way to bring *Iſabinda* to the Park?

Patch. Oh, Madam, your Ladyſhip can't imagine what a wretched Diſappointment we have met with: Juſt as I had fetch'd a Suit of my Cloaths for a Diſguiſe, comes my old Maſter into his Cloſet, which is right againſt her Chamber-Door; this ſtruck us into a terrible Fright —— At length I put on a grave Face, and aſk'd him if he was at leiſure for his Chocolate, in Hopes to draw him out of his Hole; but he ſnap'd my Noſe off; No, I ſhall be buſy here theſe two Hours. At which my poor Miſtreſs, ſeeing no Way of Eſcape, ordered me to wait on your Ladyſhip with the ſad Relation.

Miran. Unhappy *Iſabinda!* Was ever any thing ſo unaccountable as the Humour of Sir *Jealous Traffick?*

Patch. Oh, Madam, its his living ſo long in *Spain*; he vows he'll ſpend half his Eſtate, but he'll be a Parliament-Man, on Purpoſe to bring in a Bill for Women to wear Veils, and the other odious *Spaniſh* Cuſtoms ———— He ſwears it is the Height of Impudence to have a Woman ſeen bare-fac'd, even at Church, and ſcarce believes there's a true begotten Child in the City.

Miran. Ha, ha, ha! how the old Fool torments himſelf! Suppoſe he could introduce his rigid Rules—— does he think we could not match them in Contrivance? No, no, let the Tyrant Man make what Laws he will, if there's a Woman under the Government, I warrant ſhe finds a Way to break 'em: Is his Mind ſet upon the *Spaniard* for his Son-in-law ſtill?

Patch. Ay, and he expects him by the next Fleet, which drives his Daughter to Melancholy and Deſpair: But, Madam, I find you retain the ſame gay, chearful Spirit you had, when I waited on your Ladyſhip —— My Lady is mighty good-humour'd too: and I have found a Way to make Sir *Jealous* believe I am wholly in his Intereſt, when my real Deſign is to ſerve her; he makes me her Jaylor, and I ſet her at Liberty.

Miran.

Miran. I knew thy prolifick Brain wou'd be of ſingular Service to her, or I had not parted with thee to her Father.

Patch. But, Madam, the Report is, that you are going to marry your Guardian.

Miran. It is neceſſary ſuch a Report ſhould be, *Patch.*

Patch. But is it true, Madam?

Miran. That's not abſolutely neceſſary.

Patch. I thought it was only the old Strain, coaxing him ſtill for your own, and railing at all the young Fellows about Town: In my Mind, now, you are as ill plagu'd with your Guardian, Madam, as my Lady is with her Father.

Miran. No, I have Liberty, Wench, that ſhe wants; what would ſhe give now to be in this *Diſabillée*, in the ——— open Air; nay more, in purſuit of the young Fellow ſhe likes; for that's my Caſe, I aſſure you.

Patch. As for that, Madam, ſhe's even with you; for tho' ſhe can't come abroad, we have a Way to bring him home in ſpight of old *Argus*.

Miran. Now, *Patch*, your Opinion of my Choice, for here he comes ——— Ha! my Guardian with him: What can be the Meaning of this? I'm ſure, Sir *Francis* can't know me in this Dreſs ——— Let's obſerve 'em.

[*They withdraw.*

Enter Sir Francis Gripe, *and Sir* George Airy.

Sir *Fran.* Verily, Sir *George*, thou wilt repent throwing away thy Money ſo; for I tell thee ſincerely, *Miranda*, my Charge, does not love a young Fellow, they are all vicious, and ſeldom make good Huſbands; in ſober Sadneſs ſhe cannot abide 'em.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] In ſober Sadneſs you are miſtaken ——— what can this mean?

Sir *Geo.* Look ye, Sir *Francis*, whether ſhe can or cannot abide young Fellows, is not the Buſineſs; will you take the fifty Guineas?

Sir *Fran.* In good Truth ——— I will not; for I knew thy Father, he was a hearty wary Man, and I cannot conſent that his Son ſhould ſquander away what he ſav'd to no Purpoſe.

Miran.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Now, in the Name of Wonder, what Bargain can he be driving about me for fifty Guineas?

Patch. I wish it ben't for the first Night's Lodging, Madam.

Sir *Geo.* Well, Sir *Francis*, since you are so conscientious for my Father's Sake, then permit me the Favour Gratis.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] The Favour! O' my Life, I believe 'tis as you said, *Patch.*

Sir *Fran.* No verily, if thou dost not buy thy Experience, thou wilt never be wise; therefore give me a Hundred, and try Fortune.

Sir *Geo.* The Scruples arose, I find, from the scanty Sum ——— Let me see —— a hundred Guineas —— [*Takes 'em out of a Purse, and chinks 'em.*] Ha! they have a very pretty Sound, and a very pleasing Look—But then, *Miranda*———But if she should be cruel———

Miran. [*Peeping.*] As Ten to One I shall —

Sir *Fran.* Ay, do consider on't, He, he, he, he.

Sir *Geo.* No, I'll do't.

Patch. Do't! what, whether you will or no, Madam?

Sir *Geo.* Come to the Point, here's the Gold, sum up the Condition ———

Sir *Fran.* [*Pulling out a Paper.*]

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Ay, for Heaven's Sake do, for my Expectation is on the Rack,

Sir *Fran.* Well, at your Peril be it.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, ay, go on.

Sir *Fran. Imprimis*, you are to be admitted into my House, in order to move your Suit to *Miranda*, for the Space of ten Minutes, without Lett or Molestation, provided I remain in the same Room.

Sir *Geo.* But out of Ear-shot.

Sir *Fran.* Well, well; I don't desire to hear what you say; Ha, ha, ha! in Consideration I am to have that Purse and a hundred Guineas.

Sir *Geo.* Take it——— [*Gives him the Purse.*

Miran. [*Peeping.*] So, 'tis well 'tis no worse; I'll fit you both ———

Sir *Geo.* And this Agreement is to be performed to-day.

Sir *Fran.* Ay, ay, the sooner the better. Poor Fool, how *Miranda* and I shall laugh at him. ———Well, Sir *George*,

George, ha, ha, ha! take the laſt Sound of your Guineas. Ha, ha, ha! [*Chinks 'em.*] [*Exit.*

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Sure he does not know I am *Miranda.*

Sir *Geo.* A very extraordinary Bargain I have made truly, if ſhe ſhould be really in Love with this old Caff now ——— Pſhah, that's morally impoſſible, ——— but then what Hopes have I to ſucceed, I never ſpoke to her—

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Say you ſo? Then I am ſafe.

Sir *Geo.* What tho' my Tongue never ſpoke, my Eyes ſaid a thouſand Things, and my Hopes flatter'd me her's anſwer'd 'em. If I'm lucky ——— if not, it is but a hundred Guineas thrown away.

[Miranda *and* Patch *come forwards.*

Miran. Upon what, Sir *George?*

Sir *Geo.* Ha! my *Incognita* ——— upon a Woman, Madam.

Miran. They are the worſt Things you can deal in, and damage the ſooneſt; your very Breath deſtroys 'em, and I fear you'll never ſee your Return, Sir *George*, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* Were they more brittle than China, and drop'd to Pieces with a Touch, every Atom of her I have ventur'd at, if ſhe is but Miſtreſs of thy Wit, ballances ten times the Sum ——— Prithee let me ſee thy Face.

Miran. By no Means; that may ſpoil your Opinion of my Senſe ———

Sir *Geo.* Rather confirm it, Madam.

Patch. So rob the Lady of your Gallantry, Sir.

Sir *Geo.* No, Child, a Diſh of Chocolate in the Morning never ſpoils my Dinner; the other Lady I deſign a Set-Meal; ſo there's no Danger. ———

Miran. Matrimony! Ha, ha, ha! What Crimes have you committed againſt the God of Love that he ſhould revenge 'em ſo ſeverely to ſtamp Huſband upon your Forehead?

Sir *Geo.* For my Folly, in having ſo often met you here, without purſuing the Laws of Nature, and exerciſing her Command—But I reſolve, ere we part now, to know who you are,—where you live, and what Kind of Fleſh and

and Blood your Face is; therefore unmask, and don't put me to the Trouble of doing it for you

Miran. My Face is the same Flesh and Blood with my Hand, Sir *George*, which if you'll be so rude to provoke—

Sir *Geo.* You'll apply it to my Cheek — The Ladies Favours are always welcome; but I must have that Cloud withdrawn. [*Taking hold of her.*] Remember you are in the *Park*, Child, and what a terrible Thing would it be to lose this pretty white Hand?

Miran. And how will it sound in a Chocolate-House, that Sir *George Airy* rudely pull'd off a Lady's Mask, when he had given her his Honour that he never would directly or indirectly endeavour to know her till she gave him leave?

Patch. I wish we were safe out.

Sir *Geo.* But if that Lady thinks fit to pursue and meet me at every turn, like some troubled Spirit, shall I be blam'd if I enquire into the Reality? I would have nothing dissatisfied in a Female Shape.

Miran. What shall I do? [*Pauses.*

Sir *Geo.* Ay, prithee consider, for thou shalt find me very much at thy Service.

Patch. Suppose, Sir, the Lady shouldbe in Love with you.

Sir *Geo.* Oh! I'll return the Obligation in a Moment.

Patch. And marry her?

Sir *Geo.* Ha! ha! ha! that's not the Way to love her, Child.

Miran. If he discovers me, I shall die—— Which Way shall I escape? —— Let me see. [*Pauses.*

Sir *Geo.* Well, Madam——

Miran. I have it—Sir *George*, 'tis fit you should allow something; if you'll excuse my Face, and turn your Back (if you look upon me, I shall sink, even mask'd as I am) I will confess why I have engaged you so often, who I am, and where I live.

Sir *Geo.* Well, to shew you I'm a Man of Honour, I accept the Conditions. Let me but once know those, and the Face won't be long a Secret to me.

Patch. What mean you, Madam?

Miran. To get off.

Sir *Geo.* 'Tis something indecent to turn one's Back upon a Lady; but you command, and I obey. [*Turns his Back.*] Come, Madam, begin ——

Miran. Firſt then it was my unhappy Lot to ſee you at *Paris*, [*Draws back a little while and ſpeaks.*] at a Ball upon a Birth Day; your Shape and Air charm'd my Eyes; your Wit and Complaiſance my Soul; and from that fatal Night I lov'd you. [*Drawing back.*

And when you left the Place, Grief ſeiz'd me ſo,
No Reſt my Heart, no Sleep my Eyes cou'd know.
Laſt I reſolv'd a hazardous Point to try,
And quit the Place in ſearch of Liberty. [*Exit.*

Sir *Geo.* Excellent — I hope ſhe's handſome — Well, now, Madam, to the other two Things: Your Name, and where you live? — I am a Gentleman, and this Confeſſion will not be loſt upon me.—Nay, prithee don't weep, but go on — for I find my Heart melts in thy Behalf — ſpeak quickly, or I ſhall turn about—Not yet—Poor Lady, ſhe expects I ſhould comfort her; and to do her Juſtice, ſhe has ſaid enough to encourage me. [*Turns about.*] Ha! gone! the Devil, jilted! Why, what a Tale has ſhe invented—of *Paris*, Balls, and Birth Days.—Egad I'd give ten Guineas to know who the Gipſie is—A curſe of my Folly—I deſerve to loſe her: What Woman can forgive a Man that turn his Back!

The Bold and Reſolute in Love and War,
To conquer take the right and ſwifteſt Way:
The boldeſt Lover ſooneſt gains the Fair,
As Courage makes the rudeſt Force obey.
Take no Denial, and the Dames adore ye,
Cloſely purſue them, and they fall before you.

ACT II.

Enter Sir Francis Gripe, Miranda.

Sir *Fran.* HA, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Miran. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh, I ſhall die with laughing — The moſt romantic Adventure: Ha, ha! What does the odious young Fop mean? A hundred Pieces to talk an Hour with me! Ha, ha!

Sir *Fran.* And I am to be by too; there's the Jeſt: Adod, if it had been in private, I ſhould not have car'd to truſt the young Dog.

Miran. Indeed and indeed, but you might, *Gardy* —

Now

Now methinks there's nobody handſomer than you: So neat, ſo clean, ſo good-humour'd and ſo loving—

Sir *Fran.* Pretty Rogue, pretty Rogue; and ſo thou ſhalt find me, if thou doſt prefer thy *Gardy* before theſe Caperers of the Age; thou ſhalt outſhine the Queen's Box on an *Opera* Night; thou ſhalt be the Envy of the Ring (for I will carry thee to *Hyde-Park*) and thy Equipage ſhall ſurpaſs the—— what d'ye call 'em, Ambaſſadors.

Miran. Nay, I am ſure the diſcreet Part of my Sex will envy me more for the inſide Furniture, when you are in it, than my outſide Equipage.

Sir *Fran.* A cunning Baggage, i'faith thou art, and a wiſe one too; and to ſhew thee thou haſt not choſe amiſs, I'll this Moment diſinherit my Son, and ſettle my whole Eſtate upon thee.

Miran. There's an old Rogue now: [*Aſide.*] No *Gardy*, I would not have your Name be ſo black in the World—You know my Father's Will runs, that I am not to poſſeſs my Eſtate without your Conſent, till I'm five and twenty; you ſhall only abate the odd ſeven Years, and make me Miſtreſs of my Eſtate to-day, and I'll make you Maſter of my Perſon to-morrow.

Sir *Fran.* Humph! that may not be ſafe—No, *Chargy*, I'll ſettle it upon thee for *Pin-money*; and that will be every bit as well, thou know'ſt.

Miran. Unconſcionable old Wretch, bribe me with my own Money—Which Way ſhall I get it out of his Hands! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* Well, what art thou thinking on, my Girl, ha? How to banter Sir *George?*

Miran. I muſt not pretend to banter; he knows my Tongue too well: [*Aſide.*] No, *Gardy*, I have thought of a Way will confound him more than all I cou'd ſay, if I ſhou'd talk to him ſeven Years

Sir *Fran.* How's that! Oa! I'm tranſported, I'm raviſh'd, I'm mad——

Miran. It wou'd make you mad, if you knew all. [*Aſide.* I'll not anſwer him a Word, but be dumb to all he ſays —

Sir *Fran.* Dumb! good; Ha, ha, ha! Excellent, ha, ha! I think I have you now, Sir *George*; dumb! he'll go diſtracted—Well, ſhe's the v ittieſt Rogue—Ha, ha! dumb! I can but laugh, ha, ha! to think how damn'd mad he'll

be when he finds he has given his Money away for a dumb Show. Ha, ha, ha!

Miran. Nay, *Gardy*, if he did but know my Thoughts of him, it would make him ten times madder: Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Fran.* Ay, ſo it wou'd, *Chargy*, to hold him in ſuch Deriſion, to ſcorn to anſwer him, to be dumb! Ha, ha, ha!

Enter Charles.

Sir *Fran.* How now Sirrah! Who let you in?

Cha. My Neceſſity, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* Sir, your Neceſſities are very impertinent, and ought to have ſent before they entered.

Cha. Sir, I knew 'twas a Word wou'd gain admittance no where.

Sir *Fran.* Then, Sirrah, how durſt you rudely thruſt that upon your Father, which Nobody elſe would admit?

Cha. Sure the Name of a Son is a ſufficient Plea. I aſk this Lady's Pardon if I have intruded.

Sir *Fran.* Ay, ay, aſk her Pardon and her Bleſſing too, if you expect any thing from me.

Miran. I believe yours, Sir *Francis*, in a Purſe of Guineas, would be more material. Your Son may have Buſineſs with you, I'll retire.

Sir *Fran.* I gueſs his Buſineſs, but I'll diſpatch him; I expect the Knight every Minute: You'll be in Readineſs?

Miran. Certainly! My Expectation is more upon the Wing than yours, old Gentleman. [*Exit.*

Sir *Fran.* Well Sir!

Cha. Nay, it is very ill, Sir; my Circumſtances are, I'm ſure.

Sir *Fran.* And what's that to me, Sir? Your Management ſhou'd have made them better.

Cha. If you pleaſe to entruſt me with the Management of my Eſtate, I ſhall endeavour it, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* What, to ſet upon a Card, and buy a Lady's Favour at the Price of a thouſand Pieces, to rig out an Equipage for a Wench, or by your Careleſſneſs enrich your Steward to fine for Sheriff, or put up for Parliament-Man?

Cha. I hope I ſhould not ſpend it this Way: However, I aſk only for what my Uncle left me; yours you may diſpoſe of as you pleaſe, Sir.

Sir *Fran.*

Sir *Fran.* That I ſhall, out of your Reach, I aſſure you, Sir. Adod theſe young Fellows think old Men get Eſtates for nothing but them to ſquander away, in Dicing, Wenching, Drinking, Dreſſing, and ſo forth.

Cha. I think I was born a Gentleman, Sir! I'm ſure my Uncle bred me like one.

Sir *Fran.* From which you would infer, Sir, that Gaming, Whoring, and the Pox, are Requiſites to a Gentleman.

Cha. Monſtrous! when I would aſk him only for a Support, he falls into theſe unmannerly Reproaches; I muſt, tho' againſt my Will, employ Invention, and by Stratagem relieve myſelf. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* Sirrah, what is it you mutter Sirrah, ha? [*Holds up his Cane.*] I ſay you ſhan't have a Groat out of my Hands 'till I pleaſe———and may be I'll never pleaſe, and what's that to you?

Cha. Nay, to be robb'd, or to have one's Throat cut, is not much———

Sir *Fran.* What's that, Sirrah? would ye rob me, or cut my Throat, ye Rogue?

Cha. Heaven forbid, Sir,———I ſaid no ſuch Thing.

Sir *Fran.* Mercy on me! What a Plague it is to have a Son of one and twenty, who wants to elbow one out of one's Life, to edge himſelf into the Eſtate!

Enter Marplot.

Marpl. Egad he's here ——I was afraid I had loſt him: His Secret could not be with his Father, his Wants are public there—Guardian,—your Servant *Charles*, I know by that ſorrowful Countenance of thine, the old Man's Fiſt is as cloſe as his ſtrong Box—But I'll help thee——

Sir *Fran.* So: Here's another extravagant Coxcomb, that will ſpend his Fortune before he comes to't; but he ſhall pay ſwinging Intereſt, and ſo let the Fool go on —— Well, what! does Neceſſity bring you too, Sir?

Marpl. You have hit it, Guardian—I want a hundred Pounds.

Sir *Fran.* For what?

Marp. Po'gh for a hundred Things: I can't for my Life tell you for what.

Cha. Sir, I ſuppoſe I have received all the Anſwer I am like to have.

Marpl. Oh, the Devil, if he gets out before me, I ſhall loſe him again.

Sir *Fran.* Ay, Sir, and you may be marching as ſoon as you pleaſe—! muſt ſee a Change in your Temper ere you find one in mine.

Marpl. Pray, Sir, diſpatch me; the Money, Sir, I'm in mighty Haſte.

Sir *Fran.* Fool, take this and go to the Caſhier; I ſhan't be long plagu'd with thee. [*Gives him a Note.*

Marpl. Devil take the Caſhier, I ſhall certainly have *Charles* gone out before I come back again. [*Runs out.*

Cha. Well, Sir, I take my Leave—But remember, you expoſe an only Son to all the Miſeries of wretched Poverty, which too often lays the Plan for Scenes of Miſchief.

Sir *Fran.* Stay *Charles*, I have a ſudden Thought come into my Head, may prove to thy Advantage.

Cha. Ha, does he relent?

Sir *Fran.* My Lady *Wrinkle*, worth forty thouſand Pound's, ſets up for a handſome young Huſband; ſhe prais'd thee t'other Day; tho' the Match-makers can get twenty Guineas for a Sight of her, I can introduce thee for nothing.

Cha. My Lady *Wrinkle*, Sir! why ſhe has but one Eye,

Sir *Fran.* Then ſhe'll ſee but half your Extravagance, Sir.

Cha. Condemn me to ſuch a Piece of Deformity! Toothleſs, Dirty, Wry-neck'd, Hunch-back'd Hag.

Sir *Fran.* Hunch-back'd! ſo much the better, then ſhe has a Reſt for her Misfortunes; for thou wilt load her ſwingingly. Now I warrant you think, this is no Offer of a Father; forty thouſand Pounds is nothing with you.

Cha. Yes, Sir, I think it too much; a young beautiful Woman with half the Money wou'd be more agreeable. I thank you, Sir; but you choſe better for yourſelf, I find.

Sir *Fran.* Out of my Doors, you Dog; you pretend to meddle with my Marriage, Sirrah!

Cha. Sir, I obey———

Sir *Fran.* But me no Buts—Be gone, Sir: Dare to aſk me for Money again——Refuſe forty thouſand Pounds! Out of my Doors, I ſay, without Reply. [*Exit* Cha.

Enter Servant.

Serv. One Sir *George Airy* enquires for you, Sir.

Enter Marplot *running.*

Marpl. Ha! gone! Is *Charles* gone, Guardian?

Sir *Fran.*

Sir. *Fran.* Yes; and I desire your wise Worship to walk after him.

Marlp. Nay, Egad, I shall run, I tell you but that. Ah! Pox of this Cashier for detaining me so long; where the Devil shall I find him now? I shall certainly lose this Secret. [*Exit hastily.*

Sir *Fran.* What, is the Fellow distracted?——Desire Sir *George* to walk up—Now for a Trial of Skill that will make me happy, and him a Fool: Ha, ha, ha! in my Mind he looks like an Ass already.

Enter Sir George.

Sir *Fran.* Well, Sir *George*, do ye hold in the same Mind, or would you capitulate? Ha, ha, ha,! Look, here are the Guineas. [*Chinks 'em.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* Not if they were twice the Sum, Sir *Francis*: Therefore be brief, call in the Lady, and take your Post—if she's a Woman, and not seduc'd by Witchcraft to this old Rogue, I'll make his Heart ake; for if she has but one Grain of Inclination about her, I'll vary a thousand Shapes, but find it. [*Aside.*

Enter Miranda.

Sir *Fran.* Agreed——*Miranda*, there's Sir *George*, try your Fortune. [*Takes out his Watch.*

Sir *Geo.* So from the Eastern Chambers breaks the Sun,
Dispels the Clouds, and gilds the Vales below.
[*Salutes her.*

Sir *Fran.* Hold, Sir, Kissing was not in our Agreement.

Sir *Geo.* Oh! that's by Way of Prologue:——Prithee, old Mammon, to thy Post.

Sir *Fran.* Well, young *Timon*, 'tis now Four exactly; one Hour, remember, is your utmost Limit, not a Minute more. [*Retires to the Bottom of the Stage.*

Sir *Geo.* Madam, whether you'll excuse or blame my Love, the Author of this rash Proceeding depends upon your Pleasure, as also the Life of your Admirer; your sparkling Eyes speak a Heart susceptible of Love; your Vivacity a Soul too delicate to admit the Embraces of decay'd Mortality.

Miran. [*Aside.*] Oh! that I durst speak—

Sir *Geo.* Shake off this Tyrant Guardian's Yoke, assume yourself, and dash his bold aspiring Hopes; the Deity of his Desires, is Avarice; a Heretic in Love, and ought

be baniſh'd by the Queen of Beauty. See, Madam, a faithful Servant kneels, and begs to be admitted in the Number of your Slaves. [Miranda *gives him her Hand to raiſe him.*

Sir *Fran.* I wiſh I cou'd hear what he ſays now. [*Running up.*] Hold, hold, hold, no Palming, that's contrary to Articles——

Sir *Geo.* 'Sdeath, Sir, keep your Diſtance, or I'll write another Article in your Guts. [*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*

Sir *Fran.* [*Going back.*] A bloody minded Fellow!——

Sir *Geo.* Not anſwer me! perhaps ſhe thinks my Addreſs too grave: I'll be more free—Can you be ſo unconſcionable, Madam, to let me ſay all theſe fine things to you without one ſingle Compliment in Return? View me well, am I not a proper handſome Fellow, ha? Can you prefer that old, dry, wither'd ſapleſs Log of Sixty-five, to the vigorous, gay, ſprightly Love of Twenty-four? With ſnoring only he'll awake thee, but I with raviſhing Delight would make thy Senſes dance in Conſort with the joyful Minutes—Ha! Not yet? Sure ſhe is dumb—Thus wou'd I ſteal and touch thy beauteous Hand, [*Takes hold of her Hand,*] 'till by degrees, I reach'd thy ſnowy Breaſts, then raviſh Kiſſes thus. [*Embraces her in the Ecſtacy.*

Miran. [*Struggles and flings from him.*] O Heavens! I ſhall not be able to contain myſelf. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* [*Running up with his Watch in his Hand.*] Sure ſhe did not ſpeak to him—There's three Quarters of an Hour gone, Sir *George*—Adod, I don't like thoſe cloſe Conferences——

Sir *Geo.* More Interruptions —— you will have it, Sir. [*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*

Sir *Fran.* [*Going back.*] No, no, you ſhan't have her neither. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Dumb ſtill—Sure this old Dog has enjoin'd her Silence; I'll try another Way—I muſt conclude, Madam, that in Compliance to your Guardian's Humour, you refuſe to anſwer me—Conſider the Injuſtice of his Injunction. This ſingle Hour coſt me an hundred Pounds—and would you anſwer me, I could purchaſe the Twenty-four ſo: However, Madam, you muſt give me Leave to make the beſt Interpretation I can for my Money, and take the Indication of your Silence for the ſecret liking of my Perſon: Therefore, Madam, I will inſtruct you how to keep your

Words

Word inviolate to Sir *Francis*, and yet anſwer me to every Queſtion: As for Example, when I aſk any thing to which you would reply in the Affirmative, gently nod your Head —thus; and when in the Negative, thus; [*Shakes his Head.*] and in the Doubtful, a tender Sigh, thus. [*Sighs.*

Miran. How every Action charms me——but I'll fit him for Signs, I warrant him. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor Sir *George*, Ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Was it by his Deſire that you are dumb, Madam, to all that I can ſay?

Miran. [*Nods.*]

Sir *Geo.* Very well! ſhe's tractable, I find—And is it poſſible that you can love him! [Miran. *nods.*] Miraculous! Pardon the Bluntneſs of my Queſtions, for my Time is ſhort; may I not hope to ſupplant him in your Eſteem? [Miran. *ſighs.*] Good, ſhe anſwers me as I could wiſh——. You'll not conſent to marry him then? [Miran. *ſighs.*] How! doubtful in that—Undone again—Humph! but that may proceed from his Power to keep her out of her Eſtate 'till Twenty-five; I'll try that——Come Madam, I cannot think you heſitate on this Affair out of any Motive but your Fortune Let him keep it 'till thoſe few Years are expired; make me happy with your Perſon, let him enjoy your Wealth—— [Miran. *holds up her Hands.*] Why, what Sign is that now? Nay, nay, Madam, except you obſerve my Leſſon, I can't underſtand your Meaning——

Sir *Fran.* What a Vengeance, are they talking by Signs? 'ad I may be fool'd here; what do you mean, Sir *George?*

Sir *Geo.* To cut your Throat, if you dare mutter another Syllable.

Sir *Fran.* Od! I wiſh he were fairly out of my Houſe.

Sir *Geo.* Pray, Madam, will you anſwer me to the Purpoſe? [Miran. *ſhakes her Head, and points to Sir* Francis] What! does ſhe mean ſhe won't anſwer me to the Purpoſe, or is ſhe afraid yon' old Cuff ſhould underſtand her Signs? —— Ay, it muſt be that; I perceive, Madam, you are too apprehenſive of the Promiſe you have made to follow my Rules; therefore I'll ſuppoſe your Mind, and anſwer for you——Firſt, for myſelf, Madam, that I am in Love with you is an infallible Truth. Now for you: [*Turns on her Side*]

Side.] Indeed, Sir, and may I believe it?—As certainly, Madam, as that 'tis Day-light, or that I die if you perſiſt in Silence—Bleſs me with the Muſic of your Voice, and raiſe my Spirits to their proper Heaven: Thus low let me intreat; ere I'm oblig'd to quit this Place, grant me ſome Token of a favourable Reception to keep my Hopes alive. [*Ariſes haſtily, turns on her Side.*] Riſe, Sir, and ſince my Guardian's Preſence will not allow me Privilege of Tongue, read that, and reſt aſſured you are not indifferent to me. [*Offers her a Letter.*] Ha! right Woman! But no [*ſhe ſtrikes it down*] matter, I'll go on.

Sir *Fran.* Ha! what's that, a Letter?—Ha, ha, ha! thou art baulk'd.

Miran. The beſt Aſſurance I ever ſaw——— [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Ha! a Letter! Oh! let me kiſs it with the ſame Raptures that I would do the dear Hand that touch'd it. [*Opens it.*] Now for a quick Fancy, and a long *Extempore*—What's here? [*Reads.*] "Dear Sir *George*, this Virgin "Muſe I conſecrate to you, which when it has receiv'd the "Addition of your Voice, 'twill charm me into a Deſire "of Liberty to love, which you, and only you can fix." My Angel! Oh you tranſport me! [*Kiſſes the Letter.*] And ſee the Power of your Command; the God of Love has ſet the Verſe already; the flowing Numbers dance into a Tune: and I'm inſpir'd with a Voice to ſing it.

Miran. I'm ſure thou art inſpir'd with Impudence enough.

Sir *Geo.* [*Sings.*]

Great Love inſpire him;
Say I admire him.
Give me the Lover
That can diſcover
Secret Devotion
From ſilent Motion;
Then don't betray me,
But hence convey me.

Sir *Geo.* [*Taking hold of* Miranda.] With all my Heart, this Moment let's retire. [*Sir* Francis *coming up haſtily.*

Sir *Fran.* The Hour is expir'd, Sir, and you muſt take your leave. There, my Girl, there's the hundred Pounds, which thou haſt won; go, I'll be with you preſently, Ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit* Miranda.

Sir *Geo.*

Sir *Geo.* Ads-heart, Madam, you wont't leave me juſt in the Nick, will you?

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! ſhe has nick'd you, Sir *George*, I think, ha, ha, ha! Have ye any more hundred Pounds to throw away upon ſuch Courtſhip? Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* He, he, he, he, a Curſe of your ſleering Jeſts—Yet, however ill I ſucceeded, I'll venture the ſame Wager, ſhe does not value thee a Spoonful of Snuff: —Nay more, though you enjoin'd her Silence to me, you'll never make her ſpeak to the Purpoſe with yourſelf.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! did not I tell thee thou wouldſt repent thy Money? Did not I ſay, ſhe hated young Fellows? Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* And I'm poſitive ſhe's not in Love with Age.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha! no matter for that, ha, ha! ſhe's not taken with your Youth, nor your Rhetoric to boot, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* Whate'er her Reaſons are for diſliking of me, I am certain ſhe can be taken with nothing about thee.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! how he ſwells with Envy—Poor Man, poor Man — Ha, ha! I muſt beg your Pardon, Sir *George*; *Miranda* will be impatient to have her Share of Mirth: Verily we ſhall laugh at thee moſt egregiouſly; Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* With all my Heart, Faith—I ſhall laugh in my Turn too—For if you dare marry her, old *Belzebub*, you will be cuckolded moſt egregiouſly: Remember that and tremble ———

She that to Age her beauteous Self reſigns,
Shews witty Management for cloſe Deſigns.
Then if thou'rt grac'd with fair Miranda's *Bed,*
A&æon's *Horns ſhe means ſhall crown thy Head.* [Exit.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! he is mad.

Theſe fluttering Fops imagine they can wind,
Turn, and decoy to Love all Womankind:
But here's a Proof of Wiſdom in my Charge,
Old Men are conſtant, young Men live at large;
The frugal Hand can Bills at Sight defray,
When he that laviſh is, has nought to pay. [Exit.

SCENE *changes to Sir* Jealous Traffick's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Jealous, Iſabinda, Patch *following.*

Sir *Jea.* What, in the Balcony again, notwithſtanding my

my poſitive Commands to the contrary!—Why don't you write a Bill on your Forehead, to ſhow Paſſengers there's ſomething to be lett——

Iſa. What Harm can there be in a little freſh Air, Sir?

Sir *Jea.* Is your Conſtitution ſo hot, Miſtreſs, that it wants cooling, ha? Apply the virtuous *Spaniſh* Rules, baniſh your Taſte, and Thoughts of Fleſh, feed upon Roots, and quench your Thirſt with Water.

Iſa. That and a cloſe Room wou'd certainly make me die of the Vapours.

Sir *Jea.* No, Miſtreſs, 'tis your high-fed, luſty, rambling, rampant Ladies—that are troubled with the Vapours: 'tis your Ratifia, Perſico, Cinnamon, Citron, and Spirit of Clary, cauſe ſuch Swi—m—ing in the Brain, that carries many a Guinea full tide to the Doctor. But you are not to be bred this way; no galloping abroad, no receiving Viſits at home; for in our looſe Country, the Women are as dangerous as the Men.

Patch. So I told her, Sir; and that it was not decent to be ſeen in a Balcony—But ſhe threatened to ſlap my Chaps, and told me, I was her Servant, not her Governeſs.

Sir *Jea.* Did ſhe ſo? But I'll make her to know that you are her *Duenna:* Oh! that incomparable Cuſtom of *Spain!* Why here's no depending upon old Women in my Country—for they are as wanton at Eighty, as a Girl of Eighteen; and a Man may as ſafely truſt to *Aſgil*'s Tranſlation as to his Great Grandmother's not marrying again.

Iſa. Or to the *Spaniſh* Ladies Viles and *Duennas*, for the Safeguard of their Honour.

Sir *Jea.* Dare to ridicule the cautious Conduct of that wiſe Nation, and I'll have you lock'd up this Fortnight without a peep-hole.

Iſa. If we had but the ghoſtly Helps in *England*, which they have in *Spain*, I might deceive you if you did—Sir, 'tis not the Reſtraint, but the innate Principles, ſecures the Reputation and Honour of our Sex—Let me tell you, Sir, Confinement ſharpens the Invention, as Want of Sight ſtrengthens the other Senſes, and is often more pernicious, than the Recreation innocent Liberty allows.

Sir *Jea.* Say you ſo, Miſtreſs; who the Devil taught you the Art of Reaſoning? I aſſure you, they muſt have a greater Faith than I pretend to, that can think any Woman innocent

nocent who requires Liberty. Therefore, *Patch*, to your Charge I give her; lock her up 'till I come back from *Change:* I ſhall have ſome ſauntring Coxcomb, with nothing but a Red Coat and Feather, think by leaping into her Arms, to leap into my Eſtate—But I'll prevent them; ſhe ſhall be only *Babinetto*'s.

Patch. Really, Sir, I wiſh you wou'd employ any body elſe in this affair; I lead a Life like a Dog, with obeying your Commands. Come, Madam, will you pleaſe to be lock'd up?

Iſa. Ay, to enjoy more Freedom than he is aware of. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit with* Patch.

Sir *Jea.* I believe this Wench is very true to my Intereſt; I am happy I met with her, if I can but keep my Daughter from being blown upon 'till Signior *Babinetto* arrives; who ſhall marry her as ſoon as he comes, and carry her to *Spain* as ſoon as he has married her; ſhe has a pregnant Wit, and I'd no more have her an *Engliſh* Wife than the Grand Signior's Miſtreſs. [*Exit.*

Enter Whiſper.

Whiſp. So, I ſaw Sir *Jealous* go out; where ſhall I find Mrs. *Patch* now?

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, Mr. *Whiſper!* my Lady ſaw you out at the Window, and order'd me to bid you fly, and let your Maſter know ſhe's now alone.

Whiſ. Huſh, ſpeak ſoftly; I go, I go: But hark ye, Mrs. *Patch*, ſhall not you and I have a little Confabulation, when my Maſter and your Lady are engag'd?

Patch. Ay, ay, Farewel. [*Goes in and ſhuts the Door.*

Re-enter Sir Jealous Traffick, *meeting* Whiſper.

Sir *Jea.* Sure whilſt I was talking with Mr. *Tradewell*, I heard my Door clap. [*Seeing* Whiſper.] Ha! a Man lurking about my Houſe; who do you want there, Sir?

Whiſp. Want——want, a Pox, Sir *Jealous!* what muſt I ſay now?

Sir *Jea.* Ay, want; have you a Letter or Meſſage for any body there?——O' my Conſcience this is ſome Pimp Bawd——

Whiſ. Letter or Meſſage, Sir!

Sir *Jea.* Ay, Letter or Meſſage, Sir.

Whiſ. No, not I, Sir.

Sir *Jea.* Sirrah, Sirrah, I'll have you ſet in the Stocks, if you don't tell me your Buſineſs immediately.

Whiſp. Nay, Sir, my Buſineſs—is no great matter of Buſineſs neither; and yet 'tis Buſineſs of Conſequence too.

Sir *Jea.* Sirrah, don't trifle with me.

Whiſp. Trifle, Sir! have you found him, Sir?

Sir *Jea.* Found what, you Raſcal?

Whiſp. Why *Trifle* is the very Lap-Dog my Lady loſt, Sir; I fancy'd I ſaw him run into this Houſe. I'm glad you have him——Sir, my Lady will be overjoy'd that I have found him.

Sir *Jea.* Who is your Lady, Friend?

Whiſp. My Lady *Love-Puppy*, Sir.

Sir *Jea.* My Lady *Love-Puppy!* then prithee carry thyſelf to her, for I know no other Whelp that belongs to her; and let me catch you no more a Puppy-hunting about my Doors, leſt I have you preſt into the Service, Sirrah.

Whiſp. By no means, Sir—Your humble Servant; I muſt watch whether he goes, or no, before I can tell my Maſter. [*Exit.*

Sir *Jea.* This Fellow has the officious Leer of a Pimp; and I half ſuſpect a Deſign, but I'll be upon them before they think on me, I warrant 'em. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Charles's *Lodgings.*

Enter Charles *and* Marplot.

Cha. Honeſt *Marplot*, I thank thee for this Supply; I expect my Lawyer with a thouſand Pounds I have order'd him to take up, and then you ſhall be repaid.

Marp Pho, pho, no more of that: Here comes Sir *George Airy.*

Enter Sir George.

Curſedly out of humour at his Diſappointment; ſee how he looks! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* Ah, *Charles*, I am ſo humbled in my Pretenſions to Plots upon Women, that I believe I ſhall never have Courage enough to attempt a Chamber-Maid--I'll tell thee.

Cha. Ha, ha! I'll ſpare you the Relation, by telling you—Impatient to know your Buſineſs with my Father, when I

law

ſaw you enter I ſlipt back into the next Room, where I overheard every Syllable.

Sir *Geo.* That I ſaid——I'll be hang'd if you heard her anſwer——But prithee tell me, *Charles*, is ſhe a Fool?

Cha. I ne'er ſuſpected her for one; but *Marplot* can inform you better, if you'll allow him a Judge.

Marpl. A Fool! I'll juſtify ſhe has more Wit than all the reſt of her Sex put together; why ſhe'll rally me 'till I han't one Word to ſay for myſelf.

Cha. A mighty Proof of her Wit truly——

Marpl. There muſt be ſome Trick in't, Sir *George*; Egad I'll find it out, if it coſt me the Sum you paid for't.

Sir *Geo.* Do, and command me ——

Marpl. Enough, let me alone to trace a Secret ——

Enter Whiſper, *and ſpeaks aſide to his Maſter.*

The Devil! *Whiſper* here again! that Fellow never ſpeaks out. Is this the ſame, or a new Secret? Sir *George*, won't you aſk *Charles* what News *Whiſper* brings?

Sir *Geo.* Not I, Sir; I ſuppoſe it does not relate to me.

Marpl. Lord, Lord, how little Curioſity ſome People have! Now my chief Pleaſure lies in knowing every body's Buſineſs.

Sir *Geo.* I fancy, *Charles*, thou haſt ſome Engagement upon thy Hands: I have a little Buſineſs too. *Marplot*, if it fall in your way to bring me any Intelligence from *Miranda*, you'll find me at the Thatch'd Houſe at Six——

Marpl. You do me much Honour.

Cha. You gueſs right, Sir *George*, with me Succeſs.

Sir *Geo.* Better than attended me. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Cha. Marplot, you muſt excuſe me ——

Marpl. Nay, nay, what need of any Excuſe amongſt Friends; I'll go with you.

Cha. Indeed you muſt not.

Marpl. No! then I ſuppoſe 'tis a Duel, and I will go to ſecure ye.

Cha. Well, but it is no Duel, conſequently no Danger: Therefore prithee be anſwer'd.

Marpl. What, is't a Miſtreſs then?---Mum---You know I can be ſilent upon Occaſion.

Cha. I wiſh you could be civil too: I tell you, you neither muſt nor ſhall go with me. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Marpl. Why then---I muſt and will follow you. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Charles.

Cha. WELL, here's the Houſe which holds the lovely Prize quiet and ſerene: here no noiſy Footmen throng to tell the World, that Beauty dwells within; no ceremonious Viſit makes the Lover wait; no Rival to give my Heart a Pang: Who would not ſcale the Window at Midnight without Fear of the jealous Father's Piſtol, rather than fill up the Train of a Coquet, where every Minute he is joſtled out of Place? [*Knocks ſoftly.*] Mrs. *Patch*, Mrs. *Patch!*

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, are you come, Sir? All's ſafe.

Cha. So, in, in then.

Enter Marplot.

Marpl. There he goes: Who the Devil lives here? Except I can find out that, I am as far from knowing his Buſineſs as ever; Gad I'll watch, it may be a Bawdy Houſe, and he may have his Throat cut; if there ſhou'd be any Miſchief, I can make Oath he went in. Well, *Charles*, in ſpight of your Endeavour to keep me out of the Secret, I may ſave your Life for aught I know: At that Corner I'll plant myſelf, there I ſhall ſee whoever goes in, or comes out. Gad, I love Diſcoveries. [*Exit.*

SCENE *draws*, Charles, Iſabinda *and* Patch.

Iſab. Patch, look out ſharp; have a care of Dad.

Patch. I warrant you.

Iſab. Well, Sir, if I may judge your Love by your Courage, I ought to believe you ſincere; for you venture into the Lion's Den, when you come to ſee me.

Cha. If you'd conſent, whilſt the furious Beaſt is abroad, I'd free you from the Reach of his Paws.

Iſab. That would be but to avoid one Danger by running into another; like poor Wretches who fly the burning Ship, and meet their Fate in the Water. Come, come *Charles*, I fear if I conſult my Reaſon, Confinement and Plenty is better than Liberty and Starving. I know you'd make the

Frol-

Frolic pleaſing for a little Time, by ſaying and doing a world of tender Things; but when our ſmall Subſtance is exhauſted, and a thouſand Requiſities for Life are wanting, Love, who rarely dwells with Poverty, wou'd alſo fail us.

Cha. Faith, I fancy not; methinks my Heart has laid up a Stock will laſt for Life; to back which, I have taken a thouſand Pounds upon my Uncle's Eſtate; that ſurely will ſupport us till one of our Fathers relent.

Iſab. There's no truſting to that, my Friend; I doubt your Father will carry his Humour to the Grave, and mine till he ſees me ſettled in *Spain*.

Cha. And can ye then cruelly reſolve to ſtay till that curs'd *Don* arrives, and ſuffer that Youth, Beauty, Fire, and Wit to be ſacrific'd to the Arms of a dull *Spaniard*, to be immur'd, and forbid the Sight of any thing that's Human?

Iſab. No, when it comes to the Extremity, and no Stratagem can relieve us, thou ſhalt liſt for a Soldier, and I'll carry thy Knapſack after thee.

Cha. Bravely reſolv'd; the World cannot be more ſavage than our Parents, and Fortune generally aſſiſts the Bold; therefore conſent now: Why ſhould we put it to a future Hazard? Who knows when we ſhall have another Opportunity?

Iſab. Oh, you have your Ladder of Ropes, I ſuppoſe, and the Cloſet-Window ſtands juſt where it did, and if you han't forgot to write in Characters, *Patch* will find a way for our Aſſignations. Thus much of the *Spaniſh* Contrivance my Father's Severity has taught me, I thank him; tho' I hate the Nation, I admire their Management in theſe Affairs.

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, Madam, I ſee my Maſter coming up the Street.

Cha. Oh, the Devil, would I had my Ladder now, I thought you had not expected him till Night; why, why, why, why, what ſhall I do, Madam?

Iſab. Oh! for Heaven's ſake! don't go that way, you'll meet him full in the Teeth: Oh, unlucky Moment! ——

Cha. Adſheart, can you ſhut me into no Cupboard, ram me into a Cheſt, ha?

Patch. Impoſſible, Sir, he ſearches every Hole in the Houſe.

Iſab.

Iſab. Undone for ever! if he ſees you, I ſhall never ſee you more.

Patch. I have thought on it: Run to your Chamber, Madam; and, Sir, come you along with me, I'm certain you may eaſily get down from the Balcony.

Cha. My Life, Adieu——Lead on, Guide. [*Exit.*

Iſab. Heaven preſerve him. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Sir Jealous, *with* Marplot *behind him.*

Sir *Jea.* I don't know what's the matter, but I have a ſtrong Suſpicion all is not right within; that Fellow's ſaunтring about my Door, and his Tale of a Puppy had the Face of a Lye methought. By St. *Iago*, if I ſhould find a Man in the Houſe, I'd make Mince-Meat of him——

Marpl. Ah, poor *Charles*—ha! Egad he is old——I fancy I might bully him, and make *Charles* have an Opinion of my Courage.

Sir *Jea.* My own Key ſhall let me in, I'll give them no Warning. [*Feeling for his Key.*

Marpl. What's that you ſay, Sir? [*Going up to Sir* Jealous.

Sir *Jea.* What's that to you, Sir? [*Turns quick upon him.*

Marpl. Yes, 'tis to me, Sir: for the Gentleman you threaten is a very honeſt Gentleman. Look to't; for if he comes not as ſafe out of your Houſe as he went in, I have half a dozen *Myrmidons* hard by ſhall beat it about your Ears.

Sir *Jea.* Went in! What is he in then? Ah! a Combination to undo me——I'll *Myrmidon* you, ye Dog you ——Thieves, Thieves!

[*Beats* Marplot *all the while he cries Thieves!*

Marpl. Murder, Murder; I was not in your Houſe, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. What's the matter, Sir?

Sir *Jea.* The matter, Raſcal! Have you let a Man into my Houſe! but I'll flea him alive; follow me, I'll not leave a Mouſe-hole unſearch'd; if I find him, by St. *Iago* I'll equip him for the *Opera*.

Marpl. A Duce of his Cane, there's no truſting to Age—What ſhall I do to relieve *Charles?* Egad, I'll raiſe the Neighbourhood—Murder, Murder——[*Charles drops down*

upon

upon him from the Balcony.] *Charles*, faith I'm glad to ſee thee ſafe out with all my Heart.

Cha. A Pox of your Bawling: How the Devil came you here?

Marpl. Here! 'gad, I have done you a piece of Service; I told the old Thunderbolt, that the Gentleman that was gone in, was ———

Cha. Was it you that told him, Sir? [*Laying hold of him.*] 'Sdeath, I could cruſh thee into Atoms. [*Exit* Charles.

Marpl. What, will ye choak me for my Kindneſs?—— Will my enquiring Soul never leave ſearching into other People's Affairs, till it gets ſqueez'd out of my Body? I dare not follow him now, for my Blood, he's in ſuch a Paſſion ———I'll to *Miranda*; if I can diſcover aught that may oblige Sir *George*, it may be a means to reconcile me again to *Charles*. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Jealous *and Servants.*

Sir *Jea.* Are you ſure you have ſearch'd every where?

Serv. Yes, from the Top of the Houſe to the Bottom.

Sir *Jea.* Under the Beds, and over the Beds?

Serv. Yes, and in them too; but found nobody Sir.

Sir *Jea.* Why, what could this Rogue mean?

Enter Iſabinda *and* Patch.

Patch. Take Courage, Madam, I ſaw him ſafe out. [*Aſide to* Iſab.

Iſab. Bleſs me! what's the Matter, Sir?

Sir *Jea.* You know beſt--Pray where's the Man that was here juſt now?

Iſab. What Man, Sir? I ſaw none!

Patch. Nor I, by the Truſt you repoſe in me; do you think I would let a Man come within theſe Doors, when you are abſent?

Sir *Jea.* Ah, *Patch*, ſhe may be too cunning for thy Honeſty: the very Scout that he had ſet to give Warning, diſcover'd it to me—and threaten'd me with half a dozen *Myrmidons*———But I think I maul'd the Villain. Theſe Afflictions you draw upon me, Miſtreſs!

Iſab. Pardon me, Sir, 'tis your own ridiculous Humour draws you into theſe Vexations, and gives every Fool pretence to banter you.

Sir

Sir *Jea.* No, 'tis your idle Conduct, your coquetiſh Flirting into the Balcony—Oh, with what Joy ſhall I reſign thee into the Arms of Don *Diego Babinetto!*

Iſab. And with what Induſtry ſhall I avoid him! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jea.* Certainly that Rogue had a Meſſage from ſome body or other; but being baulk'd by my coming, popt that Sham upon me. Come along ye Sots, let's ſee if we can find the Dog again. *Patch*, lock her up; d'ye hear?

Patch. Yes, Sir—Ay, walk till your Heels ake, you'll find nobody, I promiſe you.

Iſab. Who cou'd that Scout be which he talks of?

Patch. Nay, I can't imagine, without it was *Whiſper.*

Iſab. Well, dear *Patch*, let's employ all our Thoughts how to eſcape this horrid Don *Diego*, my very Heart ſinks at his terrible Name.

Patch. Fear not, Madam, Don *Carlo* ſhall be the Man, or I'll loſe the Reputation of Contriving; and then what's a Chamber-maid good for?

Iſab. Say'ſt thou ſo, my Girl? Then———

Let Dad be jealous, multiply his Cares,
While Love inſtructs me to avoid the Snares;
I'll, ſpight of all his Spaniſh *Caution, ſhow*
How much for Love a Britiſh *Maid can do.* [*Exit.*

SCENE *Sir* Francis Gripe's Houſe.

Sir Francis *and* Miranda *meeting.*

Miran. Well, *Gardy*, how did I perform the dumb Scene?

Sir *Fran.* To Admiration—Thou dear little Rogue, let me buſs thee for it: Nay, adod, I will, *Chargy*, ſo muzzle, and tuzzle, and hug thee, I will, i'faith, I will.

[*Hugging and kiſſing her.*

Miran. Nay, *Gardy*, don't be ſo laviſh; who would ride Poſt, when the Journey laſts for Life?

Sir *Fran.* Ah Wag, ah Wag—— I'll buſs thee again, for that.

Miran. Faugh! how he ſtinks of Tobacco! what a delicate Bedfellow I ſhou'd have! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* Oh, I'm tranſported! When, when, my Dear, wilt thou convince the World of thy happy Day? When ſhall we marry, ha?

Miran. There's nothing wanting but your Conſent, Sir *Francis.*

Sir

Sir *Fran.* My Conſent! what does my Charmer mean?

Miran. Nay, 'tis only a Whim, but I'll have every thing according to Form——therefore when you ſign an authentic Paper, drawn up by an able Lawyer, that I have your Leave to marry, the next Day makes me yours, *Gardy.*

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! a Whim indeed! why is it not Demonſtration I give my Leave when I marry thee?

Miran. Not for your Reputation, *Gardy*; the malicious World will be apt to ſay you trick'd me into a Marriage, and ſo take the Merit from my Choice. Now I will have the Act my own, to let the idle Fops ſee how much I prefer a Man loaded with Years and Wiſdom.

Sir *Fran.* Humph! Prithee leave out Years, *Chargy*, I'm not ſo old, as thou ſhalt find: Adod, I'm young; there's a Caper for ye. [*Jumps.*

Miran. Oh, never excuſe it; why, I like you the better for being old.—But I ſhall ſuſpect you don't love me, if you refuſe me this Formality.

Sir *Fran.* Not love thee, *Chargy!* Adod, I do love thee better than, than, than, better than—what ſhall I ſay? Egad, better than Money; i'faith I do——

Miran. That's falſe, I'm ſure [*Aſide.*] To prove it, do this then.

Sir *Fran.* Well, I will do it, *Chargy*, provided I bring a Licenſe at the ſame Time?

Miran. Ay, and a Parſon too, if you pleaſe: Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing to think how all the young Coxcombs about Town will be mortified when they hear of our Marriage.

Sir *Fran.* So they will, ſo they will; Ha, ha, ha!

Miran Well, I fancy I ſhall be ſo happy with my *Gardy!*

Sir *Fran.* If wearing Pearls and Jewels, or eating Gold, as the old Saying is, can make thee happy, thou ſhalt be ſo, my ſweeteſt, my lovely, my charming, my—verily, I know not what to call thee.

Miran. You muſt know, *Gardy*, that I am ſo eager to have this Buſineſs concluded, that I have employ'd my Woman's Brother, who is a Lawyer in the *Temple*, to ſettle Matters juſt to your liking; you are to give your Conſent to my Marriage, which is to yourſelf, you know: but Mum, you muſt take no Notice of that. So then I will, that is, with your Leave, put my Writings into his Hands; then

then to-morrow we come ſlap upon them with a Wedding that nobody thought on; by which you ſeize me and my Eſtate, and, I ſuppoſe, make a Bonfire of your own Act and Deed.

Sir *Fran.* Nay, but *Chargy*, if——

Miran. Nay, *Gardy*, no Ifs —Have I refuſed three Northern Lords, two *Britiſh* Peers, and half a ſcore Knights, to have put in your Ifs?——

Sir *Fran.* So thou haſt, indeed, and I will truſt to thy Management. Od, I'm all of a Fire.

Miran. 'Tis a Wonder the dry Stubble does not blaze. [*Aſide.*

Enter Marplot.

Sir *Fran.* How now, who ſent for you, Sir? What, is the hundred Pound gone already?

Marpl. No, Sir, I don't want Money now.

Sir *Fran.* No; that's a Miracle! but there's one thing you want, I'm ſure.

Marpl. Ay, what's that, Guardian?

Sir *Fran.* Manners: What, had I no Servants without?

Marpl. None that could do my Buſineſs, Guardian, which is at preſent with this Lady.

Miran. With me, Mr. *Marplot!* what is it, I beſeech you?

Sir *Fran.* Ay, Sir, what is it? Any thing that relates to her may be deliver'd to me.

Marpl. I deny that.

Miran. That's more than I do, Sir.

Marpl. Indeed, Madam! Why then to proceed; Fame ſays, that you and my moſt conſcionable *Guardian* here deſign'd, contriv'd, plotted and agreed, to chouſe a very civil, honeſt, honourable Gentleman, out of an hundred Pound.

Miran. That I contriv'd it!

Marpl. Ay you—You ſaid never a Word againſt it, ſo far you are guilty.

Sir *Fran.* Pray tell that civil, honeſt, honourable Gentleman, that if he has any more ſuch Sums to fool away, they ſhall be received like the laſt: Ha, ha, ha, ha! chous'd, quotha! But hark ye, let him know at the ſame Time, that if he dared to report I trick'd him of it, I ſhall recommend a Lawyer to him ſhall ſhew him a Trick for twice as much: D'ye hear? Tell him that.

Marpl.

Marpl. So, and this is the Way you uſe a Gentleman and my Friend!

Miran. Is the Wretch thy Friend?

Marpl. The Wretch! Look ye, Madam, don't call Names; Egad, I won't take it.

Miran. Why, you won't beat me, will you? Ha, ha!

Marpl. I don't know whether I will or no.

Sir *Fran.* Sir, I ſhall make a Servant ſhew you out at the Window, if you are ſaucy.

Marpl. I am your moſt humble Servant, *Guardian*; I deſign to go out the ſame Way I came in. I would only aſk this Lady, if ſhe does not think in her Soul Sir *George Airy* is not a fine Gentleman?

Miran. He dreſſes well.

Sir *Fran.* Which is chiefly owing to his Taylor and *Valet de Chambre.*

Miran. And if you allow that a Proof of his being a fine Gentleman, he is ſo.

Marpl. The judicious Part of the World allow him Wit, Courage, Gallantry, and Management; tho' I think he forfeited that Character, when he flung away a hundred Pound upon your dumb Ladyſhip.

Sir *Fran.* Does that gaul him? ha, ha, ha!

Miran. So, Sir *George* remaining in deep Diſcontent, has ſent you his truſty Squire to utter his Complaint: ha, ha, ha!

Marpl. Yes, Madam; and you like a cruel, hard-hearted Jew, value it no more—than I wou'd your Ladyſhip, were I Sir *George*, you, you, you———

Miran. Oh, don't call Names, I know you love to be employ'd, and I'll oblige you, and you ſhall carry him a Meſſage from me.

Marpl. According as I like it: What is it?

Miran. Nay, a kind one you may be ſure ——Firſt tell him, I have choſe this Gentleman to have and to hold, and ſo forth. [*Clapping her Hand into Sir* Francis's.

Sir *Fran.* Oh, the dear Rogue, how I doat on her! [*Aſide.*

Miran. And adviſe his Impertinence to trouble me no more, for I prefer Sir *Francis* for a Huſband before all the Fops in the Univerſe.

Marpl. Oh Lord, Oh Lord! ſhe's bewitch'd, that's certain: Here's a Huſband for Eighteen —Here's a Shape—Here's Bones

Bones rattling in a leathern Bag. [*Turning Sir* Francis *about.*] Here's Buckram and Canvas to ſcrub you to Repentance.

Sir *Fran.* Sirrah, my Cane ſhall teach you Repentance preſently.

Marpl. No faith, I have felt its Twin Brother from juſt ſuch a wither'd Hand too lately.

Miran. One thing more; adviſe him to keep from the Garden Gate on the left Hand; for if he dare to ſaunter there about the Hour of Eight, as he uſed to do, he ſhall be ſaluted with a Piſtol or Blunderbuſs.

Sir *Fran.* O monſtrous! why *Chargy*, did he uſe to come to the Garden Gate?

Miran. The Gard'ner deſcrib'd juſt ſuch another Man that always watch'd his coming out, and fain wou'd have brib'd him for his Entrance—Tell him he ſhall find a warm Reception if he comes this Night.

Marpl. Piſtols and Blunderbuſſes! Egad, a warm Reception indeed; I ſhall take care to inform him of your Kindneſs, and adviſe him to keep farther off.

Miran. I hope he will underſtand my Meaning better, than to follow your Advice. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* Thou haſt ſign'd, ſeal'd, and ta'en Poſſeſſion of my Heart for ever, *Chargy*, ha, ha, ha! and for you, Mr. Sauce-Box, let me have no more of your Meſſages, if ever you deſign to inherit your Eſtate, Gentleman.

Marpl. Why there 'tis now. Sure I ſhall be out of your Clutches one Day—Well, *Guardian*, I ſay no more; but if you be not as errant a Cuckold, as e'er drove Bargain upon the Exchange, or paid Attendance to a Court, I am the Son of a Whetſtone; and ſo your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Miran. Don't forget the Meſſage; ha, ha!

Sir *Fran.* I am ſo provok'd—'tis well he's gone.

Miran. Oh mind him not, *Gardy*, but let's ſign Articles, and then—

Sir *Fran.* And then—Adod, I believe I am metamorphos'd: my Pulſe beats high, and my Blood boils, methinks— [*Kiſſing and hugging her.*

Miran. Oh fie *Gardy*, be not ſo violent: Conſider the Market laſts all the Year—Well, I'll in and ſee if the Lawyer be come, you'll follow. [*Exit.*

Sir *Fran.* Ay, to the World's End, my Dear. Well, *Frank*, thou art a lucky Fellow in thy old Age, to have ſuch a delicate,

a delicate Morſel, and thirty thouſand Pound in love with thee; I ſhall be the Envy of Batchelors, the Glory of married Men, and the Wonder of the Town. Some Guardians wou'd be glad to compound for Part of the Eſtate, at diſpatching an Heireſs. But I engroſs the whole: *O! Mihi præteritos referet ſi Jupiter Annos.* [Exit.

SCENE *changes to a Tavern; diſcovers Sir* George *and* Charles *with Wine before them, and* Whiſper *waiting.*

Sir *Geo.* Nay, prithee don't be grave, *Charles*: Misfortunes will happen, Ha, ha, ha! 'tis ſome Comfort to have a Companion in our Sufferings.

Cha. I am only apprehenſive for *Iſabinda*; her Father's Humour is implacable; and how far his Jealouſy may tranſport her to her Undoing, ſhocks my Soul to think.

Sir *Geo.* But ſince you eſcap'd undiſcover'd by him, his Rage will quickly laſh into a Calm, never fear it.

Cha. But who knows what that unlucky Dog, *Marplot*, told him; nor can I imagine what brought him thither; that Fellow is ever doing Miſchief: and yet, to give him his due, he never deſigns it. This is ſome blundering Adventure, wherein he thought to ſhew his Friendſhip, as he calls it; a Curſe on him.

Sir *Geo.* Then you muſt forgive him; what ſaid he?

Cha. Said? nay, I had more mind to cut his Throat, than to hear his Excuſes.

Sir *Geo.* Where is he?

Whiſp. Sir, I ſaw him go into Sir *Francis Gripe*'s juſt now.

Cha. Oh! then he's upon your Buſineſs, Sir *George*; a thouſand to one but he makes ſame Miſtake there too.

Sir *Geo.* Impoſſible, without he huffs the Lady, and makes Love to Sir *Francis*.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Mr. *Marplot*'s below, Gentlemen, and deſires to know if he may have leave to wait upon ye.

Cha. How civil the Rogue is, when he has done a Fault!

Sir *Geo.* Ho! deſire him to walk up. Prithee, *Charles*, throw off this Chagreen, and be good Company.

Cha. Nay, hang him, I'm not angry with him: *Whiſper*, fetch me Pen, Ink and Paper.

Whiſp. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Whiſp.

Enter Marplot.

Cha. Do but mark his ſheepiſh Look, Sir *George*.

Marpl. Dear *Charles*, don't overwhelm a Man——already under inſupportable Affliction. I'm ſure I always intend to ſerve my Friends; but if my malicious Stars deny the Happineſs, is the Fault mine?

Sir *Geo.* Never mind him, Mr. *Marplot*; he is eat up with Spleen, but what ſays *Miranda?*

Marpl. Says —— nay, we are all undone there too.

Cha. I told you ſo, nothing proſpers that he undertakes.

Marpl. Why, can I help her having choſe your Father for better for worſe?

Cha. So: There's another of Fortune's Strokes. I ſuppoſe I ſhall be edg'd out of my Eſtate with Twins every Year, let who will get 'em.

Sir *Geo.* What, is the Woman really poſſeſt?

Marpl. Yes, with the Spirit of Contradiction, ſhe rail'd at you moſt prodigiouſly.

Sir *Geo.* That's no ill Sign.

Enter Whiſper, *with Pen, Ink and Paper.*

Marpl. You'd ſay it was no good Sign, if you knew all.

Sir *Geo.* Why, prithee?

Marpl. Hark'ye, Sir *George*, let me warn you, purſue your old Haunt no more, it may be dangerous.

[Charles *ſits down to write.*

Sir *Geo.* My old Haunt, what d'you mean!

Marpl. Why in ſhort, then ſince you will have it, *Miranda* vows if you dare approach the Garden-gate at eight o'Clock, as you us'd, you ſhall be ſaluted with a Blunderbuſs, Sir. Theſe were her Words, nay ſhe bid me tell you ſo too.

Sir *Geo.* Ha! the Garden-gate at eight, as I us'd to do! There muſt be a Meaning in this. Is there ſuch a Gate, *Charles?*

Cha. Yes, yes; it opens into the Park; I ſuppoſe her Ladyſhip has made many a Scamper through it.

Sir *Geo.* It muſt be an Aſſignation then. Ha, my Heart ſprings with Joy, 'tis a propitious Omen. My dear *Marplot*, let me embrace thee, thou art my Friend, my better Angel——

Marpl. What do you mean, Sir *George?*

Sir *Geo.*

Sir *Geo.* No matter what I mean. Here, take a Bumper to the Garden-gate, ye dear Rogue you.

Marpl. You have Reaſon to be tranſported, Sir *George*; I have ſav'd your Life.

Sir *Geo.* My Life! thou haſt ſav'd my Soul, Man. *Charles*, if thou doſt not pledge this Health, mayſt thou never taſte the Joys of Love.

Cha. *Whiſper*, before you take care how you deliver this [*Gives him the Letter*] bring me the Anſwer to my Lodgings.

Whiſp. I warrant you, Sir.

Marpl. Whither does that Letter go? ——Now I dare not aſk for my Blood.

Cha. Now I'm for you.

Sir *Geo.* To the Garden-gate at the Hour of Eight, *Charles*, along, Huzza!

Cha. I begin to conceive you.

Marpl. That's more than I do, Egad—to the Garden-gate, Huzza, [*Drinks.*] But I hope you deſign to keep far enough off it, Sir *George*.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, ay, never fear that; ſhe ſhall ſee I deſpiſe her Frown; let her uſe her Blunderbuſs againſt the next Fool, ſhe ſhan't reach me with the Smoak, I warrant her; Ha, ha, ha!

Marpl. Ah, *Charles*, if you cou'd receive a Diſappointment thus *en Cavalier*, one ſhou'd have ſome Comfort in being beat for you.

Cha. The Fool comprehends nothing.

Sir *Geo.* Nor wou'd I have him; prithee take him along with thee.

Cha. Enough: *Marplot*, you ſhall go home with me.

Marpl. I'm glad I'm well with him however. Sir *George*, yours. Egad, *Charles*'s aſking me to go home with him, gives me a ſhrewd Suſpicion there's more in the Garden-gate than I comprehend. Faith I'll give him the drop, and away to *Guardian*'s, and find it out.

Sir *Geo.* I kiſs both your Hands—And now for the Garden-gate.

It's Beauty gives the Aſſignation there,
And Love too powerful grows, t'admit of Fear. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE *the Outside of Sir* Jealous Traffick's *House*, Patch *peeping out of the Door.*

Enter Whisper.

Whisp. HA, Mrs. *Patch*, this is a lucky Minute, to find you so readily; my Master dies with Impatience.

Patch. My Lady imagin'd so, and by her Orders I have been scouting this Hour in search of you, to inform you that Sir *Jealous* has invited some Friends to Supper with him to-night, which gives an Opportunity to your Master to make use of his Ladder of Ropes. The Closet Window shall be open, and *Isabinda* ready to receive him; bid him come immediately.

Whisp. Excellent! He'll not disappoint, I warrant him: But hold, I have a Letter here, which I'm to carry an Answer of, I can't think what Language the Direction is.

Patch. Pho, 'tis no Language, but a Chararacter which the Lovers intend to avert Discovery. Ha, I hear my old Master coming down Stairs, it is impossible you shou'd have an Answer; away, and bid him come himself for that —Be gone, we are ruin'd if you're seen, for he has doubled his Care since the last Accident.

Whisp. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Patch. There, go thou into my Pocket. [*Puts it beside, and it falls down.*] Now I'll up the Back-stairs, lest I meet him. Well, a dextrous Chamber-maid is the Ladies best Utensil, I say. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Jealous *with a Letter in his Hand.*

Sir *Jeal.* So, this is some Comfort; this tells me that *Seignior Don Diego Babinetto* is safely arriv'd; he shall marry my Daughter the Minute he comes, Ha, ha! What's here? [*Takes up the Letter which* Patch *drop'd.*] A Letter! I don't know what to make of the Superscription. I'll see what's within side, [*opens it.*] Humph; 'tis *Hebrew*, I think. What can this mean? there must be some Trick in it; this was certainly design'd for my Daughter, but I don't know that she can speak any Language but her Mother-tongue. No matter for that, this may be one of Love's Hieroglyphicks, and I fancy I saw *Patch*'s Tail sweep by. That Wench

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may be a Slut, and inſtead of guarding my Honour, betray it; I'll find it out I'm reſolv'd: Who's there?

Enter Servant.

What Anſwer did you bring from the Gentlemen I ſent you to invite?

Serv. That they'll all wait of you, Sir, as I told you before; but I ſuppoſe you forgot, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* Did I ſo, Sir? but I ſhan't forget to break your Head, if any of them come, Sir.

Serv. Come, Sir! why did you not ſend me to deſire their Company, Sir?

Sir *Jeal.* But I ſend you now to deſire their Abſence; ſay I have ſomething extraordinary fallen out, which calls me abroad contrary to Expectation, and aſk their Pardon; and d'ye hear, ſend the Butler to me.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Butler.

Sir *Jeal.* If this Paper has a Meaning, I'll find it. Lay the Cloth in my Daughter's Chamber, and bid the Cook ſend Supper thither preſently.

Butl. Yes, Sir—Hey-day, what's the Matter now? [*Exit.*

Sir *Jeal.* He wants the Eyes of *Argus*, that has a young handſome Daughter in this Town; but my Comfort is, I ſhall not be troubled long with her. He that pretends to rule a Girl once in her Teens, had better be at Sea in a Storm, and would be in leſs Danger;

For let him do or counſel all he can,
She thinks and dreams of nothing elſe but Man. [Exit.

SCENE Iſabinda's *Chamber.*

Iſabinda *and* Patch.

Iſab. Are you ſure nobody ſaw you ſpeak to *Whiſper?*

Patch. Yes, very ſure, Madam: But I heard Sir *Jealous* coming down Stairs, ſo clapt his Letter into my Pocket. [*Feels for the Letter.*

Iſab. A Letter? give it me quickly.

Patch. Bleſs me! what's become on't—I'm ſure I put it— [*Searching ſtill.*

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Iſab.

Iſab. Is it poſſible thou could'ſt be ſo careleſs?—Oh! I'm undone for ever, if it be loſt.

Patch. I muſt have dropt it upon the Stairs. But why are you ſo much alarm'd? If the worſt happens, nobody can read it, Madam, nor find out who it was deſign'd for.

Iſab. If it falls into my Father's Hands, the very Figure of a Letter will produce ill Conſequences. Run and look for it upon the Stairs this moment.

Patch. Nay, I'm ſure it can be no where elſe——

[*As ſhe's going out of the Door, meets the Butler.*] How now, what do you want?

Butl. My Maſter order'd me to lay the Cloth here for his Supper.

Iſab. Ruin'd, paſt Redemption—— [*Aſide.*

Patch. You miſtake ſure; what ſhall we do?

Iſab. I thought he expected Company to-night—Oh! poor *Charles!* Oh, unfortunate *Iſabinda?*

Butl. I thought ſo too, Madam, but I ſuppoſe he has alter'd his Mind. [*Lays the Cloth, and* Exit.

Iſab. The Letter is the Cauſe; this heedleſs Action has undone me: Fly and faſten the Cloſet-window, which will give *Charles* Notice to retire. Ha, my Father! Oh Confuſion!

Enter Sir Jealous.

Sir *Jea.* Hold, hold, *Patch*, whither are you going? I'll have no body ſtir out of the Room till after Supper.

Patch. Sir, I was going to reach your Eaſy Chair.—— Oh, wretched Accident!

Sir *Jeal.* I'll have nobody ſtir out of the Room. I don't want my Eaſy Chair.

Iſab. What will be the Event of this? [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jea.* Hark ye, Daughter; do you know this Hand?

Iſab. As I ſuſpected——Hand do you call it, Sir? 'Tis ſome School-boy's Scraul.

Patch. Oh Invention! Thou Chamber-maid's beſt Friend, aſſiſt me.

Sir *Jea.* Are you ſure you don't underſtand it?

[Patch *feels in her Boſom, and ſhakes her Coats.*

Iſab. Do you underſtand it, Sir?

Sir *Jea.* I wiſh I did.

Iſab.

Iſab. Thank Heaven you do not. [*Aſide.*] Then I know no more of it than you do, indeed, Sir.

Patch. Oh Lord, Oh Lord, what have you done, Sir? Why the Paper is mine, I drop'd it out of my Boſom.

[*Snatching it from him.*

Sir *Jea.* Ha! yours, Miſtreſs?

Iſab. What does ſhe mean by owning it? [*Aſide.*

Patch. Yes, Sir, it is.

Sir *Jea.* What is it? ſpeak.

Patch. Yes, Sir, it is a Charm for the Tooth-ach—I have worn it theſe ſeven Years; 'twas given me by an Angel for ought I know, when I was raving with the Pain; for nobody knew from whence he came, nor whither he went: He charged me never to open it, leſt ſome dire Vengeance befal me, and Heaven knows what will be the Event. Oh! cruel Misfortune, that I ſhou'd drop it, and you ſhould open it—— If you had not open'd it———

Iſab. Excellent Wench! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jea.* Pox of your Charms and Whims for me; if that be all, 'tis well enough; there, there, burn it, and I warrant you no Vengeance will follow.

Patch. So, all's right again thus far. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. I wou'd not loſe *Patch* for the World——I'll take Courage a little. [*Aſide.*] Is this Uſage for your Daughter, Sir? Muſt my Virtue and Conduct be ſuſpected for every Trifle? You immure me like ſome dire Offender here, and deny me all the Recreations which my Sex enjoy, and the Cuſtom of the Country and Modeſty allow; yet not content with that, you make my Confinement more intolerable by your Miſtruſts and Jealouſies; wou'd I were dead, ſo I were free from this.

Sir *Jeal.* To-morrow rids you of this tireſome Load—*Don Diego Cabinetto* will be here, and then my Care ends, and his begins.

Iſab. Is he come then? Oh how ſhall I avoid this hated Marriage? [*Aſide.*

Enter Servants with Supper.

Sir *Jeal.* Come, will you ſit down?

Iſab. I can't eat, Sir.

Patch. No, I dare ſwear he has given her Supper enough. I wiſh I cou'd get into the Cloſet—— [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* Well, if you can't eat, then give me a Song whilſt I do.

Iſab. I have ſuch a Cold I can ſcarce ſpeak, Sir, much leſs ſing. How ſhall I prevent *Charles* coming in? [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* I hope you have the Uſe of your Fingers, Madam. Play a Tune upon your Spinnet, whilſt your Woman ſings me a Song.

Patch. I'm as much out of Tune as my Lady, if he knew all. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. I ſhall make excellent Muſic. [*Sits down to play.*

Patch. Really Sir, I'm ſo frighted about your opening this Charm, that I can't remember one Song.

Sir *Jeal.* Piſh, hang your Charm: come, come, ſing any thing.

Patch. Yes, I'm likely to ſing truly. [*Aſide.*] Humph, humph; bleſs me, I cannot raiſe my Voice, my Heart pants ſo.

Sir *Jeal.* Why, what does your Heart pant ſo, that you can't play neither? Pray what Key are you in, ha?

Patch. Ah, wou'd the Key were turn'd of you once. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jea.* Why don't you ſing, I ſay?

Patch. When Madam has put her Spinnet in Tune, Sir; humph, humph———

Iſab. I cannot play, Sir, whatever ails me. [*Riſing.*

Sir *Jeal.* Zounds ſit down and play me a Tune, or I'll break your Spinnet about your Ears.

Iſab. What will become of me? [*Sits down and plays.*

Sir *Jeal.* Come Miſtreſs. [*To* Patch.

Patch Yes, Sir. [*Sings, but horribly out of Tune.*

Sir *Jeal.* Hey, hey, why you are a-top of the Houſe, and you are down in the Cellar. What is the Meaning of this? is it on purpoſe to croſs me, ha?

Patch, Pray, Madam, take it a little lower, I cannot reach that Note——Nor any Note I fear.

Iſab. Well, begin—Oh! *Patch,* we ſhall be diſcover'd.

Patch. I ſing with the Apprehenſion, Madam—humph, humph——[*Sings*]

[Charles *pulls open the Cloſet-door.*

Cha. Muſic and Singing.

'Tis thus the bright Celeſtial Court above
Beguiles the Hours with Muſic and with Love.

Death! her Father there! [*The Women ſhriek*] then I muſt fly——[*Exit into the Cloſet.*] [*Sir* Jealous *riſes up haſtily, ſeeing* Charles *ſlip back into the Cloſet.*

Sir *Jea.* Hell and Furies, a Man in the Cloſet!——

Patch. Ah! a Ghoſt, a Ghoſt——he muſt not enter the Cloſet——[Iſabinda *throws herſelf down before the Cloſet Door, as in a Swoon.*

Sir *Jea.* The Devil! I'll make a Ghoſt of him I warrant you. [*Strives to get by.*

Patch. Oh hold, Sir, have a care, you'll tread upon my Lady—Who waits there? Bring ſome Water. Oh! this comes of your opening the Charm: Oh, oh, oh, oh. [*Weeps aloud.*

Sir *Jea.* I'll charm you, Houſe-wife, here lies the Charm that conjur'd this Fellow in, I'm ſure on't; come out you Raſcal, do ſo: Zounds take her from the Door, or I'll ſpurn her from it, and break your Neck down Stairs.

Iſab. Oh, oh, where am I—He's gone, I heard him leap down. [*Aſide* to Patch.

Patch. Nay, then let him enter——here, here Madam, ſmell to this; come, give me your Hand; come nearer to the Window, the Air will do you good.

Sir *Jea.* I wou'd ſhe were in her Grave. Where, are you Sirrah? Villain, Robber of my Honour! I'll pull you out of your Neſt. [*Goes into the Cloſet.*

Patch. You'll be miſtaken, old Gentleman, the Bird is flown.

Iſab. I'm glad I have 'ſcap'd ſo well. I was almoſt dead in earneſt with the Fright.

Re-enter Sir Jealous *out of the Cloſet.*

Sir *Jea.* Whoever the Dog were, he has eſcap'd out of the Window, for the Saſh is up. But tho' he is got out of my Reach, you are not: And firſt, Mrs. *Pander*, with your Charms for the Tooth-ach, get out of my Houſe, go, troop; yet hold, ſtay, I'll ſee you out of my Doors myſelf, but I'll ſecure your Charge ere I go.

Iſab. What do you mean, Sir? Was ſhe not a Creature of your own providing?

Sir *Jea.* She was of the Devil's providing for aught I know.

Patch. What have I done, Sir, to merit your Diſpleaſure?

Sir *Jea.* I don't know which of you have done it; but you ſhall both ſuffer for it, till I can diſcover whoſe Guilt

it is: Go, get in there, I'll move you from this Side of the Houſe [*Puſhes* Iſabinda *in at the Door, and locks it: puts the Key into his Pocket*] I'll keep the Key myſelf; I'll try what Ghoſt will get into that Room. And now forſooth I'll wait on you down Stairs.

Patch. Ah, my poor Lady—— Down Stairs, Sir! but I won't go out, Sir, till I have look'd up my Clothes.

Sir *Jea.* If thou wer't as naked as thou wer't born, thou ſhould'ſt not ſtay to put on a Smock. Come along, I ſay; when your Miſtreſs is marry'd, you ſhall have your Rags, and every thing that belongs to you; but till then——

[Exit, *pulling her out.*

Patch. Oh! barbarous Uſage for nothing!

Re-enter at the lower end.

Sir *Jea.* There, go, and come no more within Sight of my Habitation theſe three Days, I charge you,

[*Slaps the Door after her.*

Patch. Did ever any body ſee ſuch an old Monſter?

Enter Charles.

Patch. Oh! Mr. *Charles*, your Affairs and mine are in an ill Poſture.

Cha. I am inur'd to the Frowns of Fortune: But what has befallen thee?

Patch. Sir *Jealous*, whoſe ſuſpicious Nature's always on the Watch; nay, even while one Eye ſleeps, the other keeps Centinel; upon ſight of you, flew into ſuch a violent Paſſion, that I could find no Stratagem to appeaſe him; but in ſpight of all Arguments, lock'd his Daughter into his own Apartment, and turn'd me out of Doors.

Cha. Ha! oh, *Iſabinda!*

Patch. And ſwears ſhe ſhall neither ſee Sun or Moon, till ſhe is *Don Diego Babinette*'s Wife, who arrived laſt Night, and is expected with Impatience.

Cha. He dies; yes, by all the Wrongs of Love he ſhall; here will I plant myſelf, and through my Breaſt he ſhall make his Paſſage, if he enters.

Patch. A moſt heroic Reſolution. There might be Ways found out more to your Advantage. Policy is often preferr'd to open Force.

Cha. I apprehend you not.

Patch. What think you of perſonating this *Spaniard*, impoſing

impoſing upon the Father, and marrying your Miſtreſs by his own Conſent.

Cha. Say'ſt thou ſo, my Angel! Oh cou'd that be done, my Life to come wou'd be too ſhort to recompenſe thee: But how can I do that, when I neither know what Ship he came in, or from what Part of *Spain*; who recommends him, or how attended?

Patch, I can ſolve all this. He is from *Madrid*, his Father's Name *Don Pedro Queſto Portento Babinetto*, Here's a Letter of his to Sir *Jealous*, which he dropt one Day! you underſtand *Spaniſh*, and the Hand may be counterfeited: You conceive me, Sir.

Cha. My better Genius, thou haſt reviv'd my drooping Soul: I'll about it inſtantly. Come to my Lodgings, and we'll concert Matters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Garden-gate open*, Scentwell *waiting within.*

Enter Sir George Airy.

Sir *Geo.* So, this is the Gate, and moſt invitingly open: If there ſhould be a Blunderbuſs here now, what a dreadful Ditty would my Fall make for Fools! and what a Jeſt for the Wits! how my Name would be roar'd about Streets! Well, I'll venture all.

Scentw. Hiſt, hiſt! Sir *George Airy* ——— [*Enters.*

Sir *Geo.* A Female Voice! thus far I'm ſafe, my Dear.

Scentw. No, I'm not your Dear, but I'll conduct you to her; give me your Hand; you muſt go thro' many a dark Paſſage and dirty Step before you arrive———

Sir *Geo.* I know I muſt before I arrive at Paradiſe; therefore be quick, my charming Guide.

Scentw. For aught you know; come, come, your Hand and away.

Sir *Geo.* Here, here, Child, you can't be half ſo ſwift as my Deſires. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Houſe.*

Enter Miranda.

Miran. Well, let me reaſon a little with my mad ſelf. Now don't I tranſgreſs all Rules to venture upon a Man without the Advice of the grave and wiſe? But then a rigid knaviſh Guardian, who would have marry'd me! To whom? even to his nauſeous ſelf, or nobody. Sir *George*

George is what I have try'd in Converſation, inquir'd into his Character, am ſatisfied in both. Then his Love! Who wou'd have given a hundred Pounds only to have ſeen a Woman he had not infinitely lov'd! So I find my liking him has furniſh'd me with Arguments enough of his Side; and now the only Doubt remains, whether he will come or no.

Enter Scentwell.

Scentw. That's reſolv'd, Madam, for here's the Knight. [*Exit* Scentwell.

Sir *Geo.* And do I once more behold that lovely Object, whoſe Idea fills my Mind, and forms my pleaſing Dreams!

Miran. What! beginning again in Heroics! —— Sir *George*, don't you remember how little Fruit your laſt prodigal Oration produc'd? not one bare ſingle Word in Anſwer.

Sir *Geo.* Ha! the Voice of my *Incognita* —— Why did you take ten thouſand Ways to captivate a Heart you Eyes alone had vanquiſh'd?

Miran. Prithee no more of theſe Flights; for our Time's but ſhort, and we muſt fall to Buſineſs: Do you think we can agree on that ſame terrible Bugbear, *Matrimony*, without heartily repenting on both Sides!

Sir *Geo.* It has been my Wiſh ſince firſt my longing Eyes beheld ye.

Miran. And your happy Ears drank in the pleaſing News, I had thirty thouſand Pounds.

Sir *Geo.* Unkind! Did I not offer you in thoſe purchas'd Minutes to run the Riſk of your Fortune, ſo you wou'd but ſecure that lovely Perſon to my Arms?

Miran. Well, if you have ſuch Love and Tenderneſs, (ſince our wooing has been ſhort) pray reſerve it for our future Days, to let the World ſee we are Lovers after Wedlock; 'twill be a Novelty——

Sir *Geo.* Haſte then, and let us tie the Knot, and prove the envy'd Pair——

Miran. Hold, not ſo faſt, I have provided better than to venture on dangerous Experiments headlong —— My Guardian, truſting to my diſſembled Love, has given up my Fortune to my own Diſpoſal; but with this Proviſo, that he to-morrow Morning weds me. He is now gone to *Doctors-Commons* for a Licence.

Sir *Geo.*

Sir *Geo.* Ha, a Licence!

Miran. But I have planted Emiſſaries that infallibly take him down to *Epſom*, under pretence that a Brother Uſurer of his is to make him his Executor; the thing on Earth he covets.

Sir *Geo.* 'Tis his known Character.

Miran. Now my Inſtruments confirm him this Man is dying, and he ſends me Word he goes this Minute; it muſt be to-morrow ere he can be undeceiv'd. That Time is ours.

Sir *Geo.* Let us improve it then, and ſettle on our coming Years, endleſs, endleſs Happineſs.

Miran. I dare not ſtir till I hear he's on the Road —— then I, and my Writings, the moſt material Point, are ſoon remov'd.

Sir *Geo.* I have one Favour to aſk, if it lies in your Power, you wou'd be a Friend to poor *Charles*, tho' the Son of this tenacious Man: he is as free from all his Vices, as Nature and a good Education can make him; and what now I have Vanity enough to hope will induce you, he is the Man on Earth I love.

Miran. I never was his Enemy, and only put it on as it help'd my Deſigns on his Father. If his Uncle's Eſtate ought to be in his Poſſeſſion, which I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, I may do him a ſingular Piece of Service.

Sir *Geo.* You are all Goodneſs.

Enter Scentwell.

Scentw. Oh, Madam, my Maſter and Mr. *Marplot* are juſt coming into the Houſe.

Miran. Undone, undone, if he finds you here in this Criſis, all my Plots are unravell'd.

Sir *Geo.* What ſhall I do! can't I get back into the Garden?

Scentw. Oh, no! he comes up thoſe Stairs.

Miran. Here, here, here! can you condeſcend to ſtand behind this Chimney-board, Sir *George*.

Sir *Geo.* Any where, any where, dear Madam, without Ceremony.

Scentw. Come, come, Sir; lie cloſe ——

[*They put him behind the Chimney-board.*

Enter

Enter Sir Francis *and* Marplot; *Sir* Francis *peeling an Orange.*

Sir *Fran.* I cou'd not go, though 'tis upon Life and Death, without taking leave of dear *Chargy.* Beſides, this Fellow buzz'd in my Ears, that thou might'ſt be ſo deſperate to ſhoot that wild Rake which haunts the Garden-gate; and that would bring us into Trouble, Dear———

Miran. So *Marplot* brought you back then; I am oblig'd to him for that, I'm ſure———

[*Frowning at* Marplot *aſide.*

Marpl. By her Looks ſhe means ſhe's not oblig'd to me, I have done ſome Miſchief now, but what, I can't imagine.

Sir *Fran,* Well, *Chargy,* I have had three Meſſengers to come to *Epſom* to my Neighbour *Squeezum*'s, who, for all his vaſt Riches, is departing. [*Sighs.*

Marpl. Ay, ſee what all you Uſures muſt come to.

Sir *Fran.* Peace ye young Knave! Some forty Years hence I may think on't——But, *Chargy,* I'll be with thee to-morrow, before thoſe pretty Eyes are open; I will, I will, *Chargy,* I'll rouſe you, i'faith.——Here Mrs *Scentwell,* lift up your Lady's Chimney-board, that I may throw my Peel in, and not litter her Chamber.

Miran. Oh my Stars! what will become of us now?

Scentw. Oh, pray Sir, give it me; I love it above all Things in Nature, indeed I do.

Sir *Fran.* No, no, Huſſey; you have the Green-Pip already, I'll have no Apothecary's Bills.

[*Goes towards the Chimney-board.*

Miran. Hold, hold, hold, dear *Gardy,* I have a, a, a, a, a, Monkey, ſhut up there; and if you open it before the Man comes that is to tame it, 'tis ſo wild 'twill break all my China, or get away, and that would break my Heart; for I'm fond on't to Diſtraction, next thee, dear *Gardy.* [*In a flattering Tone.*

Sir *Fran.* Well, well, *Chargy,* I won't open it; ſhe ſhall have her Monkey, poor Rogue; here, throw this Peel out of the Window. [*Exit* Scentwell.

Marpl. A Monkey! dear Madam, let me ſee it; I can tame a Monkey as well as the beſt of them all. Oh how I love the little Miniatures of Man!

Miran.

Miran. Be quiet, Miſchief, and ſtand farther from the Chimney——You ſhall not ſee my Monkey——why ſure—— [*Striving with him.*

Marpl. For Heav'ns Sake, dear Madam, let me but peep, to ſee if it be as pretty as my Lady *Fiddle-Faddle*'s. Has it got a Chain?

Miran. Not yet, but I deſign it one ſhall laſt its Lifetime: Nay, you ſhall not ſee it——Look, *Gardy*, how he teazes me!

Sir *Fran.* [*Getting between him and the Chimney.*] Sirrah, Sirrah, let my *Chargy*'s Monkey alone, or *Bambo* ſhall fly about your Ears. What, is there no dealing with you?

Marpl. Pugh, pox of this Monkey! here's a Rout: I wiſh he may rival you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, they put two more Horſes to the Coach, as you order'd, and 'tis ready at the Door.

Sir *Fran.* Well, I am going to be Executor, better for thee, Jewel. B'ye *Chargy*, one Buſs!——I'm glad thou haſt got a Monkey to divert thee a little.

Miran. Thank'e dear *Gardy*——Nay, I'll ſee you to the Coach.

Sir *Fran.* That's kind, adod.

Miran. Come along, Impertinence. [*To* Marplot.

Marpl. [*Stepping back.*] Egad, I will ſee the Monkey now. [*Lifts up the Board, and diſcovers Sir* George.] Oh Lord, O Lord! Thieves, Thieves, Murder!

Sir *Geo.* Dam'e, you unlucky Dog! 'tis I; which Way ſhall I get out! ſhew me inſtantly, or I'll cut your Throat.

Marpl. Undone, undone! At that Door there. But hold, hold, break that China, and I'll bring you off.

[*He runs off at the Corner, and throws down ſome China.*

Re-enter Sir Francis, Miranda, *and* Scentwell.

Sir *Fran.* Mercy on me! What's the matter?

Miran. Oh you Toad! what have you done?

Marpl. No great Harm, I beg of you to forgive me. Longing to ſee the Monkey, I did but juſt raiſe up the Board, and it flew over my Shoulders, ſcratch'd all my Face, broke yon China, and whiſk'd out of the Window.

Sir *Fran.* Was ever ſuch an unluckly Rogue! Sirrah, I forbid

I forbid you my Houſe, Call the Servants to get the Monkey again; I wou'd ſtay myſelf to look it, but that you know my earneſt Buſineſs.

Scentw. Oh my Lady will be the beſt to lure it back; all them Creatures love my Lady extremely.

Miran. Go, go, dear *Gardy*, I hope I ſhall recover it.

Sir *Fran.* B'ye, b'ye, Dear'e. Ah, Miſchief, how you look now! B'ye, b'ye. [*Exit.*

Miran. Scentwell, ſee him in the Coach, and bring me Word.

Scentw. Yes, Madam.

Miran. So, Sir, you have done your Friend a ſignal Piece of Service, I ſuppoſe.

Marpl. Why look you, Madam; if I have committed a Fault, thank yourſelf; no Man is more ſerviceable when I am let into a Secret, nor none more unlucky at finding it out. Who cou'd divine your Meaning? when you talk'd of a Blunderbuſs, who thought of a Rendezvous? And when you talk'd of a Monkey, who the Devil dream't of Sir *George?*

Miran. A Sign you converſe but little with our Sex, when you can't reconcile Contradictions.

Enter Scentwell.

Scentw. He's gone, Madam, as faſt as the Coach and Six can carry him.

Enter Sir George.

Sir *Geo.* Then I may appear.

Marpl. Dear Sir *George*, make my Peace! On my Soul, I did not think of you.

Sir *Geo.* I dare ſwear thou didſt not. Madam, I beg you to forgive him.

Miran. Well, Sir *George*, if he can be ſecret.

Marpl. Ods heart, Madam, I'm as ſecret as a Prieſt when I'm truſted.

Sir *Geo.* Why 'tis with a Prieſt our Buſineſs is at preſent.

Scentw. Madam, here's Mrs. *Iſabinda*'s Woman to wait on you.

Miran. Bring her up.

Enter Patch.

How do'e Mrs. *Patch?* What News from your Lady?

Patch.

Patch. That's for your private Ear, Madam. Sir *George*, there's a Friend of yours has an urgent Occaſion for your Aſſiſtance.

Sir *Geo.* His Name.

Patch. Charles.

Marpl. Ha! then there's ſomething a-foot that I know nothing of. I'll wait on you, Sir *George*.

Sir *Geo.* A third Perſon may not be proper, perhaps; as ſoon as I have diſpatch'd my own Affairs, I am at his Service. I'll ſend my Servant to tell him I'll wait upon him in half an Hour.

Miran. How come you employ'd in this Meſſage, Mrs. *Patch?*

Patch. Want of Buſineſs, Madam; I am diſcharg'd by my Maſter, but hope to ſerve my Lady ſtill.

Miran. How! diſcharg'd! you muſt tell me the whole Story within.

Patch. With all my Heart, Madam.

Marpl. Piſh! Pox, I wiſh I were fairly out of the Houſe. I find Marriage is the End of this Secret: And now I am half mad to know what *Charles* wants him for. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Madam I'm doubly preſs'd by Love and Friendſhip: This Exigence admits of no Delay. Shall we make *Marplot* of the Party?

Miran. If you'll run the Hazard, Sir *George*; I believe he means well.

Marpl. Nay, nay, for my Part, I deſire to be let into nothing; I'll be gone, therefore pray don't miſtruſt me. [*Going.*

Sir *Geo.* So, now he has a mind to be gone to *Charles*: But not knowing what Affairs he may have upon his Hands at preſent, I'm reſolv'd he ſhan't ſtir.—No, Mr. *Marplot*, you muſt not leave us, we want a third Perſon. [*Take hold of him.*

Marpl. I never had more mind to be gone in my Life.

Miran. Come along then; if we fail in the Voyage, thank yourſelf for taking this ill-ſtarr'd Gentleman on board.

Sir *Geo. That Veſſel ne'er can unſucceſsful prove,*
Whoſe Freight is Beauty, and whoſe Pilot Love.

ACT V.

Enter Miranda, Patch *and* Scentwell.

Miran. WELL, *Patch*, I have done a ſtrange bold Thing; my Fate is determin'd, and Expectation is no more. Now to avoid the Impertinence and Roguery of an old Man, I have thrown myſelf into the Extravagance of a young one; if he ſhould deſpiſe, ſlight, or uſe me ill, there's no Remedy from a Huſband but the Grave; and that's a terrible Sanctuary to one of my Age and Conſtitution.

Patch. O fear not, Madam, you'll find your Account in Sir *George Airy*; it is impoſſible a Man of Senſe ſhould uſe a Woman ill, endued with Beauty, Wit and Fortune. It muſt be the Lady's Fault, if ſhe does not wear the unfaſhionable Name of Wife eaſy, when nothing but Complaiſance and Good-humour is requiſite on either Side to make them happy.

Miran. I long till I am out of this Houſe, leſt any Accident ſhou'd bring my Guardian back. *Scentwell*, put my beſt Jewels into the little Caſket, ſlip them into thy Pocket, and let us march off to Sir *Jealous*'s.

Scentw. It ſhall be done, Madam. [*Exit* Scentwell.

Patch. Sir *George* will be impatient, Madam; if their Plot ſucceeds, we ſhall be received; if not, he will be able to protect us. Beſides, I long to know how my young Lady fares.

Miran. Farewel, old *Mammon*, and thy deteſted Walls; 'twill be no more ſweet Sir *Francis*; I ſhall be compell'd to the odious Taſk of diſſembling no longer to get my own, and coax him with the wheedling Names of my *Precious*, my *Dear*, dear *Gardy*. O Heavens!

Enter Sir Francis *behind.*

Sir *Fran.* Ah, my ſweet *Chargy*, don't be frighted. [*She ſtarts.*] But thy poor *Gardy* has been abus'd, cheated, fool'd, betray'd, but nobody knows by whom.

Miran. Undone! paſt Redemption. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* What, won't you ſpeak to me, *Chargy?*

Miran. I am ſo ſurpriz'd with Joy to ſee you, I know not what to ſay.

Sir *Fran.* Poor dear Girl! but do'e know that my Son,

or

or ſome ſuch Rogue, to rob or murder me, or both, contriv'd this Journey? For upon the Road I met my Neighbour *Squeezum* well, and coming to Town.

Miran. Good lack! good lack! what Tricks are there in this World!

Enter Scentwell, *with a Diamond Necklace in her Hand; not ſeeing Sir* Francis.

Scent. Madam, be pleas'd to tie this Necklace on, for I can't get into the —— [*Seeing Sir* Francis.

Miran. The Wench is a Fool, I think! cou'd you not have carried it to be mended, without putting it in the Box?

Sir *Fran.* What's the matter?

Miran. Only Dear'e, I bid her, I bid her —— Your ill Uſage has put every thing out of my Head. But won't you go, *Gardy*, and find out theſe Fellows, and have them puniſhed? and, and ——

Sir *Fran.* Where ſhou'd I look them, Child? No, I'll ſit me down contented with my Safety, nor ſtir out of my own Doors, till I go with thee to a Parſon.

Miran. [*Aſide.*] If he goes into his Cloſet, I am ruin'd. Oh! bleſs me, in this Fright, I had forgot Mrs. *Patch.*

Patch. Ay, Madam, I ſtay for your ſpeedy Anſwer.

Miran. [*Aſide.*] I muſt get him out of the Houſe. Now aſſiſt me, Fortune.

Sir *Fran.* Mrs. *Patch!* I profeſs I did not ſee you: How doſt thou do, Mrs. *Patch?* Well, don't you repent leaving my *Chargy?*

Patch. Yes, every body muſt love her —— —— but I came now —— —— Madam, what did I come for? My Invention is at the laſt Ebb. [*Aſide to* Miranda.

Sir *Fran.* Nay, never whiſper, tell me.

Miran. She came, dear *Gardy*, to invite me to her Lady's Wedding, and you ſhall go with me, *Gardy*. 'tis to be done this Moment, to a *Spaniſh* Merchant: Old Sir *Jealous* keeps on his Humour, the firſt Minute he ſees her, the next he marries her.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! I'd go if I thought the ſight of Matrimony wou'd tempt *Chargy* to perform her Promiſe: There was a Smile, there was a conſenting Look with thoſe pretty Twinklers, worth a Million. Odspreciouſ,

precious, I am happier than the Great *Mogul*, the Emperor of *China*, or all the Potentates that are not in the Wars. Speak, confirm it, make me leap out of my Skin.

Miran. When one has reſolv'd, 'tis in vain to ſtand, ſhall I, ſhall I, ; if ever I marry, poſitively this is my Wedding-day.

Sir *Fran.* Oh! happy, happy Man——Verily I will beget a Son the firſt Night, ſhall diſinherit that Dog *Charles*. I have Eſtate enough to purchaſe a Barony, and be the immortalizing the whole Family of the *Gripes*.

Miran Come then, *Gardy*, give me thy Hand, let's to this Houſe of *Hymen*.

My Choice is fixt, let good or ill betide.

Sir *Fran. The joyful Bridegroom I,*
Miran. And I the happy Bride. [Exeunt.

Enter Sir Jealous, *meeting a Servant.*

Serv. Sir, here's a Couple of Gentlemen enquire for you; one of them calls himſelf *Seignior Diego Babinetto.*

Sir *Jeal.* Ha! *Seignior Babinetto!* Admit 'em inſtantly ——— Joyful Minute; I'll have my Daughter marry'd to-night.

Enter Charles *in a* Spaniſh *Habit, with Sir* George *dreſt like a Merchant.*

Sir Jeal. *Senior, beſo las Manas vueſtra merced es muy bein venido en eſta tierra.*

Cha. *Senior, Soy muy humilde, y muy obligado Cryado de vueſtra merced: Mi Padre embia a vueſtra merced, los mas profondos de ſus reſpetos; y a Commiſſionada eſte Mercadel Ingles, de concluyr un negocio, que me Haze el mas dicheſo hombre del mundo, Haziendo me ſu yerno.*

Sir *Jeal* I am glad on't, for I find I have loſt much of my *Spaniſh* Sir, I am your moſt humble Servant. *Seignior Don Diego Babinetto* has informed me that you are commiſſioned by *Seignior Don Pedro*, &c. his worthy Father.

Sir *Geo.* To ſee an Affair of Marriage conſummated between a Daughter of yours and *Signior Diego Babinetto* his Son here. True, Sir, ſuch a Truſt is repos'd in me, as that Letter will inform you. I hope 'twill paſs upon him. [*Aſide.*] [*Gives him a Letter.*

Sir *Jeal.*

Sir *Jeal.* Ay, 'tis his Hand. [*Seems to read.*

Sir *Geo.* Good——you have counterfeited to a Nicety, *Charles.* [*Aſide to* Charles.

Cha. If the whole Plot ſucceeds as well, I'm happy. [*Aſide to Sir* George.

Sir *Jeal.* Sir, I find by this, that you are a Man of Honour and Probity; I think Sir, he calls you *Meanwell.*

Sir *Geo. Meanwell* is my Name, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* A very good Name, and very ſignificant.

Cha. Yes Faith, if he knew all. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* For to mean well is to be honeſt, and to be honeſt is the Virtue of a Friend, and a Friend is the Delight and Support of human Society.

Sir *Geo.* You ſhall find that I'll diſcharge the Part of a Friend in what I have undertaken, Sir *Jealous.*

Cha. But little does he think to whom. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Therefore, Sir, I muſt intreat the Preſence of your Daughter, and the Aſſiſtance of your Chaplain; for *Seignior Don Pedro* ſtrictly enjoin'd me to ſee the Marriage Rites perform'd as ſoon as we ſhou'd arrive, to avoid the accidental Overtures of *Venus.*

Sir *Jeal.* Overtures of *Venus!*

Sir *Geo.* Ay, Sir, that is, thoſe little hawking Females that traverſe the Park, and the Play-houſe, to put off their damag'd Ware ——— they faſten upon Foreigners like Leeches, and watch their Arrival as carefully, as the *Kentiſh* Men do a Ship wreck. I warrant you they have heard of him already.

Sir *Jeal.* Nay, I know this Town ſwarms with them.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, and then you know the *Spaniards* are naturally amorous, but very conſtant, the firſt Faces fixes 'em; and it may be very dangerous to let him ramble ere he is tied.

Cha. Well hinted. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* Pat to my Purpoſe——Well, Sir, there is but one thing more, and they ſhall be married inſtantly.

Cha. Pray Heaven that one thing more don't ſpoil all. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal. Don Pedro* writ one Word in his laſt but one; that he deſign'd the Sum of five thouſand Crowns by way of Jointure for my Daughter: and that it ſhou'd be paid into my Hand upon the Day of Marriage.

Cha. Oh! the Devil. [*Aſide.*

Sir

Sir *Jeal.* In order to lodge it in ſome of our Funds in caſe ſhe ſhould become a Widow, and return for *England.*

Sir *Geo.* Pox on't, this is an unlucky Turn. What ſhall I ſay? [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jea.* And he does not mention one Word of it in this Letter.

Cha. I don't know how he ſhould. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Humph! True, Sir *Jealous*, he told me ſuch a Thing, but, but, but, but——he, he, he, he——he did not imagine you wou'd inſiſt upon the very Day; for, for, for Money you know is dangerous returning by Sea, an, an, an, an———

Cha. Zounds, ſay we have brought it in Commodities. [*Aſide to Sir* George.

Sir *Geo.* And ſo, Sir, he has ſent it in Merchandize, *Tobacco*, *Sugars*, *Spices*, *Lemons*, and ſo forth, which ſhall be turn'd into Money with all Expedition: In the mean time, Sir, if you pleaſe to accept of my Bond for Performance——

Sir *Jeal.* It is enough, Sir; I am ſo pleas'd with the Countenance of *Seignior Diego*, and the Harmony of your Name, that I'll take your Word, and will ſetch my Daughter this Moment. Within there! [*Enter Servant.*] deſire Mr. *Tackum*, my Neighbour's Chaplain, to walk hither.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Sir *Jeal.* Gentlemen, I'll return in an Inſtant. [*Exit.*

Cha. Wondrous well, let me embrace thee.

Sir *Geo.* Egad that five thouſand Crowns had like to have ruin'd the Plot.

Cha. But that's over! And if Fortune throws no more Rubs in our way———

Sir *Geo.* Thoul't carry the Prize——But hiſt, here he comes.

Enter Sir Jealous, *dragging in* Iſabinda.

Sir *Jeal.* Come along, you ſtubborn Baggage you, come along.

Iſab. Oh, hear me, Sir! hear me but ſpeak one Word; Do not deſtroy my everlaſting Peace:
My Soul abhors this *Spaniard* you have choſe,
Nor can I wed him without being curſt.

Sir *Jeal.* How's that!

Iſab.

Iſab. Let this Poſture move your tender Nature. [*Kneels.*
For ever will I hang upon theſe Knees:
Nor looſe my Hands till you cut off the Hold,
If you refuſe to hear me, Sir.

Cha. Oh! that I cou'd diſcover myſelf to her! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Have a care what you do. You had better truſt to his Obſtinacy. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* Did you ever ſee ſuch a perverſe Slut? Off, I ſay; Mr. *Meanwell*, pray help me a little.

Sir *Geo.* Riſe, Madam, and do not diſoblige your Father, who has provided a Huſband worthy of you, one that will love you equal with his Soul, and one that you will love when once you know him.

Iſab. Oh! never, never. Cou'd I ſuſpect that Falſhood in my Heart, I wou'd this Moment tear it from my Breaſt, and ſtraight preſent him with the treacherous Part.

Cha. Oh! my charming faithful Dear. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* Falſhood! why who the Devil are you in love with? Don't provoke me, for by St. *Iago* I ſhall beat you, Huſwife.

Cha. Heaven forbid; for I ſhall infallibly diſcover myſelf if he ſhould.

Sir *Geo.* Have Patience, Madam! and look at him: Why will ye prepoſſeſs yourſelf againſt a Man that is Maſter of all the Charms you wou'd deſire in a Huſband?

Sir *Jeal.* Ay, look at him, *Iſabinda*; *Senior paſe vind adelante.*

Cha. My Heart bleeds to ſee her grieve, whom I imagin'd wou'd with Joy receive me. *Seniora obligue me vueſtra merced de ſu mano.*

Sir *Jeal.* [*Pulling up her Head.*] Hold up your Head, hold up your Head, Huſwife, and look at him: Is there a properer, handſomer, better-ſhap'd Fellow in *England*, ye Jade you? Ha! ſee, ſee the obſtinate Baggage ſhuts her Eyes; by St. *Iago*, I have a good mind to beat 'em out.

[*Puſhes her down.*

Iſab. Do, then, Sir, kill me, kill me inſtantly.
'Tis much the kinder Action of the Two;
For 'twill be worſe than Death to wed him.

Sir *Geo.* Sir *Jealous*, you are too paſſionate. Give me leave, I'll try by gentle Words to work her to your Purpoſe.

Sir *Jeal.* I pray do, Mr. *Meanwell*, I pray do; ſhe'll break

break my Heart. [*Weeps.*] There is in that, Jewels of the Value of 3000*l.* which were her Mother's, and a Paper wherein I have ſetttled one half of my Eſtate upon her now, and the whole when I die; but provided ſhe marries this Gentleman; elſe by St. *Iago* I'll turn her out of Doors to beg or ſtarve. Tell her this, Mr. *Meanwell*, pray do.

[*Walks off.*

Sir *Geo.* Ha! this is beyond Expectation——Truſt me, Sir, I'll lay the dangerous Conſequence of diſobeying you at this Juncture before her, I warrant you.

Cha. A ſudden Joy runs thro' my Heart like a propitious Omen. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Come, Madam, do not blindly caſt your Life away juſt in the Moment you would wiſh to ſave it.

Iſab. Pray, ceaſe your Trouble, Sir; I have no Wiſh but ſudden Death to free me from this hated *Spaniard.* If you are his Friend, inform him what I ſay; my Heart is given to another Youth, whom I love with the ſame ſtrength of Paſſion that I hate this *Diego*; with whom, if I am forc'd to wed, my own Hand ſhall cut the Gordian Knot.

Sir *Geo.* Suppoſe this *Spaniard*, which you ſtrive to ſhun, ſhould be the very Man to whom you'd fly?

Iſab. Ha!

Sir *Geo.* Would you not blame your raſh Reſolve, and curſe your Eyes that would not look on *Charles?*

Iſab. On *Charles!* Oh, you have inſpired new Life, and collected every wandring Senſe. Where is he? Oh! let me fly into his Arms. [*Riſes.*

Sir *Geo.* Hold, hold, hold. 'Sdeath, Madam, you'll ruin all; your Father believes him to be *Seignior Babinetto:* Compoſe yourſelf a little pray, Madam. [*He runs to Sir* Jealous.

Cha. Her Eyes declare ſhe knows me. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* She begins to hear Reaſon, Sir; the Fear of being turned out of Doors has done it. [*Runs back to* Iſabinda.

Iſab. 'Tis he! Oh, my raviſh'd Soul!

Sir *Geo.* Take heed, Madam, you don't betray yourſelf. Seem with Reluctance to conſent, or you are undone; [*Runs to Sir* Jealous] ſpeak gently to her, I'm ſure ſhe'll yield, I ſee it in her Face.

Sir *Jeal.* Well, *Iſabinda*, can you refuſe to bleſs a Father, whoſe only care is to make you happy, as Mr. *Meanwell* has inform'd

inform'd you? Come, wipe thy Eyes, nay prithee do, or thou wilt break thy Father's Heart: See, thou bring'ſt the Tears in mine, to think of thy undutiful Carriage to me.

[*Weeps.*

Iſab. Oh! do not weep, Sir, your Tears are like a Ponyard to my Soul; do with me what you pleaſe, I am all Obedience.

Sir *Jea.* Ha! then thou art my Child again.

Sir *Geo.* 'Tis done, and now, Friend, the Day's thy own.

Cha. The happieſt of my Life, if nothing intervene.

Sir *Jea.* And wilt thou love him?

Iſab. I will endeavour it, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Mr. *Tackum.*

Sir *Jea.* Shew him into the Parlour —— *Senior tome vind ſueipora; cette Momento les juntta les Manos.*

[*Gives her to* Charles.

Cha. Oh Tranſport! —*Senior yo la recibo Como ſe deve un Teſero tan Grande.* Oh! my Joy, my Life, my Soul.

[*Embrace.*

Iſab. My faithful everlaſting Comfort.

Sir *Jea.* Now, Mr. *Meanwell*, let's to the Parſon.

Who, by his Art, will join this Pair for Life,
Make me the happieſt Father, her the happieſt Wife. [Exeunt.

SCENE *changes to the Street before Sir* Jealous's *Door.*

Enter Marplot, *Solus.*

Marpl. I have hunted all over the Town for *Charles*, but can't find him; and by *Whiſper*'s ſcouting at the End of the Street, I ſuſpect he muſt be in the Houſe again. I am inform'd too, that he has borrowed a *Spaniſh* Habit out of the *Play-houſe*: What can it mean?

Enter a Servant of Sir Jealous's *to him, out of the Houſe.*

Hark'e, Sir, do you belong to this Houſe?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Marpl. Pray can you tell me if there be a Gentleman in it in *Spaniſh* Habit?

Serv. There's a *Spaniſh* Gentleman within, that is juſt a going to marry my young Lady, Sir.

Marpl. Are you ſure he is a *Spaniſh* Gentleman?

Serv. I'm ſure he ſpeaks no *Engliſh*, that I hear of.

Marpl. Then that can't be him I want; for 'tis an *Engliſh* Gentleman, tho' I ſuppoſe he may be dreſs'd like a *Spaniard*, that I enquire after.

Serv. Ha! who knows but this may be an Impoſtor? I'll inform my Maſter; for if he ſhou'd be impos'd upon, he'll beat us all round. [*Aſide.*] Pray, come in, Sir, and ſee if this be the Perſon you enqurire for.

SCENE *changes to the inſide of the Houſe.*

Enter Marplot.

Marpl. So, this was a good Contrivance: If this be *Charles*, now will he wonder how I found him out.

Enter Servant and Sir Jealous.

Sir *Jea.* What is your earneſt Buſineſs, Blockhead, that you muſt ſpeak with me before the Ceremony's paſt? Ha! who's this?

Serv. Why this Gentleman, Sir, wants another Gentleman in a *Spaniſh* Habit, he ſays.

Sir *Jea.* In *Spaniſh* Habit! 'tis ſome Friend of *Seignior Don Diego*'s, I warrant. Sir, I ſuppoſe you wou'd ſpeak with *Seignior Babinetto*——

Marpl. Hey day! what the Devil does he ſay now!—Sir, I don't underſtand you.

Sir *Jea.* Don't you underſtand *Spaniſh*, Sir?

Marpl. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Sir *Jea.* I thought you had known *Seignior Babinetto*.

Marpl. Not I, upon my Word, Sir,

Sir *Jea* What then, you'd ſpeak with his Friend, the *Engliſh* Merchant Mr. *Meanwell*?

Marpl. Neither, Sir, not I.

Sir *Jea.* Why, who are you then, Sir? And what do you want? [*In an angry Tone.*

Marpl. Nay, nothing at all, not I, Sir. Pox on him! I wiſh I were out, he begins to exalt his Voice, I ſhall be beaten again.

Sir *Jea.* Nothing at all, Sir? Why, then, what Buſineſs have you in my Houſe? ha?

Serv.

Serv. You ſaid you wanted a Gentleman in *Spaniſh* Habit.

Marpl. Why, ay, but his Name is neither *Babinetto*, nor *Meanwell.*

Sir *Jea.* What is his Name, then, Sirrah? ha? Now I look at you again, I believe you are the Rogue that threatened me with half a dozen Myrmidons——Speak, Sir, who is it you look for? or, or———

Marpl. A terrible old Dog!——Why, Sir, only an honeſt young Fellow of my Acquaintance——I thought that here might be a Ball, and that he might have been here in a Maſquerade; 'tis *Charles*, Sir *Francis Gripe*'s Son, becauſe I know he us'd to come hither ſometimes.

Sir *Jea.* Did he ſo?—Not that I know of, I'm ſure. Pray Heaven that this be *Don Diego*———If I ſhou'd be trick'd now——Ha! my Heart miſgives me plaguily—Within there! Stop the Marriage——Run, Sirrah, call all my Servants! I'll be ſatisfied that this is *Seignior Pedro*'s Son, ere he has my Daughter.

Marpl. Ha! Sir *George!* what have I done now?

Enter Sir George *with a drawn Sword between the Scenes.*

Sir *Geo.* Ha! *Marplot* here——Oh the unlucky Dog——What's the matter, Sir *Jealous?*

Sir *Jea.* Nay, I don't know the Matter, Mr. *Meanwell.*

Marpl. Upon my Soul, Sir *George*——

[*Going up to Sir* George.

Sir *Jea.* Nay, then, I'm betray'd, ruin'd, undone: Thieves, Traytors, Rogues! [*Offers to go in.*] Stop the Marriage, I ſay——

Sir *Geo.* I ſay go on, Mr. *Tackum*———Nay, no entering here, I guard this Paſſage, old Gentleman; the Act and Deed were both your own, and I'll ſee 'em ſign'd, or die for't.

Enter Servants.

Sir *Jea.* A Pox on the Act and Deed!——Fall on, knock him down.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, come on Scoundrels! I'll prick your Jackets for you.

Sir *Jea.* Zounds, Sirrah, I'll be reveng'd on you.

[*Beats* Marplot.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, there your Vengeance is due; Ha, ha!

Marpl. Why, what do you beat me for? I han't marry'd your Daughter.

Sir *Jea.* Raſcals! why don't you knock him down?

Serv. We are afraid of his Sword, Sir; if you'll take that from him, we'll knock him down preſently.

Enter Charles *and* Iſabinda.

Sir *Jea.* Seize her then.

Cha. Raſcals, retire; ſhe's my Wife, touch her if you dare, I'll make Dogs-meat of you.

Sir *Jea.* Ah! downright *Engliſh*:—Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Enter Sir Francis Gripe, Miranda, Patch, Scentwell, *and* Whiſper.

Sir *Fran.* Into the Houſe of Joy we enter without knocking: Ha! I think 'tis the Houſe of Sorrow, Sir *Jealous.*

Sir *Jea.* Oh Sir *Francis!* are you come? What, was this your Contrivance, to abuſe, trick, and chouſe me out of my Child!

Sir *Fran.* My Contrivance! what do you mean?

Sir *Jea.* No, you don't know your Son there in *Spaniſh* Habit?

Sir *Fran.* How! my Son in *Spaniſh* Habit! Sirrah, you'll come to be hang'd; get out of my Sight, ye Dog! get out of my Sight.

Sir *Jea.* Get out of your Sight, Sir! Get out with your Bags? let's ſee what you'll give him now to maintain my Daughter on.

Sir *Fran.* Give him? he ſhall never be the better for a Penny of mine——and you might have look'd after your Daughter better, Sir *Jealous.* Trick'd, quotha! Egad, I think you deſign'd to trick me: But look ye, Gentlemen, I believe I ſhall trick you both. This Lady is my Wife, do you ſee; and my Eſtate ſhall deſcend only to the Heirs of her Body.

Sir *Geo.* Lawfully begotten by me——I ſhall be extremely oblig'd to you, Sir *Francis.*

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor Sir *George!* You ſee your Project was of no Uſe. Does not your hundred Pound ſtick in your Stomach? Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo*

Sir *Geo.* No faith, Sir *Francis*, this Lady has given me a Cordial for that. [*Takes her by the Hand.*

Sir *Fran.* Hold, Sir, you have nothing to ſay to this Lady.

Sir *Geo.* Nor you nothing to do with my Wife, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* Wife, Sir!

Miran. Ay really, *Guardian*, 'tis even ſo. I hope you'll forgive my firſt Offence.

Sir *Fran.* What, have you chous'd me out of my Conſent, and your Writings then, Miſtreſs, ha?

Miran. Out of nothing but my own, Guardian.

Sir *Jea.* Ha, ha, ha! 'tis ſome Comfort at leaſt to ſee you are over-reach'd as well as myſelf. Will you ſettle your Eſtate upon your Son now?

Sir *Fran.* He ſhall ſtarve firſt.

Miran. That I have taken care to prevent. There, Sir, is the Writings of your Uncles's Eſtate, which has been your due theſe three Years. [*Gives* Charles *Papers.*

Cha. I ſhall ſtudy to deſerve this Favour.

Sir *Fran.* What, have you robb'd me too, Miſtreſs! Egad I'll make you reſtore 'em——Huſwife, I will ſo.

Sir *Jea.* Take care I don't make you pay the Arrears, Sir. 'Tis well it's no worſe, ſince 'tis no better. Come, young Man, ſeeing thou haſt outwitted me, take her, and bleſs thee both.

Cha. I hope, Sir, you'll beſtow your Bleſſing too, 'tis all I'll aſk. [*Kneels.*

Sir *Fran.* Confound you all! [*Exit.*

Marpl. Mercy upon us, how he looks!

Sir *Geo.* Ha, ha! ne'er mind his Curſes, *Charles*; thou'lt thrive not one Jot the worſe for 'em. Since this Gentleman is reconcil'd, we are all made happy.

Sir *Jea.* I always lov'd Precaution, and took care to avoid Dangers. But when a thing was paſt, I ever had Philoſophy enough to be eaſy.

Cha. Which is the true Sign of a great Soul; I lov'd your Daughter, and ſhe me, and you ſhall have no Reaſon to repent her Choice.

Iſab. You'll not blame me, Sir, for loving my own Country beſt.

Marpl. So, here's every body happy, I find, but poor

Pilgerlick. I wonder what Satisfaction I ſhall have, for being cuff'd, kick'd, and beaten in your Service.

Sir *Jea.* I have been a little too familiar with you, as Things are fallen out; but ſince there's no help for't, you muſt forgive me.

Marpl. Egad, I think ſo——but provided that you be not ſo familiar for the future.

Sir *Geo.* Thou haſt been an unlucky Rogue.

Marpl. But very honeſt.

Cha. That I'll vouch for; and freely forgive thee.

Sir *Geo.* And I'll do you one Piece of Service more, *Marplot.* I'll take Care that Sir *Francis* makes you Maſter of your Eſtate.

Marpl. That will make me as happy as any of you.

Patch. Your humble Servant begs leave to remind you, Madam.

Iſab. Sir, I hope you'll give me leave to take *Patch* into Favour again.

Sir *Jea.* Nay, let your Huſband look to that, I have done with my Care.

Cha. Her own Liberty ſhall always oblige me. Here's nobody but honeſt *Whiſper* and Mrs. *Scentwell* to be provided for now. It ſhall be left to their Choice to marry, or keep their Services.

Whiſ. Nay then, I'll ſtick to my Maſter.

Scentw. Coxcomb! and I prefer my Lady before a Footman.

Sir *Jea.* Hark, I hear the Muſic, the Fidlers ſmell a Wedding. What ſay you, young Fellows, will you have a Dance?

Sir *Geo.* With all my Heart; call 'em in.

A DANCE.

Sir *Jea.* Now let us in and refreſh ourſelves with a chearful Glaſs; in which we will bury all Animoſities: And

By my Example let all Parents move,
And never ſtrive to croſs their Childrens Love;
But ſtill ſubmit that Care to Providence above.

MARPLOT

MARPLOT IN LISBON:

Or, the Second PART of the

BUSY BODY.

A

COMEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

MARPLOT,	Mr. WOODWARD.
Colonel Ravelin, an Engliſh Officer,	Mr DEXTER.
Charles,	Mr. JEFFERSON.
Don Lopez, a Grandee of Portugal,	Mr. REED.
Don Perriera, a Merchant,	Mr. HAYS.
Lorenzo, his Servant,	Mr. HAMILTON.
Corregidor,	Mr. KNIPE.

Servants, *Bravoes*, &c.

WOMEN.

Donna Perriera, Wife to D. Perriera,	Mrs. DANCER.
Margaritta, her Duenna,	Mrs. WALKER.
Madem. Joneton, An affected French Lady of Fortune,	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Marton, her Siſter,	Miſs OSBORNE.
Suſan, her Maid,	Mrs. PACKENHAM.

SCENE, *the Terriera di Paſſa*, *in* Liſbon.

MARPLOT

IN

LISBON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the* Terriera de Paſſa *in* Liſbon.

Enter Don Lopez, *and* Don Perriera.

Don Per. WHY, Brother, you are diſtracted; how often have you fill'd my Brain with theſe Chimeras? Why ſhou'd I murder my Wife without a Cauſe?

Don Lop. A Cauſe! Does a Cuckold want a Cauſe?

Don Per. Look ye, Senior, keep that Word Cuckold between your Teeth, 'till you can prove me ſuch, or by St. *Anthony* you ſhall feel what Mettle my Spado is made of. [*Laying his Hand to his Sword.*

Don Lop. Name your Spado again, and I'll ſhake thee into Duſt, thou feeble Dotard. Your Spado! Employ it againſt the Man that robs you of your Honour, and not againſt him that wou'd preſerve it. I ſay, my Siſter, your Wife, is a Strumpet, the Strumpet of a damn'd Heretick: I ſaw the Looks, nay the Signs, ſhe gave ſome of the *Engliſh* Officers, as ſhe came from Church this Morning.

Don Per. Engliſh Officers!

Don Lop. Engliſh I'm ſure they were, I can't ſwear they were all Officers, norcou'd I perceive which ſhe ſigned to, or he ſhou'd not live to meet he Wiſhes.—Now, if you don't like the Name of Cuckold, find another for the Husband of a Whore, if you can.—For my Part, I know of none but

but this I know, if you won't puniſh her as a Wife, I will as a Siſter; ſhe ſhall not ſtain the Honour of my Houſe this Way; ſhe injur'd it too much in marrying you. I ſhall purſue my own Method, and ſo farewel. [*Going.*

Don Per. So, there's the Bleſſing of matching into an honourable Family: now muſt I bear all Affronts patiently, becauſe I am but a Merchant, forſooth.——Oh, give me any Curſe but this——Pray, Senior, give me Leave to ſpeak one Word to you: I am convinced of my too much Indulgence for this very Cockatrice, and there remains nothing to quicken my Revenge, but certain Demonſtration.

Don Lop. Certain Demonſtration! muſt you have ocular Proof? Muſt your Coward Heart be animated with the Sight? A Curſe of your Equivocations.——

Don Per. No, any other Senſe will ſerve; let me hear 'em, feel 'em, nay ſmell 'em, and ſure Cuckoldom is ſo rank a Scent, that tho' I lived in *England*, where they ſcarce breathe any other Air, I cou'd diſtinguiſh it.

Don Lop. Now you talk like a *Portugueze*; keep up this Paſſion, and ſecure the Honour of your Houſe and mine, and deſerve the Alliance of my Blood; it ſhall be my Care to fix them. [*Exit.*

Don Per. And when they are ſo, mine to execute. [*Exit.*

Enter Charles *meeting Colonel* Ravelin.

Cha. Colonel *Ravelin!*

Rav. Charles Gripe! honeſt *Charles*, how doſt thou do, Boy? Why, what brought thee to *Liſbon?*

Cha. Part of the Cauſe that brought you, Colonel.

Rav. What? art thou in the Army?

Cha. No, Colonel, I leave Honour to you. Intereſt brought me.

Rav. They are Twin-Brothers, *Charles*; if Intereſt did not drive, Honour wou'd come ſlowly on: Art thou turn'd Merchant then?

Cha. No, Faith, not I; but it pleaſed Heaven to take my Wife's Father out of the Way, who left me Executor, and his Concerns here oblig'd me to take this Voyage.

Rav. So then, old Sir *Jealous Traffick* is dead at laſt. How long do you intend to ſtay?

Cha. Longer than I expected when I embark'd: I came

came away in ſuch a Hurry, the Ship ſailing ſooner than I thought ſhe would, I forgot to put up ſome Papers, without which I can't adjuſt my Accounts with ſome Merchants here; I have writ to my Wife to ſend them.

Rav. That was very unlucky; prithee, how doſt thou ſpend thy Time?

Cha. Very inſipidly: How do you paſs yours? what Company have you here?

Rav. All Sorts; the Women, I'll ſay that for 'em, are kind enough, and won't put you to the Expence of ſwearing and lying to gain them: But I have got acquainted in a *French* Family, which are not altogether ſo dangerous one way, but much more ſo another.

Cha. Ay! how's that, Colonel?

Rav. Why I'm fearful of dwindling into an honourable Amour there. This *French* Woman has found the way to unite my jarring Inclinations, and tune 'em to the Pitch of Conſtancy, and I am very apprehenſive of becoming that tame Monſter, called a Huſband. Ah! I find I am caught, for I can name that terrible Word without ſtarting.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! I ſhall have you in my Claſs: Sure the Lady that can make ſuch an entire Conqueſt over your Heart, muſt be a Perſon of extraordinary Parts, Colonel.

Rav. Yes, Faith, her Ladyſhip has very extraordinary Parts; ſhe's airy to Affectation, and changeable as the Winds: She has Tongue enough for a Lawyer, but as hard to be underſtood as an Apothecary: She begins as many Stories as a Romance, and ends them as intricately, or, to ſpeak more properly, ſeldom ends them at all: She's as whimſical as a Projector, as obſtinate as a Phyſician, and as faithful as the Monarch of her Country.

Cha. Admirable Qualities for a Wife; and can you forſake the whole Sex for this Woman?

Rav. Humph! that I won't ſwear; but I find I can't forſake her for the whole Sex. To be plain with you, I have try'd the Strength of Variety, and at this Time am in Proſpect of the Favour from as fine a Woman as any in *Liſbon*; yet this Medley of Womankind triumphs over all, and in the midſt of my Raptures I murmur *Jonſon*.

Cha. But may I not ſee this wondrous Engineer, who

can

can countermine her whole Sex, and blow up the Magazine of your Affections, Colonel?

Rav. You ſhall, but you muſt give me your Honour not to rival me.

Cha. The Deſcription you have given me, Colonel, ſecures you from that Fear; beſides, you know I am marry'd, neither am I deſtitute of a Miſtreſs, tho' in a ſtrange Place. I this Morning was aſſur'd, by a Sign from a Lady's Handkerchief, that my Wants ſhou'd be ſupply'd upon Occaſion. I did not rightly underſtand her, till the good old *Duenna* explained her Meaning.

Rav. You are a Stranger to theſe Affairs, *Charles*; take Heed, proceed with Caution, for the Women here are as warm in their Revenge as in their Inclinations; bare Suſpicion juſtifies Murder; if you manage your Intrigue ſo cloſely to eſcape the Huſband and Relations, 'tis odds but your Miſtreſs finds ſome Pretence to employ her Bravoes, Fellows that will diſpatch a Dozen Men for a Moidore.

Cha. I go well arm'd; underſtand the Language, and will not eaſily fall a Victim, but reſolve to ſee the Event of this Intrigue: The old Matron told me that the Lady was young and beautiful, her Huſband a Merchant, rich, covetous, old, and ugly; that ſhe hated him worſe than Penance, and lov'd me better than her Prayers; ſhall I be ſuch a Poltroon to decline a Lady's Summons? No, for the Honour of *Britain*, it ſhall never be ſaid that an *Engliſhman* fled either from the Wars of *Mars*, or *Venus*; let her bring me on, if I diſcharge not myſelf with Honour, and make my Retreat ſecure, may I forfeit the Embraces of the Sex.

[*A Noiſe of claſhing of Swords, and Murder cry'd within.*

Rav. Ha! what Noiſe is that?

Cha. 'Tis *Marplot*'s Voice; his damn'd Curioſity has brought him into ſome Miſchief, I'll lay my Life on't. [*Draws.*

Rav. The Devil's in that Fellow; what made you bring him with you? [*Murder cry'd again within.*

Mar. Murder, Murder.

[Mar. *running, purſued by two Bravoes.*

Ah *Charles*, help me, dear *Charles*, for Heav'n's ſake.

[*They beat off the Bravoes.*

Cha. A Curſe on your Paper-ſcull, what have you been doing now?

Mar.

Mar. Nothing at all, as I hope to be ſav'd; only I had a mind to ſee where that Lady liv'd that ſhook her Handkerchief at you, and out of no other Deſign than to inform you, I proteſt, *Charles*, when immediately theſe two Scoundrels came ſlap upon me, I know no more for what than the Child that's unborn; but I'm ſure I ſhall feel their Blows this Month; Pox take 'em.

Rav. For what? why you took the only Method in the World to have your Guts let out: Ha, ha! watch a Woman in *Liſbon!* Hark you young Gentleman, ſuppreſs that natural Curioſity of diving into other People's Affairs, or never hope to ſee old *England* again.

Mar. I wiſh I were ſafe in it; —Colonel *Ravelin!* the duce take me if I ſaw you before; my Senſes were all in ſuch a hurry with theſe unconſcionable Villains, that—

Cha. That you over-look'd your Friends, I warrant.

Mar. You have ſaid it, *Charles*, but I hope the Colonel will forgive me.

Rav. To be plain with you, Mr. *Marplot*, I ſhall take theſe kind of Over-ſights for particular Favours, if you don't ſhake off that Temper of yours.

Mar. Piſh, prithee, Colonel, don't put on thoſe grave Airs; why what harm is there in't?

Rav. There's ill Manners in't, I am ſure, and have a Care you han't your Bones broke for it.

Cha. Look ye, *Marplot*, you muſt either reſolve to quit this inquiſitive Humour, or forfeit my Acquaintance.

Rav. A Man may be ruin'd by your fooliſh Quarrels.

Mar. Upon my Soul, Colonel, I never quarrell'd with any Man, out of deſign to hurt him in my Life: *Charles* can witneſs for me, that I hate fighting.

Cha. So can every body elſe that knows you; I wiſh you hated Impertinence as much, for the good of Society.

Mar. Well, you of all Men living have the leaſt Reaſon to complain; I have run the Hazard of my Life many a Time for you, and in my Conſcience I believe I ſhall fall your Martyr one Time or another.

Cha. Your own you mean, you'll certainly be canoniz'd by all the Buſy-bodies about Town.

Mar. Is this all the Thanks I get for my Friendſhip? well, *Charles*, well, you ſhall ſee I can prefer Safety, and ſacrifice my Curioſity too, as you call it.

Rav.

Rav. That's the Way to oblige your Friends. Mr. *Marplot*, never deſire to know more than they are willing to tell you, readily comply with a reaſonable Demand, and never meddle with any body's Buſineſs but your own, this will render you agreeable to all Companies.

Mar. Ay! but that will make all Companies very diſagreeable to me. [*Aſide.*

But, Colonel, is there nothing due from one Friend to another? One ought to be let into the Boſom Secrets of a Friend.

Rav. Not always, for there ſome Secrets of ſuch a Nature that will not admit of that Freedom; for Example, ſuppoſe your Friend had an Affair with another Man's Wife, or Daughter, where's the Advantage of your knowing it?

Mar. Why I wou'd watch the Huſband or Father in the mean Time, prevent his being ſurpriz'd, and perhaps ſave his Life.

Cha. But how wou'd you ſave his Honour? A Man of Honour muſt have no Confidents in thoſe Caſes.

Mar. Then hang Honour, I ſay, 'tis good for nothing but to ſpoil Converſation. Shall I beg a Pinch of your Snuff, Colonel?

Enter Colonel Ravelin's *Servant with a Letter.*

Rav. With all my Heart. [*Gives him his Box.*

Ser. The Meſſenger ſtays for your Anſwer, Sir.

Mar. A Letter! wou'd I were a Fly now, that I might ſwop down upon the Paper and read it before his Face: Lord, Lord, what wou'd I give for an univerſal Knowledge! [*Aſide.*

Rav. Tell the Meſſenger I'll obſerve Orders to a Second.

Mar. Orders! why what, have you Orders to march, Colonel! [*Exit Ser.*

Rav. From this Place I have. Sir *Charles*, I'd be glad to drink a Bottle with you and Mr. *Marplot* in the Evening at my Lodgings: there's the Directions.

[*Tears the Superſcription of a Letter, and gives* Charles.

Mar. I'll wait on you home, Colonel, that I may know the Houſe exactly.

Rav.

Rav. Excuſe me, Sir, I am not going Home perhaps. *Charles*, I'll expect you. [*Exit.*

Cha. I'll do myſelf the Honour to wait on you; adieu. [*Exit.*

Mar. Perhaps! but perhaps I won't believe you: He has a World of Manners to a Gentleman in a ſtrange Place, I'll be ſworn; ha! *Charles* is gone, nay, then I have a rare Opportunity, egad he has forgot his Snuff-box, an excellent Excuſe to follow him: The Devil take his Letter for me, it has given me the Cholick. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a Chamber in* Don Perriera's *Houſe.*

Enter Donna Perriera *and* Margaritta.

Donna Per. Are you ſure the *Engliſhman* will come? what ſaid he?

Marg. He anſwerd me in Tranſport, I warrant him a Man every Inch of him. Come, Seniora? Yes, yes, he'll come, tho' a thouſand Dangers threatened him; theſe *Engliſhmen* are brave Fellows if they were not Hereticks.

Donna Per. If he has but the Faith of a Lover, no matter for his Religion, *Margaritta.* But what came of the buſy Fellow that watch'd us? Did you obey my Orders?

Marg. Yes, marry did I, and the Bravoes aſſur'd me they had taught him to look another Way for the future.

Donna Per. They diſpatch'd him, I hope.

Marg. No, he was reſcu'd upon the *Terriera de Paſſa.*

Donna Per. Ill Fate; he did not ſee where I enter'd?

Marg. No, no, Madam, you are ſafe; huſh, here's my Maſter *Don Perriera.*

Donna Per. Then there's my Jaylor. This *Engliſhman* runs in my Head ſo much, that methinks I hate the Sight of my Huſband.

Enter Don Perriera.

Don Per. So, you have been at Church to-day, my Dear, have you not?

Donna Per. Yes, my Dear.

Don Per. And who did you ſee there, Wife?

Donna Per. Do you think I paſs my Time in Obſerva-

tion

tion at Church, my Dear? I hope I have other Buſineſs to do there.

Don Per. And you are baſely bely'd, if you have not other Buſineſs to do elſewhere too, Wife.

Donna Per. What do you mean, my Dear?

Don Per. Nay, aſk your Brother *Don Lopez*, who will have it that you ſend your Eyes a maroding for *Engliſh* Forage; my Dear, have a Care of an Ambuſcade; for the whole Artillery of his Senſes are drawn down upon you, and Jealouſy leads the Force of his Invention; and though I love you, Wife, yet if his Spies bring certain Intelligence of your holding Correſpondence with thoſe Heretick Dogs, the *Engliſh* Officers, I ſhall infallibly treat you like a Traitreſs to your Lord and Huſband.

Donna Per. Ha! I fear I'm betray'd. [*Aſide.*

Marg. My Lady a Traitreſs to her Lord and Huſband! *Don Lopez* is a Traitor to his own Fleſh and Blood for ſaying ſo, by my Virginity—

Don Per. Away, away; that's ſo ſtale an Oath, 'twill not be credited.

Donna Per. The Accuſation's falſe; I do not know one *Engliſh* Officer in *Liſbon*, by this Kiſs, [*Kiſſes him.*] For my *Duenna* aſſures, my Lover is no Officer; ſo far I'm not forſworn. [*Aſide.*] I thought, my Dear had promis'd me never more to mind the Inſinuations of that cruel Brother; his Prejudice is founded on our Marriage; his proud, impetuous Temper ſcorns your Alliance, and racks his Soul to find a Cauſe to ruin you: And muſt it be by blaſting of my Fame? Will not my Life ſuffice? and dares he not employ his own Hand? but wou'd he make you guilty of my Murder? Oh, barbarous inhuman Thought! [*Weeps.*

Marg. Cruel *Don Lopez*, now do I wiſh I may die a Maid; a terrible Wiſh, were I not out of Danger of the Curſe falling upon me; if I believe my Lady ever thought of any Man but yourſelf, Senior. Poor Creature, I'm ſure her Heart is full of Fears about you, when you are abſent.

Don Per. Ay, leſt I ſhou'd come back before ſhe'd have me.

Marg. He is the Devil of a Gueſſer. [*Aſide.*

Donna

Donna Per. Unkindly urg'd, Deary; I'm ſure, by my own Conſent, I wou'd never have you——

Don Per. In your Sight.

Marg. The Man is certainly a Witch. [*Aſide.*

Donna Per. Out of my Sight, I meant, Deary.

Don Per. That wou'd be as bad on the other Side.

Donna Per. For my Part, Deary, I'm never happier than when thou art in my Arms, and cou'd be content to have thee always there.

Don Per. Yes, I ſhou'd have a fine Life, truly, to be always in your Arms.

Marg. Look ye there now, the Dog in the Manger.

Donna Per. What wou'd you have me ſay, my Dear, to convince you of my Love?

Don Per. Look ye, Wife, 'tis no matter what you ſay, take care what you do: No regaling your Palate with foreign Diſhes, they are very dangerous. Take my Word for't, you'll live longer upon your own Food, and with leſs Danger of your Health.

Donna Per. I know not what you'd have me ſay, my Dear; but if you think me falſe, confine me to my Chamber, or ſend me to a Monaſtery. Grant, Heaven, he does not take me at my Word. [*Aſide.*

Marg. I wou'd not give a Cruſada for my Place, if he ſhou'd; a cloiſter'd Miſtreſs brings no Griſt to the Servant's Mill. [*Aſide.*

Don Per. Sure *Don Lopez* does belye her; I always found her thus pliable, kind, and modeſt; however, I'll watch her narrowly. In the mean time to take off her Suſpicion, I'll ſeem to believe her. [*Aſide.*

Marg. So, all's right once more, I ſee by that Ogle of his. [*Aſide.*

Don Per. Come, my Love, dry thy Eyes; I am not jealous, nor ſhall thy Brother make me ſo; I'll be an *Engliſhman* to thee. Come, buſs thy own Huſband then: Do, Deary.

Marg. That Buſs ſecures me a Moidore before I ſleep; for the *Engliſh* are the moſt generous Men living, in their Love Affairs. [*Aſide.*

Donna Per. And won't you be jealous of me no more indeed, and indeed? nor let that naughty Brother vex you,

Man as ever; were I ſure not to be diſcover'd, I ſhou'd not alter my Reſolution.

Marg. That ſhall be my Care, I warrant you, Madam; he comes in by a Rope-ladder at your Cloſet-window, by which he may return with Secrecy and Expedition upon the leaſt Surprize.

Donna Per. My Cloſet-window looks upon the River, how can he come that Way?

Marg. By a Boat that ſhall wait to receive him again.

Donna Per. Let him come then.

When Inclination pleads, Fears quickly fly,
And powerful Love can Reaſon's Force defy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Colonel* Ravelin's *Lodgings.*

The Colonel looking on his Watch.

Rav. 'Tis within two Minutes of the Time; I muſt be punctual; for Women here forgive not the leaſt Omiſſion. Let me ſee, is my Trap-door unbolted? Not yet?

[*Goes to the Chimney, and ſeems to pull at a Trap-door.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's a Gentleman to wait on you, Colonel.

Rav. I'll ſee nobody: did I not tell you ſo, Blockhead?

[*Gives him a Box on the Ear.*

Enter Marplot.

Mar. Nay, 'tis only I, Colonel; don't be angry, you forgot your Snuff-box, and I thought you wou'd want it, ſo I brought it you, that's all, Sir.

Rav. Oh, Sir, you need not have given yourſelf the Trouble.

Mar. I think it no Trouble, upon my Soul, Sir. Ad! you have very pretty Lodgings here, Colonel; what a very fine Collection of Pictures you have got? Pray who is this at length, Colonel?

Rav. I can't tell indeed, Sir, they belong to the Houſe. Pox take this Coxcomb. [*Aſide.*

Mar. Ho, do they ſo? pray what do you give a Week for theſe Lodgings?

Rav. Prithee aſk me no Queſtions; I don't know. I have

you, 'till you fright me out of my Wits again? Will you promiſe me that?

Don Per. Yes indeed, and indeed I will, you little coaxing Thief you. By St. *Anthony*, thou doſt look wondrous handſome methinks. Od! if I were not to meet ſome Merchants about Buſineſs———

Donna Per. What, then you are going to leave me, my Jewel?

Don Per. But for two or three Hours, my Dear; and then I will ſo buſs it, and love it, and hug it, and ſqueeze it. [*Kiſſes and embraces her.*

Donna Per. Ah! the very Apprehenſion makes me ſick. [*Aſide.*

Don Per. What makes my Dear ſick?

Donna Per. The Duce take his Ears——the Apprehenſion of loſing my dear, little, old Man.

Marg. Well turn'd. [*Aſide.*

Don Per. Thou ſhall quickly have me again, my Jewel.

Marg. Too ſoon, I dare ſwear. [*Aſide.*

Don Per. My Deary, go make much of thyſelf 'till I come back. Here, Seniora *Margaritta*, take care of your Lady. [*Exit.*

Marg. Yes, Senior, a better care than you think for. Come, Madam, now prepare to receive the charming *Engliſhman*.

Donna Per. I think I had better let it alone; do you conſider the Hazard which I run?

Marg. Hazard! are you born in *Portugal*, and talk of Hazard? Why, there is not a Woman in *Liſbon* that wou'd not run twice as much for ſuch a Fellow—Do you conſider the Difference between him and your old Huſband?

Donna Per. Yes, and what I muſt ſuffer too, if I am caught.

Marg. Nay, nay, if Fear throws ſo many Bug-bears in your Way, follow your own Fancy: I'm like to make a fine Penny on't truly——Pray ſend me of no more Fools Errands; I'll carry no more Challenges, if you do not mean to engage: I trifle my Time away ſweetly.

Donna Per. Nay, don't be angry, *Margret*; 'tis not but that I have as much Inclination for that handſome Man

have forgot. Ha! the Door unbolts, which way ſhall I get rid of this Puppy? [*Aſide.*

Mar. Hey day! forgot! that's impoſſible.

Rav. Look ye, Sir, I perceive it is impoſſible for me to anſwer all the Queſtions you may poſſibly aſk at this Time; but in the Evening I promiſe to ſolve all your Interrogatories.

Mar. Nay, nay, Colonel, if I am troubleſome, I'll begone—this Uneaſineſs has a Meaning. [*Aſide.*

Rav. You'll oblige me in ſo doing, Mr. *Marplot*; for I have a Viſit to make this Moment.

Mar. Is it to Man or Woman, Colonel. Come, hang it, you may tell me that.

Rav. Why then, it is to a Lady: Now I hope you'll leave me.

Mar. Ay, ay, with all my Heart; but I may go with you to the Door, may I not?

Rav. Go to the Devil, Sir,—Death, how ſhall I ſhift him off? [*Aſide.*

Mar. How ſnappiſh he is—how the Duce ſhall I manage to find out this Intrigue? Well, well, don't be angry, Colonel: I'll leave you below Stairs.

Rav. Confound his Impertinence. Death, Sir, ſuppoſe I don't go down Stairs, how then?

Mar. How then? Why how then do you intend to make your Viſit, Colonel: you don't go out at the Window, do you?

Rav. No more of your Impertinence, Sir, but be gone, or I ſhall fling you out at the Window.

Mar. Nay, if you be ſo cholerick, your humble Servant. Egad I'll ſecure the Key; I'll know the Bottom of this, if I die for't.

[*Snatches the Key of the Door and puts it in his Pocket, and Exit. The Colonel ſlaps the Door after him, then runs to the Trap-door, pulls it up and deſcends, and pulls it down after him.*]

Rav. This is the moſt intolerable Dog I ever ſaw: Pox take him, there's half a Minute elaps'd.

[*Marplot opens the Door ſoftly and peeps.*

Mar. Egad he's not come out yet, what is he a doing? Ha! I don't ſee him——nor hear him neither——Od, I'll venture in——upon my Soul here's nobody: Why ſure he

he deals with the Devil——here's no Door but this that I can ſee——Is there any Way out at Window?——No, Faith, that's impoſſible, they have all Iron Bars.——What can become of him? O! I have it now, before *George* he's gone up the Chimney, for there's no other Paſſage——It muſt be ſo. [*Peeps up the Chimney.*] Egad the Chimney is large, and eaſy enough to mount; now I have a ſtrong Inclination to follow him—troth and I will too—ſure the greateſt Pleaſure in the World lies in diſcovering what other People take ſuch Pains to conceal—now they may call me impertinent Blockhead——inquiſitive Fool——and ill-bred Puppy——and what they pleaſe, but I'd not quit the Pleaſure of knowing this Secret, for the fineſt Breeding in *France*.——I'm afraid I ſhall ſpoil my Coat—rot him, what a curſed dirty Contrivance has he found out; hold, well thought on——I'll, I'll turn the wrong Side outwards—Ay, that will do. [*Turns his Coat.*] So, now for the Art of Chimney-ſweeping. Egad, Colonel, in ſpight of all your Caution, ten to one but I know your Haunts; Lord, how I ſhall laugh at Night, when we meet, how I will joke upon him. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Goes into the Chimney, and the Scene ſhuts.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, Donna Perriera's *Apartment*.

Enter Margaritta *and* Charles.

Marg. COme, Courage, Senior *Engliſe*, fear nothing.

Cha. I hope you have a better Opinion of my Country, *Seniora*, than to think me afraid; but where is the Lady? the beautiful young Lady, which you told me of, my Dear?

Marg. She's forth-coming, Sir—So, ſee what it is to be ſtricken in Years now, he looks over me, as if I were not a thing of his own Species. Well, Senior, I aſſure you, I have done you no ſmall Service with my Lady, poor young thing, ſhe had ſo many Scruples, but I told her a thouſand Things in your Favour: Seniora, ſaid I, the Cavalier is a fine Cavalier, he is——

Cha. Oh the Devil, if this Jade's Clack ſets a going, there

there will be no End.—I underſtand you, Seniora, pray give me leave to thank you; and to engage you more heartily in my Intereſt, be pleaſed to accept this Token of my Eſteem.

Marg. Ah, Senior, you *Engliſh* have excellent Faculties to pleaſe us Women; I'll ſwear they have exceeding good natural Parts, and readily conceive our Meaning. [*Aſide.*] I'll acquaint my Lady that you are here, Senior. [*Exit.*

Cha. Prithee do—So, I am enter'd, but how I ſhall come off, I am not able to determine: If inſtead of a Lady, there ſhou'd come an old ſurly Dog, with half a Dozen Bravoes at his Back, it wou'd give a ſtrange Turn to my Inclinations; how fooliſhly a Man muſt look upon ſuch an Occaſion; egad ſuppoſe ſomebody ſhou'd be doing me the ſame Favour in *England* now with my Wife, cou'd I be angry? no Faith; if a Man is born to be a Cuckold, 'tis none of his Wife's Fault, and therefore, *Senior, Don*, what d'ye call 'um, by your Leave, if your Wife be handſome———

Enter Donna Perriera.

Ha! here ſhe comes; a thouſand Darts iſſue from her Eyes——what a Forehead's there? her Lips exceed the Redneſs of the Coral———'tis ſure the Queen of Love—Ay, 'tis ſhe, thoſe Dimples in her Cheeks are *Cupid*'s bathing Tubs, and that ſnowy Boſom the Plain he keeps his Revels on—— *Seniora* [*Going towards her.*] The Duce take me, if I can ſpeak to her.

Donna Per. You ſeem ſurpriz'd, Senior.

Cha. Who can look on ſuch amazing Brightneſs, without Aſtoniſhment of Senſe? *Semele*, when *Jove* approach'd her in all his Glory, had not more Cauſe to be ſurpriz'd.

Donna Per. You begin as if we had Years to waſte in Courtſhip, Senior; pray deſcend from your high-flown Raptures; the Gods are no Example, let us talk like Mortals.

Cha. But are you ſure, Madam, that you are mortal?

Donna Per. I'm afraid he'll find me ſo; he's a charming handſome Fellow. [*Aſide.*] By your Diſtance one wou'd imagine that you took me for a Shadow, but you may

may venture to approach, I am Fleſh and Blood, I ſhan't vaniſh. Ha, ha, ha!

Cha. Say you ſo, Madam? why then have at you, I was never afraid of Fleſh and Blood in my Life——Ha! the Devil! a Dagger!

[*Runs to catch her in his Arms, ſhe holds up a Dagger, he ſtarts back.*

Donna Per. Ha, ha, ha! what, do you ſtart at a Dagger, Senior?

Cha. Yes, in a Female Hand, thoſe Limbs were made for ſofter Uſes; and we *Britons* are not wont to ſee our Ladies arm'd with Steel. Love's Combats are fought with Kiſſes in my Country, I know not what his Laws are here.

Donna Per. The Engagements are the ſame, only a little Difference in the Preparation; a Wound in the Reputation of an *Engliſh* Woman, they ſay, only lets in Alimony, but with us it lets out Life: And therefore, tho' we proceed with Caution, a Lover ought to think us ſincere, when we run ſuch Hazards to receive him.

Cha. But to what End is the Dagger, Madam? is it to diſpatch your Lover by Way of keeping the Secret—faith he'll have but ſmall Stomach to eat, that knows he muſt die as ſoon as he has din'd.

Donna Per. No, Senior, by this I wou'd imprint in your Mind the Danger which we are both expos'd to, if we are not both diſcreet; Favours in *Portugal* muſt not be boaſted of.

Cha. Nor any where elſe, Madam; a Man of Honour ſcorns ſo poor a Piece of Treachery; he that owns he ever had a Favour, proclaims himſelf both lewd and fooliſh, but he that points the Woman out is a Villain, and ought to have that Dagger in his Heart.

Donna Per. Nobly ſaid. [*Throws away the Dagger.* That Sentence has diſarm'd and left me at your Mercy.

Cha. Then thus I ſeize, and thus I will revenge the Arts you took to fright me. Ha! her Kiſſes wou'd warm the Dead, I'm all Extaſy. I fancy the next Room is more private, Madam, and I have a Secret to impart of mighty Conſequence, therefore prithee let's withdraw.

Donna Per. Oh happy *Engliſh* Women, that have ſuch Men

Men as theſe plenty. Oh my Heart, I find I have not Power to deny him ——— Open that Door, *Margaritta.*

[*Opens the Door*, Marplot *ſlaps down the Chimney, the Women ſhriek*, Charles *draws his Sword*, Marplot *roars out, the Women run off.*]

Mar. Ah, Zounds I have broke my Leg.

Marg. Ah! Thieves, Thieves. [*Exit.*

Donna Per. Ah! Murder, Murder. [*Exit.*

Cha. Marplot! Which way got you hither? I have a good mind to ſtab you, you Raſcal.

Mar. [*Falls on his Knees.*] Ah, dear *Charles* is it you? Oh forgive me for Heaven's ſake, this was pure Accident, as I hope to be ſav'd; the Devil take me, if I thought of finding you.

[*Within.*] Thieves! Murder! Murder!

Cha. Death, they'll raiſe the Houſe, and I ſhall be taken for a Thief, the Women will ſwear they know nothing of me, I warrant 'em. Rogue, Dog, Poltroon-

[*Beats* Marplot *and Exit into the Cloſet.*

Mar. Nay, good *Charles*,—— Oh, oh, oh, what ſhall I do? Oh Lord, Oh Lord, dear *Charles* take me out with you. [*Exit after* Charles, *and returns.*] Oh, woe's me that ever I was born, he has leapt into the River; was there ever ſuch an unfortunate Dog as I am, to be in Queſt of one, and tumble upon t'other? tho' if I cou'd but get ſafe out, and *Charles* 'ſcape with his Life, the Accident wou'd not diſpleaſe me neither; but if *Charles* be drown'd, I ſhall hang myſelf, that's certain.

[*Within.*] Thieves! Thieves! *Lorenzo, Pedro, Sancho!* where are you all?

Mar. Oh frightful! the whoſe Houſe is up in Arms, which way ſhall I eſcape? ah! methinks I feel a Spado thro' my Guts already: Egad, there is no way but up the Chimney again. [*Runs into the Chimney.*

Enter Don Perriera *and his Wife*, Margaritta, *and other Servants arm'd.*

Don Per. Where are theſe Rogues, my Dear? I'll ſwinge 'em. How many were there?

Marg. We ſaw ten at leaſt.

[*Exit into the Cloſet, and returns.*

Don

Donna Per. Yes indeed did we——with Piſtols and Spadoes, and Heaven knows what. Is my Lover got off clear? [*Aſide to* Marg.

Marg. Without Diſpute, for the Ladder is gone.

Donna Per. What cou'd that Fellow be? I wiſh he was no Spy from my Brother *Don Lopez.* [*Aſide.*

Don Per. Why, where are they all? and which way got they in?

Marg. They all came down the Chimney, Senior.

Don Per. Down the Chimney? Here, Raſcal, ſearch the Chimney.

Marg. Take heed, *Lorenzo*, and kill the firſt you light on—the Dead can diſcover nothing. [*Aſide.*

Lor. Here's one of 'em. [*Pulls* Marplot *out.*

Don Per. Take him alive, I charge you.

Donna Per. Ah! then all will out, and I am ruined. [*Aſide.*

Don Per. How now, Sir, what are you?

Mar. I can't tell what I am, Sir, not I.

Donna Per. 'Tis an *Engliſhman*, and can't belong to *Don Lopez.* [*Aſide.*

Don Per. Can't you ſo, Sir——Death! how came you here?

Mar. Nay, I know as little of that too, for my Part. What will become of me? Theſe Fellows have damn'd murdering Faces. [*Aſide.*

Don Per. Where are the reſt of your Gang, Sirrah?

Mar. Nay, Heav'n knows; wou'd I were with 'em.

Don. Per. Zounds, Sirrah, anſwer without theſe Equivocations, or by St. *Anthony*, I'll have you rack'd to Death.

Mar. I can't think of any tolerable Lie to ſave my Life now. [*Aſide.*

Don Per. Why don't you ſpeak, I ſay? where are the other nine? here were ten of you juſt now.

Mar. Ten! as I hope for Mercy from your Hands, Sir, I ſaw but one; and how he came here, may I be caſtrated if I know. 'Tis true he is a Friend of mine, but I won't anſwer for his Virtue for all that, when there is a handſome Woman in the Caſe; for Beauty is a Temptation, you know, Sir.

Donna Per. Undone! this Fellow knew the other. [*Aſide.*

Don Per. How's this? a handſome Woman——I wiſh my Wife has not a Hand in the Plot. [*Aſide.*

Marg. [*Aſide to* Marplot.] Recall what you have ſaid; not one Word more of the Man you ſaw here, as you hope to live two Hours.

Mar. Ah, wretched *Marplot!* what will become of thee? [*Aſide.*

Don Per. Did you not tell me you ſaw ten armed Men come down the Chimney, Wife?

Donna Per. For my Part I was ſo frighted, my Dear, that I durſt have ſworn I ſaw twenty.

Marg. Ay, ſo did I too, Senior; for People in a Fright ſee double.

Don Per. Pray Heav'n ſomebody had no Deſign to be double. [*Aſide.*] Where is this Friend of yours, Sir?

Mar. What Friend, Sir?

Don Per. Why him you ſaid you ſaw juſt now.

Mar. Ah! that was all a Miſtake, Sir; I did not know what I ſaid, Sir, nor, I believe, did not know what I meant, and I am ſure I did not neither, except I meant myſelf, Sir. Nay, now I think on't, I did mean myſelf, Sir.—Oh Lord, Oh Lord, which Way ſhall I come off? [*Aſide.*

Don Per. Don't ſtammer ſo, Raſcal; I ſhall have no Mercy on you preſently——Did you not ſay you ſaw a Friend of yours here?

Mar. Why, if I did, Sir, I meant myſelf; and there needs no Logic to prove a Man's beſt Friend is himſelf; tho' I am ſure I am my own worſt Foe. Oh! I ſhall ſwoon away with the Fright. [*Aſide.*

Don Per. You ſaid, you knew not how he came here neither.

Mar. Myſelf; again, Sir for as I hope to get ſafe out, I had no more Deſign to come into your Houſe than I had to eat it, Sir.

Don Per. And dare not you ſwear for your own Virtue neither, Scoundrel?

Mar. No really, Sir, no Man knows his own Strength; and I confeſs ingenuouſly, Sir, that a pretty Woman has Power to diſſolve my Reſolutions of Virtue at any Time.

Don Per. Say you ſo, Sir? why then there are Things to be uſed to preſerve Virtue, which I'll take Care to adminiſter.

miniſter. I'll engage you ſhall attempt no Man's Wife for the future. Here, bind his Hands.

Marg. 'Tis a handſome young Man, and no Fool, I wiſh I cou'd tell how to ſave him. [*Aſide.*

Mar. Ah, dear Sir! what do you mean? I deſign upon a Man's Wife! Upon my Soul, Sir, I never had any ſuch damnable Deſign in my Days, Sir.

Don Per. Sirrah, Sirrah, you wou'd not have come down my Chimney for nothing; you are a Rogue I ſee by your Diſguiſe, Sirrah. Bind him, I ſay.

Mar. Diſguiſe! hold, hold, if the Truth muſt out, it muſt; then to deal ingenuouſly——

Donna Per. Ah! now it comes out, I am ruin'd paſt Redemption. [*Aſide.*

Mar. I am very ſubject to an itching in my Nature, to know every body's concerns; and being thruſt out of an Officer's Lodging of my Acquaintance, for my Impertinence, (as he called it) I ſuſpected he had ſome Intrigue on foot; ſo I watch'd his coming out, but finding he ſhut himſelf up, I imagin'd he had got his Miſtreſs with him. So, Sir, I found Means to get in again; but not meeting with him, I fancy'd he had ſome private Way up the Chimney. So, Sir, my confounded Curioſity, with a pox to't, muſt needs try to ſmell him out.—So, Sir, I turn'd my Coat here, to ſave it clean, and up I ſcrambled; but when I came without-ſide, I ſaw nobody there then: Sir, ſomething whiſpered me in my Ear, that he might be got down the next Chimney: So, Sir, that develiſh Deſire of mine brought me down hither, as you ſee, Sir; and this is the Truth, and nothing but the Truth, as I hope for your Pardon, Sir.——Ah! poor *Marplot!* if this brings thee not off, thou art undone for ever. [*Aſide.*

Don Per. A well compact Lie. I'll officer you, with the Devil to you. I ſuppoſe your Countrymen think they have a Licence for Cuckoldom. Do you hear? ſearch the whole Houſe; for this Rogue in Red may lurk in ſome Corner or other, and watch the Opportunity to preſs my Wife to the Service, and think to raiſe Recruits out of my Family: And for you, ſweet Senior Sweep-chimney, the Corrigidore ſhall let you into the Secrets of our Laws in *Portugal.*

Mar. The Devil take all Secrets for me.

Don Per. Lorenzo, go, let him know his Preſence is re-

quired, Come, Sir! I ſhall put you into a ſafer Place till he comes, where there is no Chimney to get out at. *Margaritta*, take care of my Wife—— Hold, now I think on't, I'll eaſe you of that Trouble, and do it myſelf. Go, get in there.

Donna Per. What Fault have I committed, my Dear, to be immur'd? If I had not cry'd out, you had not taken this Villain.

Mar. I wiſh you had been dumb with all my Blood.

Don Per. When he is gone, and the Houſe found to be clear, you ſhall have your Liberty again; therefore no Diſpute, but in, I ſay. [*Exit Donna Per.*] Now bring him along into the next Chamber.

Mar. O you malignant Stars!—— Oh, take Pity upon me, and let me go, or I ſhall die with Vexation, and you'll be acceſſary to my Murder, and that will trouble your Conſcience.

Don Per. Conſcience! you Heretic Dog! Do you talk of Conſcience? Drag him along.

Mar. Heretic Dog! A good Hint, ad, I'll pretend to turn Papiſt. Oh! hear me one Moment, Sir; I do confeſs I am a Heretic, and my Conſcience tells me very unfit to die. Ah! dear Sir, be ſo charitable to afford me a little Inſtruction, and recommend me to ſome Saint that may take care of me in the other World.

Don Per. Oh, *Anthony!* thou haſt touch'd his Heart, and put me upon a meritorious Action—I muſt have Regard to his poor Soul——Well, young Man, ſince I find thou art become the Care of Heaven, I think thee worthy my Regard. I'll ſend for a Prieſt that ſhall inſtruct thee in the Myſteries of our Religion. Come, come along. [*Exit.*

Mar. Ah, for ſome Inſtructions now to get out; here's a little Time gain'd however. [*Exit guarded.*

Marg. Well, by St. *Anthony*, I am much concern'd for him, methinks I feel a more than ordinary Motion about my Heart. Ha! my Pulſes beat quicker than they uſed to do; I am much diſorder'd, but I believe my Diſtemper wou'd not prove dangerous were he my Phyſician; well, if I thought he wou'd be grateful I'd releaſe him. I have a Key will open that Door; beſides he knows my Lady's Gallant, and perhaps they may force him to diſcover who he is, and where he lodges: and if he falls

into

into Don *Lopez*'s Hands, fare him well, and farewell my Fees too; now if I convey him out, I may prevent future Miſchief, and may be get a Love of my own, or at leaſt I cannot fail of Rewards from all Sides. I'll do't, I'm reſolv'd. [*Exit.*

Enter again with Marplot.

Marg. Well Senior *Engliſe*, what think you of finding out Secrets again?

Mar. For my Part I ſhall hate every thing that is but ſpell'd with any one Letter that belongs to it: Have you no Bowels of Mercy for one neither? Ah! Seniora, for honeſt *Charles*'s Sake let me go; you ſee I brought you off, then prithee take ſome Pity on me.

Marg. Fie, Senior, a Lady may compaſſionate your Perſon for your own Sake. To do you Juſtice, you are a clever young Man, and may make your Fortune.

Mar. I wiſh I cou'd make my Eſcape.

Marg. Suppoſe a Lady ſhould take a liking to you, cou'd you be kind?

Mar. Kind! ods heart, is it poſſible for a Man to think of Kindneſs, when the Knife's at his Throat——What the Devil does this old Hag mean? [*Aſide.*

Marg. But ſet the Caſe a Woman ſhou'd procure the Liberty of your Perſon, what Charms muſt ſhe be Miſtreſs of to captivate your Heart?

Mar. Charms! Egad if ſhe had never a Noſe, I ſhou'd think myſelf bound in Honour to be grateful.

Marg. Tho' ſhe was not altogether ſo young?

Mar. Nay, tho' ſhe were as old again as thou art, I wou'd love her monſtrouſly. I fancy 'tis herſelf ſhe means; egad I begin to conceive Hopes of Liberty. [*Aſide.*

Marg. Indeed! and do you really think you cou'd love me, Senior?

Mar. Do you really think you can let me out?

Marg. It lies in my Power.

Mar. Why then t'other ſhall lie in my Will: And to prove my Love, there's Gold for thee, old Girl.

Marg. This is as it ſhou'd be now, nothing like Earneſt, to bind a Bargain——Well, Senior, upon Condition you'll meet me whenever I ſhall give you Notice, I'll take Pity on you, and let you eſcape.

Mar. My Angel, my Life, my Soul, odd I'm wondrous full of Raptures of a ſudden.

Marg. Hark, I hear ſomebody coming, follow me quickly. [*Exit.*

Mar. With all my Spirit. [*Exit.*

Enter Don Perriera *and* Don Lopez.

Don Lop. Stupidity! Give a Villain fair Play for his Life, that wou'd rob you of your Honour! What Buſineſs cou'd this Fellow have in your Houſe? and by ſo clandeſtine a Way as the Chimney? where is he? give him to my Revenge.

Don Per. Not for the World; you wou'd not kill him now, when he is willing to be converted; juſt when his Eyes are opening? that wou'd be to deſtroy his Soul with his Body.

Don Lop. His Soul! I'd rather give a hundred Moidores to have it pray'd out of Purgatory, than loſe my Revenge. Open the Door, I ſay, or I will force it open.

Don Per. I ſay you ſhall not ſee him 'till the Corrigidore comes, I'll deliver him into the Hands of Juſtice; I will not have a Man murder'd without a juſt Cauſe: Touch the Door if you dare, I'd have you know I am Maſter of my own Lodgings.

Don Lop. And I'd have you to know, Sir, that I'll batter your Lodgings about your Ears, before I'll ſuffer in my Honour: Where is this Salacious Woman, this adulterous Siſter, this contaminated Fair-one, this Viper of our Family?

Don Per. Safe enough out of your Reach. I know ſhe's innocent of this, and therefore will preſerve her. Pray mitigate your Paſſion, Senior, and you ſhall have all the Satisfaction in this Matter you can deſire from a Brother.

Don Lop. Brother! Damn the Alliance, I ſcorn the Title.

Don Per. Right, juſt as my Wife ſaid——he does hate me heartily——

Enter Servant.

How now, is the Corrigidore come?

Serv. Yes, Sir, he's without.

Don Per. Bring him in.

Enter

Enter Corrigidore *and Guards.*

I charge you, Senior *Don Garcia Pedro Compoſtello*, to keep the Peace, and protect the Priſoner which I ſhall deliver into your Hands from the Fury of Senior *Don Lopez*, whoſe fiery Temper hurries him on to execute, before he knows the Nature of the Offence.

Cor. Sure you miſtake, Senior; Raſhneſs has no Connection with true Courage; and I look upon *Don Lopez* to be a Perſon of a ſingular good Conduct.

Don Lop. Rot your fawning Praiſe—Do Juſtice, demand your Priſoner; let me ſee the *Engliſh* Dog.

Cor. Nay, Senior, if you are in Earneſt, I am oblig'd by my Office to keep the Peace: diſarm him.

Don Lop. A curſe of your Authority.

Cor. Now, *Don Perriera*, bring out the Offender.

Don Per. That I will. Here, open that Door, and bring him hither.

[*Gives a Key to a Servant; who exits, and returns.*

Serv. Here is nobody within, Sir.

Don Per. How! nobody within? Ah, thou art a blind Booby. [*Goes in and returns haſtily.* Mercy upon me! The Rogue was in the right, there is nobody there, 'twas certainly the Devil, and he's gone through the Key-hole; for no human Creature cou'd get out; bleſs me how I tremble!

Don Lop. The Devil! I wiſh I had met with that Devil, I'd have try'd to have made him mortal for the good of Mankind.

Cor. Pray let's ſee this Room from whence he eſcap'd, perhaps he may be hid ſomewhere.

[*Exit* Corrigidore *with* Don Lopez.

Don Per. O, it is to no Purpoſe, there is nothing to be ſeen.

Corrigidore, *and* Don Lopez *return.*

Don Lopez. Hark ye, *Don Perriera*, if your Wife be not vaniſh'd too, prithee aſk her what Species he was compos'd of; I warrant ſhe can tell you, he had no ſulphurous Scent about him.

Cor. 'Tis very odd; was the Door lock'd are you ſure?

Serv. Yes, Senior, I'm ſure I unlock'd it.

Don Per. I lock'd it myſelf, and have had the Key in my Pocket ever ſince.

Don Lop. But all your Locks are not ſecur'd, by carrying the Key about you, I doubt Senior; I hope I may put on my Spado again.

Cor. Pray be certain of your Criminals, Senior, the next Time you ſend for me. [*Exit.*

Don Per. S'death! am I flouted—I have loſt all Patience, I'd give my whole Eſtate to know which Way this Dog eſcap'd, if he were Fleſh and Blood.

Don Lop. Aſk your Wife that,—Confuſion.

[*Exit in a Paſſion.*

Don Per. My Wife! If I ſhou'd find my Wife guilty, I'd practiſe ſuch unheard of Cruelties on her, as ſhou'd out-do our Inquiſition. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the* Terriera de Paſſa.

Enter Col. Ravelin *and* Charles.

Rav. HA, ha! certainly this Fellow is the moſt miſchievous Rogue that ever liv'd; which Way got he down the Chimney?

Cha. Nay, that's paſt finding out, as alſo what's become of him: I could have cut his Throat with all my Soul juſt then, and yet I can't help being concern'd for him now; I fear he is kill'd.

Rav. I ſhou'd be ſorry for that, tho' in my Conſcience he deſerves it: this buſy Humour of his is as natural to him as his Food; he follow'd me home this Morning. I was forc'd to uſe him very roughly to get rid of him; for you muſt know, I have a Trap-door in my Chimney, thro' which I deſcend into a back Street, where I am conducted by an old Negro to an Angel of a Woman; I had her Summons; and the Hour of Aſſignation was come when he enter'd my Chamber.

Cha. A very unſeaſonable Viſit faith, Colonel.

Rav. Ay, was it not? but I quickly diſpatch'd him, tho' how he ſtumbled upon you afterwards, and in ſo odd a Manner, is a Miracle.

Cha.

Cha. If he lives we ſhall know when next we meet; I never catch'd him in a Lie, which is the beſt Qualification he has. But, Colonel, did not you promiſe to introduce me to your *French* Miſtreſs? What, this Lady incog. has not beat her out by the by, has ſhe, Colonel?

Rav. No, no, ſhe maintains her Ground too well; there's more Danger of my raiſing the Siege, than her beating the Chamade; ſhe has ſo many Retreats of Pride, Vanity, and Affectation, that without ſome lucky Accident toſs a Granade into the Magazine of her Inclination, there'll be no Hopes of the Town.

Cha. Storm, then, Colonel, ſtorm.

Rav. I rather chooſe to block her up and ſtarve her out, ſuffer no Admirer to enter; and if once a Woman of her Temper want the Proviſion of Vanity, ſhe ſurrenders of Courſe.

Cha. An admirable Stratagem, but prithee let me ſee her before you put it in Practice.

Rav. It ſhall be now, if you pleaſe, *Charles*.

Cha. With all my Heart: Is it far?

Rav. At that Houſe yonder.

Cha. Lead the the Way then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Marplot.

Mar. Lead the Way——where the Devil are you going? Now can't I help having a violent Deſire to follow them, tho' I eſcap'd ſo narrowly in my laſt Project: Yonder they go; ha! they are enter'd already, that is no publick Houſe I'm ſure: Egad, may be it is ſome private Bourdel, or what Buſineſs can both of them have at one Houſe? Well, *Charles*, tho' you were ſo barbarous to deſert me in my Afflictions, I won't ſerve you ſo, I'll not ſtir from this Place 'till I ſee you ſafe out—Od, upon ſecond Thoughts I'll knock at the Door, and aſk for him, perhaps three may be as welcome as two.

[*As he is going to knock, enter* Iſabinda *in Boy's Cloaths.*

Iſab. Ha! *Marplot* here, this is lucky. [*Aſide.*] Mr. *Marplot*, fortunately met.

Marp. That's more than I can tell yet, for I don't know you, Sir.

Iſab. Nor wou'd I have you. [*Aſide.*] But you know

thoſe that do; can you tell me where Mr. *Charles Gripe* is to be found?

Marp. Ha! my Mind miſgives me plaguily that this is an Envoy from the old Man's Wife; pray Heaven he has never a Summons from my old Matron too; for tho' I comply'd with all ſhe aſk'd to purchaſe my Liberty, I am ſure I ſhall have no Stomach to perform Articles. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. Don't you hear me, Sir?

Marp. Yes, yes, Sir, I hear you—what the duce ſhall I ſay to him? he muſt not know that *Charles* is gone into yon Houſe; for Women here, they ſay, are curſed jealous, and that may be a Means to have his Throat cut. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. Why don't you anſwer? where does he lodge?

Marp. Where does he lodge?—this muſt be ſome new Intrigue, for doubtleſs t'other knows his Lodgings: Look ye, Sir, one good Turn deſerves another; let me know what Buſineſs you have with him, and according as I like it, your Queſtion ſhall be anſwer'd.

Iſab. Marplot ſtill, I find he's no Changeling. [*Aſide.*] Why then, Sir, if you muſt know, I have a Letter for him from a Lady who is deſperately in Love with him.

Mar. So, here's another Intrigue popt into my Mouth. In Love with him? Prithee, dear Youth, who is ſhe? where does ſhe live? what's her Name? is ſhe Maid, Wife, or Widow? young, or old? black, brown, or fair? ſhort or tall? fat or lean? this Country, or a Foreigner? quick, quick, quick, my dear little Rogue, let me into the Secret, and I'll carry you to his Lodgings immediately—Egad this Diſcovery will make my Peace with *Charles* compleatly.

Iſab. I can only anſwer him theſe Queſtions, Sir; I am no Blab, you muſt excuſe me if I'm ſilent.

Marp. So muſt you me, Sir; I'm no Blab neither, Sir, if you go to that, I'd have you to believe I can keep my Friend's Secrets when intruſted; I don't know his Lodgings; find them out if you can.

Iſab. You are very ſhort, Sir; I have nothing to ſay againſt your Secrecy, but it wou'd be Impudence in me to run the Hazard, beſides foretalling your Friend's Generoſity, he ought to have the Diſpoſal of his own Secrets.

Marp.

Marp. Ay, if it comes into his Hands once, 'twill coſt me more Pains to find it out, than 'tis worth.

Iſab. Pains to find out? I hope you never endeavour to find out what other People wou'd conceal?

Marp. No? Yes to chuſe; why the duce ſhou'd any Man know more than myſelf? We came into the World alike, and I can ſee no Occaſion for his ſuperior Knowledge.

Iſab. I admire you are not for leveling Eſtates too; how can you bear any Man to be richer than yourſelf?

Marp. Oh with Eaſe, my Wealth lies in my Mind; I had rather fathom the Depth of a Man's Thoughts, than his Pocket; yet to ſhew you I can ſuppreſs my Curioſity, let me read the Letter, and I'll excuſe the reſt.

Iſab. It is as much as my Life is worth to open the Letter.

Marp. Pox take his Life—tell me what's in't then, or may I be carbonado'd if you know his Lodgings. I'd give a Finger to have this Intrigue rightly. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. I muſt not let this Fellow know me, if I intend to conceal my being in *Liſbon*; I'll humour him a little, and try what Diſcovery I can make. [*Aſide.*] Well, Sir, if you'll promiſe to be ſecret, I'll let you into this Affair.

Marp. Secret as a Prieſt, Child—Egad I ſhall have it; pray Heav'n *Charles* does not come out before he has done; if he ſhou'd, I ſhould be undone. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. Why, then the Lady I belong to is a rich Merchant's Daughter near the Convent of *Santo Vicente*; her Name is *Donna Cephiſa*, ſhe ſaw your Friend at Church, is extremely charm'd with him, and reſolves to marry him.

Marp. Marry him! ha, ha, ha, ha! poor Lady! why now to return Secret for Secret, he's married already; but perhaps he may prick her down amongſt the reſt of his Miſtreſſes: You underſtand me?

Iſab. Too well—the reſt of his Miſtreſſes? has he ſuch Store then?

Marp. As many as he can well manage, I believe.

Iſab. Oh my Heart! the Danger of intriguing in this Place alarms my Fears, and ſhocks my very Soul.

Marp. What I have ſaid makes you thoughtful, I

perceive; will nobody do but *Charles?* what think you of me?

Iſab. Why, really, Sir, were I a Woman, I ſhou'd prefer you before him, but I can't anſwer for my Lady; if you pleaſe I'll mention you.

Marp. Your moſt humble Servant, Sir—— Egad there may be new Pleaſure in having an Intrigue of one's own, for aught I know, for I never had one in my Life. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. But, Sir, there's one Article in our Agreement which you have not perform'd.

Marp. What's that?

Iſab. Where your Friend lodges?

Marp. Why he lodges at yon green Windows, where if you have any Service from your Lady for your humble Servant, you'll find me there alſo.

Iſab. I kiſs your Hand, I'll do my beſt to ſerve you. [*Exit.*

Marp. Sir, I kiſs yours—I'm glad he's gone before *Charles* came out; this is a nonſenſical Secret, tho' methinks I'd rather know what the Colonel and he is doing in yon Houſe—Shall I knock at the Door or not? If I ſhou'd, ten to one but I do Miſchief—and ſhall be beaten again: To prevent which I'll wait within ſight for their coming out, ſo when they are paſs'd by, I may with more Security make my Enquiry. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to Mademoiſelle* Joneton's *Longings.*

She dreſt fantaſtically modiſh, with her Siſter Marton, *and* Suſan.

Mad. Suſan, bring me the Glaſs.

Suſan. Yes, Madam.

Mad. Don't I look wretchedly to-day, Siſter?

Mart. Your Looks are the ſame to-day they always are, I ſee no Difference.

Mad. How do you mean that, Siſter? that I always look ſhockingly, or how?

Mart. She looks too well for my Eaſe, ſince ſhe's belov'd by Colonel *Ravelin.* [*Aſide.*] I'm ſure your Vanity and Affectation does not put that Conſtruction upon my Words, Siſter.

Mad. Affectation! pray, what am I affected in? nay, take

take the Glaſs away again. [*Enter* Suſan *with the Glaſs.*] My Siſter *Marton* ſays, I'm affected, ſo I will not look in't, to oblige her: Am I not very complaiſant?—One wou'd really think my Siſter of *Spaniſh* Production, ſhe is ſo formal—I ſee no Reaſon why one may not alter and change the Form and Manner of ſpeaking, according to the Company one keeps, as well as the Mode and Faſhion of one's Cloaths———Now when I converſe with my own Sex, I love to indulge myſelf, and let my Words fall from me with Indolence and Eaſe, becauſe their Converſation is inſipid, and we only prattle away Time.

Mart. Inſipid! Ha, ha, ha! pray what reliſh have the Men's beyond ours!

Mad. Oh, that Queſtion is prepoſterous—But you have no Taſte, Siſter, you deteſt Mankind.

Mart. Ay, but the Colonel has found the Way to convert that Notion. [*Aſide.*] I confeſs, Siſter, I never cou'd ſee any thing in theſe lordly Creatures of Force enough to make me ſubmit blindly to their tyrannick Sway.

Mad. But there's a vaſt Pleaſure in making them ſubmit to ours, to make ſo fine a Gentleman as Colonel *Ravelin* obey my Nod, ſigh, weep, and kneel at one's Frown, then give him Raptures with a Smile. The Colonel! Oh! the moſt engaging Man alive—When he comes next you ſhall ſee him, Siſter.

Mart. Not for the *Spaniſh* Mines—I'm too well acquainted with the Colonel, which ſhe muſt not know. [*Aſide.*] Excuſe me, Siſter, I ſhou'd only ſpoil your Converſation.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's Colonel *Ravelin*, and another Gentleman to wait on you, Madam.

Mad. Bring 'em up. [*Riſing in a Hurry, and running to the Glaſs.*

Mart. Ha! the Colonel! oh my Heart: I muſt be gone; I wou'd not have him know me for the World——Well, Siſter, I'll leave you to your deſirable Company. [*Exit.*

Mad. Adieu, ma Soeur.———

Enter

Enter Colonel Ravelin *and* Charles.

Ah! Monſieur le Colonel!———

Rav. Ah Mademoiſelle *Joneton*!———

Mad. Ha, ha, ha! I have a moſt comical Story to tell you, ha, ha, ha! ſuch an Amour, ha, ha, ha! ſuch a Letter, ha, ha! ſuch a Conqueſt;—what makes me ſo merry? I am ſure I have Cauſe enough to the contrary; my poor Paroquet is dead, Colonel.

Rav. Dead!

Mad. Dead, it died upon my Hand, it talk'd and buſs'd me to the laſt Moment; oh my Heart is broke, oh, oh, oh, oh. [*Weeps.*

Cha. So, ſhe's reſolv'd to play over all her Tricks I ſee. [*Aſide.*

Mad. Oh I can't contain myſelf when I think on't, oh, oh.

Rav. Oh unlucky Accident; give her Air.

Cha. In my Opinion ſhe has already too much of that.

Rav. Mrs. *Suſan*, looſe her Lace; within there, bring ſome cold Water. [*Enter Servant with Water.*] She revives; for Heaven's ſake how do you do, Madam? Come, I'll procure you another Paroquet.

Mad. Oh not ſo divertiſant, it had a thouſand pretty Actions; one Day as Monſieur *le Markee de belle Jambe* was entertaining me with a Recital of his Amours—ha, ha, ha! I have a pleaſant Tale to tell you of him too, ha, ha, ha, ha! he's marry'd, ha, ha, ha!

Cha. Upon the Titter again, deliver me from ſuch a Medley I ſay. [*Aſide.*

Mad. To a thirty thouſand Pound Fortune, ha, ha! but the Eſtate lies in Terra Incognita; I have recommended Imagination for his Steward, and Philoſophy for his Equipage ha, ha, ha!

Rav. The Marquis let me into the Secret, ha, ha pray who is the Lady that has done him the Favour?

Mad. Oh my Stars, what ails me? ah Maria Mater, the Room goes round.

Rav. A Chair there, Mrs. *Suſan*; repoſe yourſelf a little, Madam, 'tis only Vapours, and will off again; theſe Affectations in another I ſhou'd hate, but here I'm fated to the Folly.

Cha. Moſt fantaſtical: the Duce take me if I can bring myſelf to the Complaiſance of aſking her how ſhe does. [*Aſide.*

Rav. How do you, Madam?

Mad. Oh much better, Colonel, 'tis impoſſible any Malady can ſtay long in your Company; I admire your Friend can be ſo melancholy with a Companion ſo diverting.

Cha. I confeſs the Colonel is of a ſingular good Humour, Madam, for an *Engliſhman*; we, generally ſpeaking, are dull, heavy, thinking Animals, not mov'd by the loſing of a Father.

Mad. Moſt unpolite! ſuch a Lover as this, wou'd make me as ſplenetic as fourſcore.

Rav. Alas, Madam, he's married.

Mad. Married! nay then I forgive him;—yet upon ſecond Thoughts, I won't neither, for he ought to have left his dogged Humours at Home, and not ſtamp Wife in the Forehead of every Woman he meets.

Cha. He's mad that wou'd ſtamp any thing upon thee I'm ſure. [*Aſide.*] Since I offend you, Madam, I humbly take my leave. [*Going.*

Rav. I beg you wou'd excuſe the Bluntneſs of my Friend, Madam; he's a very honeſt Fellow. Oh that I cou'd look upon her with Indifference. [*Aſide.*

Mad. Oh fie, Colonel, why that Requeſt? your Friend is a fine Geneleman—Nay, you ſhan't go, Monſieur; you being a married Man, muſt underſtand every Thing that belongs to our Sex. [*Runs and pulls him back by the Coat.*

Cha. Heav'n deliver me from the Study. [*Aſide.*

Rav. Ha, ha, ha! poor *Charles*, how he frets. [*Aſide.*

Mad. Here! give me your Opinion, how do you like theſe Cloaths?

Cha. As I like every thing elſe that belongs to them, Madam.

Mad. A very odd Expreſſion that—but don't you think our Airs plus Engageant, than the Ladies in *England*, Monſieur? how did your Lady dreſs to catch your Heart?

Cha. I never minded the Airs of her Perſon, Madam, ſhe had other Charms for me.

Mad. This Fellow will give me the Hip confoundedly, if

if he goes on thus—If all his Sex were ſuch mortifying Animals, what a Number of faſting Days ſhou'd we have in the Calendar: we ſhou'd have no need of Indulgences, Pardons, and Penances. we ſhou'd live Saints, and die without the fear of Purgatory.

Cha. Colonel, you'll excuſe me, if I leave you, for faith ſhe has tired my Patience. [*Aſide to* Rav.

Rav. No, prithee tarry a little longer.

Mad. What are you two whiſpering about? You ſhan't go till you have drank ſome Tea; *Suſan*, get Water for Tea, and ſet the Table ready.

Suſan. 'Tis ready in the next Room, Madam.

Rav. My Friend is a Lover of Tea, and was juſt enquiring of me where I thought the beſt was to be got.

Cha. The Devil take his Excuſe, now there is no getting off. [*Aſide.*

Mad. That I am Miſtreſs of any Thing worth his Admiration, is no ſmall Pleaſure to me; I dare be vain to ſay, I can recommend him to the beſt in *Portugal*, along. [*Sings a Minuet, and dances out.*

SCENE, *The* Terriera de Paſſa.

Enter Marplot *ſolus.*

Marp. Methinks they ſtay a curſed while Egad I'll e'en aſk for *Charles*; the Story this young Fellow brought of a Letter will be a rare Excuſe. [*Going up to the Door.*

Enter Bravo *with a Letter,*

Bravo. What Countryman are you, Sir?

Marp. Countryman, Sir? why I am an *Engliſhman*, Sir, I'm not aſham'd of my Country.

Bravo. I have a Letter for an *Engliſhman*, but thoſe that ſent it don't know his Name.

Marp. From a Lady I warrant? Egad here's another Intrigue of ſomebody's popt in my Way now; I've a good mind to own the Letter, open it and ſee what's in't; but if ſhould come from an old Woman——Pray, Sir, does it come from Youth or Age?

Bravo. From Youth and Fire I aſſure you.

Marp. Becauſe I expect a Summons from a very beautiful young Lady myſelf.

Brav. Your Deſcription is juſt, Sir.

Marp.

Marp. Say you ſo, Sir? why then I believe it is for your humble Servant, Sir. Diſcoveries come thick to-day; I am a lucky Dog, faith.

Bravo. Not unlikely; there it is, Sir.

[*Gives him the Letter.*

Marp. Ah Colonel, ah *Charles*, what wou'd you give to be in my Place now? But hang it, I'm good-natur'd, ſhe ſhall fall to one of your Shares, for I wou'd not give a Halfpenny for the fineſt Woman in *Liſbon* for my own Sake. [*Opens and reads,*] What's here? The Reader is a Villain, and deſerves to have his Throat cut. Surprizing! upon my Soul, Sir, this Letter does not belong to me. I am a lucky Dog now indeed.

Enter Don Lopez.

Don Lop. Upon my Soul, Sir, you lie. Draw, Sirrah, or I'll rip your Guts up. [*Draws.*

Marp. Draw, Sir? for what, Sir? Oh bloody-minded Wretch, what will come of me? [*Aſide.*

Don Lop. For opening the Letter, Villain.

Marp. A pox on my Curioſity——The Devil take the Letter, 'twas none of my ſeeking, the Fellow ſaid it was for an *Engliſhman*, an, an, an I did not know but it might have been for me, as well as another, I aſk your Pardon with all my Heart.

Don Lop. Rot your Compliments; if it had come from my Siſter, it had been for you, Sir; therefore draw, or by St. *Anthony*———

Marp. Siſter! as I hope to be ſav'd, Sir, I know never a Man's Siſter in the Univerſe.

Don Lop. Cowardly Dog, [*beats him.*] dare to lie with a Man's Wife, and not dare to fight for her?

Marp. Mercy upon me, I lie with a Man's Wife! Oh, Sir, you are the moſt miſtaken in me that ever you was in your Days, Sir; upon my Faith, I never knew what Woman was, nay, Sir, I never car'd for a Woman, that's more———But indeed here are two or three Gentlemen of my Acquaintance very much given that Way.

Don Lop. Are there ſo, Sir?

Mar. Oh exceedingly——now I won't ſwear it is not one of them.———I wiſh I were fairly rid of him. [*Aſide.*

Don Lop. Your Safety depends upon your Information. Let me know where to find them, and you ſhall live.

Enter

Enter Col. Ravelin, *and* Charles *behind them.*

Marp. Thank you heartily, Sir, —What a curſed Premunire I have brought myſelf into now, for egad I'll not tell where *Charles* lives, if I die for't ——— I'll, I'll, I'll tell him a wrong Place, I'm reſolv'd.

Don Lop. Come, where do they lodge? What are you ſtudying for? ha! [*Slaps him.*

Marp. I, I, I, I, can't think of the Name of the Street for my Blood—it is,—it is,—what d'ye call the Street when you turn the Corner of your Right Hand, and then turn again of your Left, and then again of the Right, and ſo back by the Left, an, an, an, ſo, an, an, acroſs the what d'ye call 'em, an, and——

Don Lop. No equivocating, Sirrah.

[*Holds the Sword to his Breaſt.*

Cha. I thought it was *Marplot*'s Voice. [*Draws.*

Rav. Since he lives, we'll preſerve him. [*Draws.*

Mar. Ah, good Sir, I, I, I, I, I, ——— Ah *Charles*, dear *Charles*.

Rav. Guard your Life, Sir, or ceaſe to affront this Gentleman.

[*They beat off* Don Lopez, *and the Bravo.*

Marp. Victoria! Victoria! Faith Gentlemen you came in the lucky Minute, or I had been a dead Man.

Rav. Nay, in my Conſcience I believe thou'lt never die in thy Bed. Which of your inquiſitive Actions brought this upon you?

Cha. Was this your Chimney Adventure, or another?

Marp. No faith, this was another about a damn'd Letter, and cuckolding ſomebody, and debauching that *Spaniard*'s Siſter, and the Devil knows what; I wiſh one of you two is not at the Bottom of this.

Rav. Ha, ha! Come *Charles*, we'll to your Lodgings, where he ſhall give us the whole Relation of his Adventures.

Marp. With all Sincerity ——— and I have ſomething elſe to tell you, *Charles*; there's a Lady in Love with you, and has ſent you a Letter; but mum, you ſhall promiſe to let me into the Secret, or you ſhall know no more on't.

Cha. How briſk the Rogue is again already! I thought you might have had enough of Secrets.

Marp.

Marp. Oh, the Mind you know is never ſatisfied.
Were all the Joys that Nature could beſtow
Within my Power to taſte, I'd rather know
What every Man endeavours ſtill to hide;
And having that, wou'd care for nought beſide.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, Charles's *Lodgings.*

Enter Charles, *Col.* Ravelin *and* Marplot.

Rav. A Very pretty Account, ha, ha, ha! what do you expect will be the End of your Curioſity, *Marplot?*

Marp. No good in this Country I fear, yet for my Blood I can't help it.

Cha. What, can't you help dogging People, and opening Letters of no concern to you?

Marp. O' my Soul, I have made Reſolutions upon Reſolutions to the contrary, but to no Purpoſe; there is a tickling Deſire runs thro' my Veins, which is always craving as my Stomach——and makes theſe Diſcoveries as neceſſary as my Food. Tho' faith I never mean any Harm——why this Letter now, who the Devil dream'd of a conſumed Challenge?

Rav. You ſhould always dream of the worſt, Sir.

Marp. That's not my Maxim, Colonel; methinks ill Luck comes faſt enough. Look ye Gentlemen, 'tis as much your Fault as mine, if you wou'd take me with you, or tell me the Bottom of Things, I ſhould trouble my Head no further; but here you leave me in the dark, and nothing to do, but entertain my Fears, which are ſtrong for my Friends; and moſt of the Miſchiefs I do, proceed from my Concern for their Safety; and here I got thump'd and beaten for my good Intentions, and that's all, on every Side.

Cha. And all you deſerve; ha, ha, ha!

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a Gentleman below enquires for you, Sir, he has Buſineſs for you from *England*, he ſays, Sir.

Marp.

Marp. From *England!* who the Devil can this be now? [*Aſide.*

Cha. Bring him up.

Enter Iſabinda.

Iſab. I have a Letter and Packet for Mr. *Charles Gripe.*

Cha. I am the Perſon, Sir. *Robin,* reach a Chair; pray be pleas'd to ſit, Sir. [*Opens and reads the Letter.*

Marp. From *England!* Ha, ha! Sir your humble Servant; why this is the very Gentleman I told you of, *Charles* ——So, ſo, well, well, and how does *Dona Cephiſa?* What, ſhe will have him then? and nobody elſe? what does ſhe ſay to you, *Charles?* ha? How does ſhe write? ha? Nay, egad you ſhall let me into this Buſineſs, Mun——for I have been chief Promoter of it I am ſure, therefore no ſhuffling, *Charles.*——

Cha. No, no, I ſcorn it, *Marplot*; there, read, read. [*Throws him the Letter.*

Marp. Why that's civil now——Let me ſee how theſe *Spaniſh* Dames expreſs themſelves—My deareſt Life—Humph——As frank and fond, as if it came from an Inhabitant of *Covent Garden,* egad——I hope this will find you ſafely arriv'd in *Liſbon* ——ha, *Liſbon* ——why what the Devil does ſhe mean? Let's ſee what's at Bottom: from your ever loving Wife, *Iſabinda Gripe.* A murrain *Gripe* you ——Piſh, pox, I wonder'd you was ſo ready to ſhow it me indeed. [*Throws it down.*

Cha. Ha, ha! what, does not the Secret pleaſe you?

Marp. Pleaſe a Fiddleſtick; why, what did this young Dog mean? Egad I wiſh *Charles* wou'd beat him for the Diſappointment. [*Aſide.*

Cha. Pardon my Memory, Sir, I have ſeen your Face ſomewhere, but cannot recollect where. [*To* Iſab.

Iſab. Heav'n continue his Ignorance. [*Aſide.*] Very likely, Sir, I have liv'd moſt of my Time in this Place.

Mar. Ay! why how in the Name of Wonder did he come by this Letter then? [*Aſide.*

Iſab. A Factor to my Uncle, Sir *Francis Tradewell,* from whom I receiv'd that, with Orders to deliver it to you.

Marp. Oh, ſo it came. [*Aſide.*

Cha. I know Sir *Francis* very well, and for his Sake, Sir, I ſhou'd be proud of being better acquainted with you.

Iſab.

Iſab. Sir, you honour me———

Marp. Pies of his Acquaintance, I ſay. [*Aſide.*

Rav. I hope your Lady's well, *Charles.*

Cha. At your Service, Colonel ——— ſhe has ſent the Papers I told you I forgot; now I ſhall diſpatch my Buſineſs very quickly, ſhe longs to ſee me, ſhe ſays—'tis a poor good-natur'd Tit, and I lov'd her heartily 'till I married her; but whether her over-fondneſs, or the eaſy Acceſs every Man has to his Wife, takes off the Edge of my Appetite, but methinks I ſee her not with half that Deſire I us'd to do, when I ſcal'd her Window for a Kiſs; the Memory of it is ſtill pleaſant.

Marp. Ay! my Shoulders remember that Time too.

Iſab. Ungenerous Declaration! 'tis very unjuſt in my Opinion to ſlight the Thing that loves you, I'm ſure 'tis what I could not do.

Marp. I fancy you never try'd the matrimonial Strength of Inclinations yet, Sir, therefore can be no Judge: Nature abhors Conſtraint.

Rav. Ay, ay, Inconſtancy is a Fault in Nature, and who can help it?

Cha. Right, Colonel! and when you marry Mademoiſelle *Flutter* yonder, you'll have a Proof of what I ſay.

Marp. Mademoiſelle *Flutter*, who's ſhe? I never heard of her before. [*Aſide.*

Rav. Let her look to that—I thought *Charles*'s Wife had been a Favourite of yours, Mr. *Marplot*, but I don't hear you make the leaſt Enquiry after her Health.

Marp. Look ye, Colonel, I hate to be balk'd, for that puts every thing out of my Head,—Hark ye, what did you mean by telling me ſuch a confounded Story upon the *Terriera de Paſſa*, of a rich Merchant's Daughter, *Donna Cephiſa*, and I can't tell who? What, was it all but a Sham then?

Iſab. Why really, Sir, you was ſo inquiſitive, that I had no other Way to diſmiſs you, and it is not my Cuſtom to let one Man into the Affairs of another.

Rav. Poor *Marplot*, thou art balk'd every way; ha, ha!

Marp. Well, there was never good Times ſince this ſhuffling and lying came in faſhion.

[*A Letter tyed to a Stone, is toſs'd in at the Window*; Charles *takes it up, and reads to himſelf.*

Marp.

Marp. Hey day! where the Devil came that from?
[*Runs to the Window.*

Iſab. I fancy it came from that Fellow, which looks up yonder; [*Seeming to look out.*] there is nobody elſe near —Ha, my Eyes deceive me, or he belongs to ſomebody in the Houſe where I lodge—I'll home, and make the beſt Obſervation I can in this Matter. Ah, poor *Charles*, theſe Courſes are more dangerous than thou art aware of; I'll not diſcover myſelf yet, perhaps I my ſatisfy my Curioſity better as I am. [*Aſide.*

Rav. An Aſſignation, *Charles*; ſend thee better Fortune than laſt Time.

Cha. 'Tis from the ſame Woman, Colonel—No, no, 'tis only ſome roguiſh Boy, toſſing Stones about in Pieces of his Copy-Book.

Marp. Humph, but that Sham won't take tho'. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. Oh well diſſembled—Sir, I'm your humble Servant.

Cha. Sir, I hope I ſhall have the Honour to ſee you here again.

Iſab. Sir, the Honour will be mine. [*Exit.*

Enter Ravelin's *Servant.*

Serv. The Trap-door is unbolted, Colonel.
[*Half aſide.*

Marp. What's that of a Trap-Door now? Odds Heart here's two confounded Intrigues on foot, and I am out at both, and they'll be hang'd before they'll let me into one of them. [*Aſide.*

Rav. I'll be there immediately. [*Exit Servant.*

Marp. Where, Colonel? I wiſh I cou'd ſplit myſelf in half now, that I might follow them both.

Rav. Again at your Impertinence? Ha, ha!

Cha. He can't help it for his Soul.—Tho' we take different Poſts, I fancy 'tis one and the ſame Action. Proſperity to you's.

Rav. The ſame to thine. Mr. *Marplot*, adieu.

Marp. What ſhall I do between both? Pox on't, 'tis very unlucky——Then you won't let me into the Secret, Colonel?

Rav. Poſitively no. [*Exit.*

Marpl. Nay, nay, nay, *Charles*, you won't both leave me, will you? [*Catches hold of* Charles.

Cha.

Cha. Indeed, *Marplot*, I have extraordinary Buſineſs.

Marp. Do but tell me what it is, nay, tell me but ſomething relating to't, and I'm ſatisfy'd.

Cha. Why then to be ingenuous, the Letter which was toſs'd in is a Challenge, and I am going to ſeek for a Second; now if you cou'd fight, you'd ſave me the Labour.

Marp. Ah, the Devil take it, that I never learn'd to fence.—Why did you not engage the Colonel?

Cha. Becauſe I ſaw he had Affairs of his own to purſue.

Marp. What wou'd I give for Courage now!—Pies on't, what is it that makes Men ſo ſtout? Egad I'm ready to weep to think I can't ſerve my Friend; I have the Theory of fighting, methinks—I only want the practic Part.

Cha. So, I have found the Way to drop him at laſt—well, I hope you are ſatisfied.

Mar. Satisfied! no faith, *Charles*, I am not ſatisfied. Ods life, I'll tell you what I can do, I'll charge my Brace of Pocket Piſtols, and ſhoot him—if you will.

Cha. Oh fie, there's a diſhonourable Action, indeed.

Marp. The Devil take Honour when Life's concern'd, what will a Man get by it?

Cha. I have not Time at preſent to clear that Queſtion. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Marp. Farewell! Egad 'twou'd be faring very ill tho', if he ſhou'd be kill'd. I wiſh I knew where to find Colonel *Ravelin*.—Oh Lord, oh Lord; I never thought to aſk *Charles* where this Duel was to be fought, and then whither cou'd I ſend him? Well thought on, yonder he goes; I'll follow till I fix him, and then I'll ſoon call Company enough to part them—Egad I love my Friend, as I love my Life. [*Exit.*

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Charles *with a Rope-Ladder*, Marplot *at a Diſtance.*

Cha. Let me ſee, ſhe has chang'd her Apartment, ſhe has ſent me Word—her Window now is over the Door, this muſt be it. [*Throws up his Ladder, which falls down again.*

Enter Margaritta.

Marp. Humph, I ſee what kind of Challenge it is now; a Man

a Man muſt have a rare fighting Stomach, that will ſcale the Window of his Antagoniſt.

Marg. Here, here, Senior, the Coaſt is clear, come in at the Door boldly, my Lady is all Impatience to ſee you.

Cha. Mine is the greateſt; in, in my dear. [*Exeunt.*

Marp. [*Sings.*] Ah, put her in mind how her Time ſteals on——Oh, *Charles*, the Devil a Second did you want; that was only a Sham to get rid of me. Ha, ha, ha! how comically Things jump in my Way! I'll ſecure the Ladder tho' for him; this is a great Houſe, but whoſe it is, is the Query? If I thought I ſhou'd not have my Bones broke, I wou'd make bold to enquire——who

Enter behind him Don Perriera, *and* Don Lopez.

have we here? They ſeem in deep Conſultation——Oh bleſs me, one of them is the Bloody-minded *Spaniard*; egad it is not ſafe to be ſeen. [*Exit between the Scenes.*

Don Per. I have done all you order'd me to a Tittle, and have taken Leave of my Wife for three Days, under Pretence of Buſineſs at St. *Ubes*.

Don Lop. That's well. I can't find who this Villain is, but I warrant we ſhall have him faſt enough. Now do you return, and cunningly convey yourſelf into the Anti-chamber Cloſet; there lie concealed, he'll not be long abſent, if he's not there already; in the mean time I'll wait in the Street, with two or three truſty Fellows, that ſhall diſpatch him if he falls in our Way. [*Exit.*

Don Per. And if I find myſelf a Cuckold, Fire, Blood, and Brimſtone, if I catch 'em, I'll ſend them both to the Devil. [*Exit into the Houſe.*

Marplot *comes forward.*

Marp. Mercy upon me, what an Oath was that? Why certainly, they think Murder a venial Sin here, and make no more of killing a Man, than cracking a Nut. This is certainly *Charles* which they threaten, for the old Cacademon is gone into that Houſe. Which way ſhall I give *Charles* Notice of his Danger? I have a good mind to cry out Fire; but when they find there is no ſuch Thing, they may burn me perhaps. Hark, I hear ſome-body coming, 'gad I ſhall be beat again.

[*Exit. Enter on the other Side.*

My

My Fear hears double, I think, I can ſee nobody.—Odd I'll make Uſe of this Ladder; he talk'd her Apartment was over the Door, ſo that perhaps I may give him Warning at the Window, and he may come down the ſame Way.—Oh Lord, which is the Houſe, now? Is it this, or this, I wonder? Choke me if I can tell; what a blundering Sot was I not to take better Notice! this muſt be it certainly. [*Seems to throw up the Ladder between the Scenes, and Exit.*] Heav'n ſend me good Luck, for I tremble horridly. [*Exit.*

SCENE *draws and diſcovers* Marton's *Apartment.*

Marton *and Colonel* Ravelin.

Rav. Nay, this is ſtarving a Man in Sight of Plenty; how many times have you put me off with Excuſes and fair Promiſes of the next Time?

Mart. And how often have you ſworn Conſtancy, Colonel?

Rav. Humph! Look you, Madam, I am a true Proteſtant, and have a mortal Antipathy to Confeſſion; I bear the Queen's Commiſſion, and will [illegible] all that will fairly liſt under me; then let me have no more of theſe little Jealouſies; I'll make as good Proviſion for thee as for any Lady in *Portugal*, ſo prithee let's come to a right Underſtanding: if thou art plagu'd with an old ſuperannuated Huſband, who wants a young Fellow to aid and aſſiſt him, here he ſtands; if thou'rt a Widow, and wants one to manage the Affairs of Love, I'll give you my Word you can't have a better; I'm an Arithmetician, as well as a Soldier, and can caſt accompts as faſt as any Man: And if thou'rt a Virgin, egad I'm as good an Engineer. [*Embracing her.*

Mart. You have miſtaken your Plan, and may raiſe the Siege, Colonel, for you'll ne'er carry the Town this Way; I own I love you, and if I ſaid with more Sincerity than ſhe, I fancy I ſhou'd not injure her Paſſion; my Birth's as noble, my Fortune not leſs; you give me ſome Proofs indeed, that my Perſon falls ſhort of her Charms to engage the Heart of Colonel *Ravelin.*

Rav. Thy Perſon? Thy Perſon is a charming Perſon, and my Heart, and all the reſt of the Appurtenances, are

at thy Service, my Dear; thy Birth and Fortune are Things indifferent, ſo no more to be ſaid about them.

[*Hugging her.*

Mart. Will you marry me then?

Rav. Ah! what a Turn's there? Who cou'd have thought, after thy Manner of proceeding, thou would'ſt have aſk'd ſuch Security; why thou art an Uſurer in Love, but prithee uſe Conſcience; don't expect a Man to be a Slave all his Life. Marriage! why what confounded Extortion is that! Ods Heart, thou art more mercenary than an Agent; look ye, Madam, I'll give you Heart for Heart, and I think that good lawful Intereſt, and thou ſhalt have my Body for Performance of Articles.

Mart. Ah, Colonel, you'll bring a Habeas Corpus, and remove it as ſoon as the Campaign begins. I don't like theſe Priſoners at large.

Rav. And great Souls hate Reſtraint.

Marplot *in the Balcony.*

Marp. I have him faith—ah, how cloſe they are! egad, it grieves me to part e'm—but there is no Help for it.—Fly, *Charles*, fly, there's the Devil and all of Plots againſt you—here, here, give me your Hand, come this Way through the Window.

Mart. Oh! a Man at my Window! Oh! my Reputation is undone for ever. [*Faints into a Chair.*

Rav. How's that? a Man? [*Looks up and ſees* Marplot.

Marp. The Devil! The Colonel!—Zounds, I am certainly bewitch'd——I, I, I, had as good have fall'n into the Hands of *Turks* and *Tartars*. O Lord, O Lord, my Ladder is gone, what ſhall I do now?

Rav. Marplot! 'Sdeath you Son of a Whore, I'll make an Example of you, to all inquiſitive Raſcals in the Univerſe. [*Strikes at him with his Sword.*

Marp. Ah, Colonel, for Heav'n's ſake ſave my Life; upon my Soul you'll make me break my Neck, for I hang only by my Hands; may I be ſlic'd into Collops, if I knew any thing of your being here; certainly I am the moſt unfortunate Fellow breathing.

Rav. Zounds, come down, Sirrah, and ceaſe your bawling, or I'll ſhoot you thro' the Head.

[*Pulls out a Pocket-Piſtol.*

Marp.

Marp. Oh, oh, oh! I will, I will, I will, dear Colonel. [*Comes down.*

Rav. For Heaven's ſake, Madam, don't be frighted! 'tis an honeſt fooliſh Fellow of my Acquaintance; there's no Danger of your Reputation, my Angel. [*Runs to* Marton.

Enter Mademoiſelle Joneton.

Mad. What Noiſe was that? ha! what do I ſee? my Siſter and the Colonel? ah, ah! [*Faints.*

Rav. Confuſion! ſhe here? I'm betray'd: What, ho, within there.

Mart. Ha! my Siſter! nay then I'm compleatly wretched. [*Aſide.*

Marp. Nay now we ſhall be murder'd—Oh Lord, what do you mean by calling out, Colonel?

Rav. 'Sdeath, what did you mean, Raſcal, by coming here? This Miſchief is all owing to you. I have a good mind to cut your Throat. [*Runs to* Marton.] Madam, Madam; ods Heart was ever Man in this Condition? What ſhall I do between 'em? Run, Sirrah, and call ſomebody. [*Kicks him.*

Marp. Lord, Colonel, have a little Patience; ſee, ſee, ſhe revives.

Mad. Is this your Reſervedneſs, this your Modeſty, this your hating Mankind, Siſter?

Rav. How's that, her Siſter? I have made a fine Piece of Work, faith: Raſcal, I cou'd find in my Heart to break your Bones. [*Boxes him.*

Mad. You have decent Inclinations for a Nun; you had a mind for a Taſte of the World before you left it, Siſter.

Mart. The World—the World is ſurfeited with your Impertinence, and I wou'd avoid taſting what may breed a Fever, but I reſolve to let nothing ruffle that Calmneſs with which my Soul's poſſeſt at preſent, for this Day ſhuts me from the World and you for ever. [*Exit.*

Marp. What does ſhe mean by that now? But Colonel, *Charles* will be kill'd.—Upon my Soul, Colonel, *Charles* is in Danger.

Rav. What do you mean? 'Sdeath I'll toſs you out the ſame Way you came in, you long to ſpoil all.

Marp. Spoil the Devil—I tell you he is in one of theſe Houſes, I ſaw him go in, and heard an old Cuckold ſwear what he'd do if he caught him with his Wife; and then egad went into that very Houſe. My Eagerneſs to give, *Charles* Notice of the Danger, tumbled me a-top of you a Pies on't. Egad I think no Man meets ſuch barbarous Returns for his Good-nature, as I do.

Rav. Nay, if *Charles* is really in Danger, I beg your Pardon with all my Heart, Mr. *Marplot.*

Mad. What is this Conſultation about? Et bien Monſieur, who are you thinking of?

Rav. Of you, Madam; Inclination and Honour holds Diſpute, Inclination chains me to your Preſence, but Honours calls me to the Reſcue of my Friend: And I hope his Diſtreſs will excuſe my abrupt Departure. Adieu. *ma chere Ange.*

Mad. And will you then precipitate yourſelf into Danger? This Gentleman will go.——

Marp. She's very charitably inclin'd towards me, I thank her. [*Aſide.*

Mad. Won't you, Sir?

Marp. Why look ye, Madam, I, I, I will go with all my Heart, but, but, but, but,——

Rav. But a ſingle Arm is weak Aſſiſtance, where the Danger is ſo ſtrong——beſides it wou'd be a Reflection upon my Honour.——You are my Guardian Angel, if you ſmile I ſhall return in Safety. [*Exit.*

Marp. Faith is the main Point of Religion: Pray take me into your Protection too, Madam. [*Exit.*

Mad. So, he is gone then; now wou'd not I give a Diſh of Tea for a Lover that I cou'd not make ſacrifice every thing to me. Theſe *Engliſhmen* have too much Senſe to make Huſbands of:

For only he ſhou'd to our Sex be dear,
Who from a Look is capable of Fear.
The Man of Courage lords it every where. [*Exit.*

SCENE *the inſide of* Don Perriera's *Houſe.*

Enter Donna Perriera, Charles *and* Margaritta.

Donna Per. I like the Deſcription you have given me of *England* extremely, and envy the pleaſant Life your Ladies

Ladies live. I wiſh their Huſbands cou'd teach ours their Complaiſance.

Cha. We had rather teach their Wives, Madam, who have much more Docility.

Donna Per. We! Why, are you in the Number of marry'd Men?

Cha. I have a Breviat to act as one, Madam, in the Abſence of your Huſband, if it is not your Fault. Come, my Angel, we ſhall be interrupted again.

Donna Per. Why! you have no more Friends to come down the Chimney, have you?

Marg. If you have, I waſh my Hands of him; no more Deliverance from me, I aſſure him. I hate to have a Scheme balk'd, that is ſo well laid.

Cha. No, no, Seniora *Margaritta*; what I apprehend is the Return of your Maſter.

Donna Per. He's ſafe for three Days, which Time I expect you'll paſs with me. I have ſeveral Doubts to be reſolv'd, and as many Articles to make, ere I give myſelf entirely to your Power.

Cha. What Agreements are we to make, I wonder? All Secrets, I ſuppoſe. The next Room is more private, I fancy; there I'll do my endeavour to ſolve your Scruples.

Donna Per. Margaritta, bring Wine and Sweetmeats into the next Room.

Cha. Well thought on.

The amorous Feaſt of *Cupid* ſoon wou'd cloy,
If *Bacchus* did not join the fainting Boy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Perriera.

Donna Per. Margaritta, bring Wine and Sweetmeats.

Don Per. And is it then true at laſt? am I a Cuckold? Oh Vengeance! Vengeance! Oh *Anthony*, thou Guardian Saint of *Liſbon*, give me Patience; let me have chriſtian Charity upon their Souls, for I ſhall have no Mercy upon their Bodies. I have ſent for two Prieſts to take their Confeſſions, and then they die: Here I'll wait their coming; ſhou'd I enter, my Eyes wou'd let looſe my Revenge too ſoon: 'Tis enough that I have

them ſecure, and that my Ears have heard a Man's Voice with this vile Adultreſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* Terriera de Paſſa.

Enter Iſabinda *ſola.*

Iſab. As I ſuſpected, he is here in this Houſe; thro' the ſovereign Power of Gold I have diſcover'd all; but for my Eaſe, wou'd I had been ignorant ſtill. O *Charles*, who can boaſt of Honour, that ſtarts not at the Breach of Vows? Who have we here?

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Methinks I never went ſo heavily of an Errand in my Life; I am ſorry for this *Engliſhman*, and heartily ſorry for my Miſtreſs; for, to give her her due, ſhe is the beſt-natur'd Woman to her Servants living: And faith I can't blame her for loving this Gentleman better than that old gouty, pthiſicky, crook-back'd covetous Hunks my Maſter.

Iſab. Ha! this is the Servant which I brib'd. Of what Errend is he ſent? [*Aſide.*

Lor. What Saint ſhall I invoke, to ſave this wretched Pair? I know ot. *Anthony* is engag'd on Don *Perriera's* Side —— Let me ſee, there is ſome She-ſaint that has been a Sinner this Way herſelf; if I cou'd think of her Name, ſhe'd be the fitteſt Perſon to do their Buſineſs.

Iſab. Their Buſineſs! Oh, my boding Heart foretells ſome Miſchief. *Lorenzo* ——

Lor. Ha! Who's there?

Iſab. 'Tis I, fear not: What is the Cauſe of your Complaint?

Lor. Oh! is it you, Senior? Oh, your Countryman's undone. My Maſter pretending to go to St. *Ubes* for three Days, conceal'd himſelf in the Houſe unknown to every body, and has diſcover'd all. I am ſent this Moment for two Monks from the Convent of Sante *Vincente* to confeſs the Criminals, and then you know what follows.

Iſab. Death! Oh. Diſtraction! Which, oh, which Way, ye Powers, ſhall I ſave this perjur'd Man?

Lor. Ay, dear Sir, think, if it be poſſible.

Iſab. Oh *Charles!* little doſt thou think how dear thy unlawful Joys are purchas'd; three Lives for a momentary Bliſs. For, in ſpite of all the Cauſe thou haſt given me, thou'rt ſtill as dear as Virtue to my Soul, and Life without

out thee is not to be borne. Oh, hear me, Heaven, that knows my chaſte Deſires, and pity the Diſtreſs that tears my Breaſt: inſtruct me how to ward this fatal Blow, and ſave a Man that may return to thee. Ha! methinks I feel the inſpiring Thought, and Hope begins to feed the Springs of Life——*Lorenzo*, firſt bring the Prieſts to me. If you perform this Buſineſs with Succeſs and Secrecy, I'll double twice this Sum. [*Gives him Money.*

Lor. May I meet the Fate deſign'd for them, if I'm not faithful to you. [*Exit.*

Iſab. If by this Plot I ſave this perjur'd Man,
I give the greateſt Proof of Love that Mortal can.
[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Don Perriera *ſolus.*

Don Per. WHAT a curſed while this Raſcal ſtays; if he comes not inſtantly my Rage will get the better of my Reaſon, and I ſhall diſpatch the foul Adulterers without Confeſſion.

Enter Lorenzo, *and* Iſabinda *in a Prieſt's Habit, and one of the Prieſts with her.*

Lor. I have obey'd your Orders, Senior, here are the Prieſts.

Don Per. But very ſlowly, hang-dog. [*Strikes him.*

Prieſt. Peace be to you, Son. [*Ex.* Lor.

Don Per. That's not your Buſineſs, Father; try if you can adminiſter Peace to my falacious Wife and her young Amouretta within there: but do you hear, Father, diſpatch the Buſineſs of their Souls as ſpeedily as I will that of their Bodies: But if Heaven has no more Mercy than I ſhall have, your Labours might have been ſpar'd.

Prieſt. Speak not ſo irreligiouſly——which is the Room? Keep your Diſtance. [*Ex. Prieſt and* Iſab.

Don Per. Make haſte then, or I ſhall take your Work out of your Hands. Now let me conſult my Inſtruments of Death, for I'll have no Bounds to my Revenge. I'll, I'll, I'll, flea 'em alive.

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* Donna Perriera *and* Charles.

Donna Per. Is it the Unreaſonableneſs of my Requeſt, or the

the Smallneſs of your Reſpect, that cauſes this Heſitation, Senior? ſure if I give myſelf entirely to your Arms, I may deſerve to be freed from the Embraces of a Wretch I hate. I'll not be chargeable to you in my Paſſage, I have Jewels of a conſiderable Value to defray that Expence; I inſiſt upon a Promiſe, that you will convey me to *England*, and then I am yours.

Cha. Why then to deal ingenuouſly, Madam, I am married in *England*, and ſhan't well know how to beſtow you there——But whilſt I am here, Child, I am thine.

Enter Iſabinda *and Prieſt.*

Donna Per. Oh, we're undone, this Hour is our laſt.

Cha. Ha! what are you? [*Laying his Hand to his Sword.*

Prieſt. Our Habits ſhew what we are, and your Guilt what you have need of.

Cha. Prieſts! Nay, then our Condition is worſe than I expected.

Iſab. Come, Son, conſider the great Work you have to do, Death waits without, therefore examine yourſelf within.

Cha. The Work muſt be all my own, Father, I have no Occaſion for a Journeyman, ſo you may ſpare your Pains.

Prieſt. How, a Heretick! Alas poor Soul, how much it troubles me.

Cha. Pray Father expreſs your Trouble ſomewhere elſe, I have no Faith in your living Doctrine, and reſolve to have nothing to do with you in Death, therefore don't trouble me——Is there no Way to eſcape? and muſt I die cowardly? No, that I will not. [*Draws.*] The firſt that advances dies; I'll have Company at leaſt.

Iſab. A weak Defence, alas, ſhou'd I deſert him—— Put up your Sword, in pity to your Ignorance, and in Hopes of converting you to the true Faith, I'll deliver you from this Hazard.

Cha. But can you ſave her too?

Iſab. How, Son! is this a Time to dream of future Pleaſures?

Cha. I'll give you mine Honour, Father, never to ſee her more; but as I am Partner of the Guilt, I wou'd not have the Puniſhment be only her's.

Iſab.

Iſab. Well, I'll endeavour to preſerve her too; obſerve my Orders well, turn your Face, here put on this Garment, my Brother there will conduct you to a Place of Safety, where I deſire you'll wait till I come; look not behind you, nor ſpeak as you paſs to the Huſband of that Lady.

Cha. This Prieſt is an honeſt Fellow. [*Puts on the Cloaths.*] Nothing like the Habit of Sanctity to cover cloſe Deſigns, I ſhall obſerve your Directions moſt religiouſly, Father.

Prieſt. Come, Son, your Hand—Madam, I leave you one to comfort your Diſtreſs. [*Exeunt Prieſt and* Charles.

SCENE *ſhuts, then draws and diſcovers* Don Perriera *liſtening.*

Don Per. How ſtill they are at Confeſſion! I fancy the Penance I ſhall enjoin them will quicken their Voice. So, [*Enter Prieſt and* Charles.

ſo, your Parts are done then, Fathers? now for mine.

Prieſt. Done! I'm afraid, Son, you are not right in your Senſes, you have given us the Trouble of coming to confeſs two Adulterers, you ſaid; but how you can make two Women ſuch, I leave to you, for there is no Male Thing in that Room by my Prieſthood; take care you put no more Affront upon our Cloth. [*Exit.*

Don Per. Women! I'm amaz'd! Women! Egad I'm raviſh'd, tranſported, nay, tranſlated methinks above the Stars; I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, od I know not what I am, I'm ſo glad to find myſelf no Cuckold——Ah, but how ſhall I look my Wife in the Face tho' for having blam'd her wrongfully? Ay, there's the Devil now——Pox take her Brother for inſtilling theſe Jealouſies into my Head, I fear ſhe will never forgive me—and indeed 'tis more than I deſerve—Oh that ever I ſhou'd ſuſpect her Virtue.

SCENE *draws and diſcovers* Donna Perriera *on her Knees to* Iſabinda.

Donna Per. Oh, Madam, you have ſet Vice and Virtue in their proper Light, from whence I ſee the Deformity of one, and the Beauty of the other; your generous Forgiveneſs is all I want, to raiſe my Soul above a ſecond Fall. I have injur'd you, but——

Iſab. No more of that; the good Inclination which you ſhew wipes out all Faults with me, and your Perſeverance will give you as large a Share in my Breaſt, as if you never had

had offended. Riſe, Madam, I hear the Door unlock, prepare your Huſband according to my Direction, and leave the reſt to me.

Enter Don Perriera.

Don Per. Ay, there they are—both Women by Saint *Anthony*—that ever I ſhou'd be ſuch a Dunce to think myſelf a Cuckold—which Way ſhall I ſpeak to her now? Oh, my poor dear innocent Lamb is all in Tears, nay thou haſt Cauſe to weep, that is the Truth on't.

Donna Per. What have I done, my Dear, that you ſhou'd expoſe me thus?

Don Per. That thou haſt done nothing at all to merit it, is my Grief.—Nay do not weep, thou wilt break my Heart, indeed thou wilt; I wiſh with all my Soul thou had'ſt cuckolded me; I think in my Conſcience I cou'd forgive thee now.

Donna Per. What Reparation can you ever make me, for the Stain you have caſt upon my Fame? expos'd me to the Prieſts! cou'd you have found no other Way?

Don Per. I was to blame indeed, Wife; Oh forgive me, [*Falls on his Knees*] or my Heart will burſt: Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Iſab. Nay, now, Madam, you muſt forgive him.

Don Per. Ay do, dear Madam, intercede for me; I'll never riſe, except my dear virtuous Spouſe will ſay ſhe pardons me.

Enter Don Lopez *with his Sword drawn.*

Don Lop. What! Hangman like, are you aſking Pardon ere you diſpatch her? I'll lend you a helping Hand, ſince you are not Maſter of your Reſolution.

[Don Per. *riſes haſtily, and catches down a Blunderbuſs, and cocks it at* Don Lopez.

Don Per. Zounds, put up your Sword, or by Saint *Anthony*, I'll ſhoot you thro' the Head.

Donna Per. Do you ſtart, Brother? Cou'd you inflict that on me which your own Courage ſtarts at? Cruel Man.

Iſab. A Brother ſhou'd rather reconcile, than blow the Coals of Striſe; 'tis barbarous in Strangers, but much more ſo, in thoſe ally'd to us by Blood: Revenge, tho' juſt, excludes Religion, and he that purſues it, poiſons all his Morals, and impudently affronts that Power which gave him Breath to threaten.

Don Lop.

Don Lop. Hey Day! what Philoſophy have we here?

Don Per. Out of my Lodgings, I ſay, without one Queſtion more, and never ſet Foot into them again, as you hope to keep your Guts in. I'll be plagu'd with no more of your Jealouſies, I warrant you.

Don Lop. Fine! your Lodgings!—but hear me, Don, dare not, for your Soul, ſay you match'd into my Family, or you Miſtreſs,—boaſt of any Blood of mine, as you value thoſe Eyes—for from this Day I hold you as a Baſtard, and may Perdition ſeize you both. [*Exit.*

Don Per. Was ever Man ſo plagu'd? Come, dry thy Eyes, my Dear, and mind him not; I'm glad I'm rid of him—and if thou doſt but forgive me now, by this Kiſs I'll ne'er offend again. [*Kiſſes her.*

Donna Per. Then I am happy.

Don Per. Pray Wife, who is this Lady?

Donna Per. Heav'ns! what ſhall I ſay now? [*Aſide.*

Iſab. Hold, Madam,—Let me intreat your Preſence, with your's, Sir, in my Apartment, which is directly under this, and that you would ſuſpend your Curioſity 'till that Time.

Donna Per. This is certainly an Angel in Diſguiſe. [*Aſide.*

Don Per. We'll wait on you.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's Mademoiſelle *Joneton* to wait on you.

Don Per. Bring her up.

Iſab. I'll take my leave, and ſhall expect you with Impatience.

Don Per. The Deſire of knowing how to treat you as I ought, Madam, will give me Wings to follow you. [*Exit* Iſab.

Enter Mademoiſelle Joneton.

Mad. My Dear, I'm glad to ſee you—O Senior, are you there? Pray, when do you intend to return to your Houſe? will it never be finiſh'd? It is enough to murder one to come up this high—Poſitively I'm as much out of Breath as a Trumpeter. Ah peſt, it has given me a Colour like a Cook-maid.

Don Per. Thou art more impertinent than a Valet de Chambre—My Houſe will be finiſh'd next Week, Madam,

dam, and 'tis to be hop'd theſe Diſorders which you complain of will ceaſe.

Mad. Very probable they may—I am horribly chagreen'd to-day, my Dear, I have made twenty Viſits within this Hour, and can meet with no Converſation to my Goût: the Vanity of the Men gives me the Spleen, and the Inſipidneſs of the Women makes me ſleepy—I came juſt now from my Lady *Betty Triſle*'s, where I ſet the whole Room a Yawning; ha, ha, ha!

Donna Per. Impertinence——— a Perſon of your polite Converſation, muſt not expect to be diverted every where: How does your Siſter, Madam?

Mad. Alas! ſhe's dead.

Both. Dead!

Mad. Metaphorically ſpeaking, ſhe has inclos'd herſelf, where ſhe intends to mortify with Hymns and ſpiritual Songs, and has left me the whole World to range in.

Don Per. And I warrant you think that but a Garden.

Mad. If the Sea cou'd be drain'd, 'twou'd make a very pretty Park, Senior.

Don Per. Humph! this is a Woman of a copious Fancy—Well, my Dear, I'll go before you. [*Exit.*

Donna Per. Not for the World. Madam, if you pleaſe, ſince you are upon the viſiting Pin, I'll introduce you to a new Acquaintance—I'd rather take her with me, than ſuffer him to go without me.

Mad. With all Satisfaction, I love new Acquaintance extremely; is it a Man?

Donna Per. No; a Lady.

Mad. What has ſhe to recommend her?—But no Matter, I'll wait on you. The Devil take this Colonel, I can't get him out of my Head; I'm half afraid, I endure him more than I imagin'd. [*Aſide.*

Donna Per. Madam, will you give me Leave to wait on you down? [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* Charles *ſolus, in* Iſabinda's *Apartment, looking about.*

Cha. What will be the Iſſue of this Affair, Heav'n knows. To what End am I order'd to ſtay here, under the ſame Roof? and why is this Prieſt ſo long a coming? My Mind miſgives me, it was no Prieſt—but ſome Rival, jealous

jealous of her Favours, found the Way to ſurprize us, and contrary to the Cuſtom of a *Portugueze*, has Honour enough to diſpute it with me fairly; faith I wiſh that may be the worſe on't.

Enter Colonel Ravelin, *and* Marplot.

Marp. Egad, here he is—*Charles*, I'm glad to find you alive with all my Blood ———

Cha. The Devil! Ha! Colonel *Ravelin* there too! you ſurprize me? how did you find me!

Rav. By *Marplot*'s Direction, you know he's a very good Finder, he aſſur'd me you wanted my Aſſiſtance—

Marp. Ah, *Charles*, which got the better in the Duel, ha? what Weapons did you fight with.

Rav. I can't tell what Engagement thou haſt been in, *Charles*, but by thy Looks, I fancy it hath not pleas'd thee.

Cha. I have run ſome Hazard ſince I ſaw you, Colonel; but if I had caught you dogging me, I'd have hamſtring'd you, Raſcal ———

Marp. Very fine—See what a Man gets for his Good-will now—But if I had not thought you in Danger of Hamſtringing, and Heartſtringing too, the Devil a Step wou'd I have fetch'd. I'm ſure the old Cuckold frighted me out of my Wits with his Threats, and the Colonel here has almoſt broke my Bones, and all for you——and thus you reward me.

Cha. The old Cuckold? what do you mean?

Marp. Nay, let the Colonel tell you what I mean, for my Part, I'll have nothing to do with you, as long as I live again—Bleſs me, what do I ſee? The very old Dog that ſwore by Fire, Blood and Brimſtone, he wou'd ſend you to the Devil—Oh Lord, oh Lord, draw Gentlemen, draw, put yourſelf upon your Guard, *Charles*; oh, dear Colonel, ſtand by him; ods Life I tremble ſo, I cannot get my Sword out for my Blood———

Enter Don Perriera.

Cha. Ha! what are you, Sir? [*Draws.*

Rav. Get you behind me, you timorous Puppy. [*Draws.*

Don Per. What do you mean, Gentlemen, to murder me?

Cha. I mean that you ſhan't murder me, Sir.

Don Per. You, Sir! I don't know you, Sir,

Marp. Not know him, Sir, what a confounded lying old Thief

Thief you are. I'll take my Oath I heard you and that bloody-minded *Spaniard* threaten what you'd do to this Gentleman, if you catch'd him in your Houſe; egad, *Charles*, knock him down.

Don Per. Oh, Mr. Sweep-chimney, are you here? St. *Anthony* defend me, what Ambuſcade am I tumbled into? This was certainly my Wife's Gallant, and has impos'd upon the Prieſts, as well as me, in Petticoats, and now has trapan'd me here to murder me——Help, Murder, Treaſon, Murder, Help———

Cha. Ceaſe your Bawling, old Lucifer, or expect no Mercy. [*Points his Sword to his Breaſt.*

Rav. Confeſs your Deſign, and produce your villainous Gang, and they ſhall have Satisfaction equal to their Merits.

Don Per. Gang! By St. *Anthony*, I have no Gang; I came hither to wait on the Lady who belongs to this Apartment, but little thought of meeting with my virtuous Wife's Gallant. I ſuppoſe I am decoy'd hither to have my Throat cut, therefore come on both of you, old as I am, I yet can ſtand a Puſh. [*Draws.*

Marp. Oh, oh, Murder, Murder. [*Runs off.*

Don Per. I wiſh I had known you in Petticoats.

Cha. Ha, this muſt be *Don Perriera*; but what does he mean by Petticoats? Hold, Sir,--what is the Lady's Name of this Apartment?

Don Per. I know not; it was to be informed of that I came, but I ſuppoſe you are the Lady, Sir.

Rav. This ſhallow-brain'd Whelp has made a damn'd Blunder here—this is a very odd Riddle, Sir, pray——

Enter Marplot *running.*

Marp. Ah! a Ghoſt, a Ghoſt, a Ghoſt———

Don Per. St. *Anthony* defend me, a Ghoſt? where? [*Croſſes himſelf.*

Enter Iſabinda, Donna Per. Mademoiſelle, *and* Margaritta.

Oh, Madam, is it you? this is the Lady I came to wait on, Gentlemen.

Cha. Ha! ſhe here! [Marg. *whiſpers* Cha.

Marg. That Lady in the Habit of a Prieſt, deliver'd you——do you know her?

Cha. Know her? yes—delivered by my Wife!——

Mad. The Colonel here too? I'm not diſpleas'd with this Viſit. [*Aſide.*

Rav. My Miſtreſs!—a pretty kind of Rencounter. [*Goes to her.*

Cha. Oh let me fly into thy Arms, my *Iſabinda*, my charming Love, thou holdeſt more Virtues in thy Breaſt, than thy whole Sex can boaſt: Canſt thou forgive me, *Iſabinda?*

Iſab. As freely as thou can'ſt aſk it; but huſh, we ſhall be obſerv'd; let not the Company know this is our firſt Meeting. I was loth to truſt the Writings with Strangers, ſo brought them myſelf.

Cha. Thou art all Goodneſs.

Iſab. I thought I heard Murder cry'd out, as I enter'd, Senior.

Don Per. Why, truly, Madam, if you had not come as you did, I was in Danger of my Life here.

Cha. 'Twas only a Miſtake, my Dear: I aſk your Pardon, Sir.

Marp. Egad, and ſo it is; a Pox of my Zeal——

Don Per. Pardon, Sir? This is a very odd Miſtake, Sir.

Iſab. I hope all Miſtakes will be clear'd, Sir. I know you lov'd my Father, Sir *Jealous Traffick*; and ſo for his ſake, I hope you'll know my Huſband.

Don Per. What! my old Friend? yes faith will I; Sir, I am yours; but I muſt kiſs your Wife. My Dear, why did not you tell me who ſhe was before?

Donna Per. A good Reaſon, becauſe I did not know it. [*Aſide.*] You ſaw ſhe forbad me, my Dear.

Marp. Now, you are all acquainted, I'll tell you how I came to miſtake this Matter: I did not know this was a Houſe of Lodgings, and that my Friend had remov'd hither, till I found him out by Accident, upon my Honour, Senior——

Cha. The Rogue will ſtumble out an Excuſe.

Don Per. Honour! Pray, Sir, upon your Honour tell me how you got out of my Room?

Marg. For your Soul, no Squeaking—[*Aſide to* Marplot.

Marp. No, no; never fear me. Egad, what ſhall I ſay now? Why, Sir, you muſt know I am a Chymiſt, and have found out a Secret that will open and ſhut all Locks whatever; that help'd me out, Sir.

Don Per.

Don Per. Say you ſo, Sir? Pray will you communicate?

Marp. Not for your whole Eſtate, Sir.

Don Per. I'll have this Fellow ſent out of Town, for by the Help of this Secret he'll cuckold all the Men in *Liſbon*.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! what a Lie has he lit of ——Colonel, won't the Lady capitulate upon honourable Terms?

Rav. She deſires two Days Conſideration, a great while for a Man to faſt, that is almoſt ſtarv'd already.

Mad. Well, Colonel, to ſhew you that I am good-natur'd, I'll put it to Arbitration.

Cha. Nay, then, Madam, we ſhall all give it againſt you.

Don Per. What's here, a Wedding on foot? Prithee let's have it juſt now to reconcile all Differences, and, tho' I have not danc'd theſe forty Years, I'll take a Turn among you.

Marp. So! I'll be hang'd if this is not *Mademoiſelle Flutter* now. Pox of theſe matrimonial Intrigues — but egad we will have Dancing—I'm reſolv'd. [*Exit.*

Rav. Faith, Madam, the Cannon of Conſtancy is a heavy Carriage, and if I ſhou'd ſummon my Senſes to a Council of War, and make Reaſon Judge-Advocate, 'tis odds but I raiſe the Siege.

Mad. Well, Colonel, if I ſurrender Priſoner of War, remember I expect to be generouſly us'd.

Rav. You ſhall have no Cauſe to complain.

Omnes. We wiſh you Joy, Colonel.

Don Per. Now for a Dance.

Enter Marplot.

Marp. And I have brought the Muſick. [*A Dance.*

Cha. Come, Colonel, Marriage is the only happy State, when Virtue is the Guide.

Iſab. In vain we ſtrive by haughty Ways to prove
Our chaſte Affections, and our duteous Love.
To ſmooth the Huſband's rugged Storms of Life,
Is the Deſign and Buſineſs of a Wife;
Men from Example, more than Precept, learn,
And modeſt Carriage ſtill has Power to charm.
After my Method, wou'd all Wives but move,
They'd ſoon regain, and keep their Huſbands Love:
Our kind Indulgence wou'd their Vice o'ercome,
And with our Meekneſs ſtrike their Paſſions dumb.

THE

THE PLATONICK LADY.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

QUEEN's THEATRE

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

PROLOGUE.

By Captain *Farquhar*.

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*.

Rejoice, ye Fair, the Britiſh *Warriors come*
Victorious o'er, to your ſoft Wars at home.
Each Conqueror flies, with eager Longings fraught,
To claſp the darling Fair, for which he fought.
He lays his Trophies down before thoſe Eyes,
By which inſpir'd, he won the glorious Prize.
Prouder, when welcom'd by his generous Fair,
Of dying in her Arms, than conquering there.
O! cou'd our Bards of Britain's *Iſle but write*
With the ſame Fire with which our Heroes fight:
Or cou'd our Stage but repreſent a Scene,
To copy that on great Ramilla's *Plain;*
Then we with Courage wou'd aſſert our Plays,
And to your glorious Laurels join our Bays.
But our poor Pegaſus, *a Beaſt of Eaſe,*
Cares not for foraging beyond the Seas:
Content with London *Provender, he flies,*
To make each Coxcomb he can find, a Prize:
And after trudging long, perhaps he may
Pick up a Set of Fools, to furniſh out a Play,
To make him eat, and you to entertain,
That for his Safety fought beyond the Main.
Your Courage there, but here your Mercy ſhew;
The Brave ſcorn to inſult a proſtrate Foe.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

TO you, the Tyrant Criticks of the Age,
To you, who make ſuch Havock on the Stage;
Aſſault with Fury every coming Scene,
Like Heroes arm'd at Ramillies, *or* Turin.
Whilſt vanquiſh'd Wit, ſhrunk from her native Glory,
Like the cow'd Gaul, *too weakly ſtands before ye.*
Since then the Poets play this Leſing-game,
I, a poor Suppliant in the Muſes Name,
Beg to avert our trembling Author's Fate;
And, like the ſad Bavarian *Advocate,*
Reſiſtance vain, we to your Mercy fly,
And court you now to lay your Thunder by.
Of ſlaughter'd Wits let the Effuſion ceaſe,
We, like the humble Lewis, *ſue for Peace.*

EPILOGUE.

Deſign'd to be Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, but came too late. Written by the Author of *Tunbridge-Walks*.

WHat mighty Pains our ſcribbling Sot has ſhewn,
To ridicule our Sex, and praiſe his own,
As if we Women muſter'd all our Charms,
To tempt an odious Fellow to our Arms.
One Lady proves ſo fond, or rather mad,
She'd fain confeſs a Child ſhe never had.
Alas! how many Nymphs about this Town,
Have pretty Moppits, that they dare not own?

Then

EPILOGUE.

Then a Weſt-country Damſel trots to Town,
And talks of Paint, falſe Hair, and Rumpt-up Gown,
Things which to Men ſhou'd never be reveal'd,
But equally with Cuckoldom conceal'd.
Yet, tell me, Sirs, don't you as nice appear,
With your falſe Calves, Bardaſh, and Favrite's here?
[Pointing to her Forehead.
Nay, in Side-Boxes too, I've often known,
'Mongſt Flaxen-Wigs, Complexions not their own;
Who hiſs good Plays, and to Camilla *fly,*
Draw out their Pocket-glaſſes, ſquint, and cry,
[Sings.] Theſe Eyes are made ſo killing, *&c.*
Young Templars too, with upſtart forward Graces,
When Pummice-ſtone has travell'd o'er their Faces.
March hither, where Mobb'd-Hoods too often ply,
And want a Lodging, tho' ſix Stories high;
Where the fond Youth the modeſt Dame implores,
And at Day-break ejects her out of Doors.
Some Cheapſide-Bobbs too trudge it to our Play,
Faith Jack, *this* Hay-Market's *a curſed Way,*
What ſignifies the Quality or Wits,
The Money, Daniel, *riſes from our Cits.*
Who, like Cock-Sparrows, hop about the Benches,
And court, with Sixpences, fat Orange-Wenches.
In ſhort, you Men have more fantaſtick Ways,
More Follies, than can e'er be ſtuft in Plays:
But ſince all Satire's for your Mirth deſign'd,
Excuſe all Errors, which to-night you find,
And to this Play be generous, juſt, and kind.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

By Mr. *Norris* as Drawer.

YOur Servant, Maſters, I'm ſent on a Meſſage,
From ſome deſponding Ladies in the Paſſage,
They wait your kind Approaches to the Roſe,
And want—— Hark'e——— a Supper I ſuppoſe; [Softly.
And who this Day cou'd no Affair tranſact,
Begg'd me, to paſs my Word for the laſt Act,
Aſſuring me, that when the Play was done,
It ſhou'd be worth to me full half a Crown:
We Drawers are Men of Parts in our Vocation,
And countenance the crying Sins o'th' Nation,
That is, ſince Vice firſt grew a Recreation:
We imitate the hungry Lawyer too,
Take Fees on both Sides, and both Juſtice do,
I mean, if we think proper to do ſo;
Nay, we're in Fee with them, and on occaſion,
Are ſent to witneſs ſome damn'd Obligation.
Thus all the World by different Ways wou'd thrive,
And fooliſh Poets think by Plays to live,
They're the worſt Cuſtomers that we receive;
They ſcore, and ſcore, and brag of a third Day,
And then they'll certainly——— hum——— never pay.
Much more I have to ſay, but never ſtir—— [Bell rings.
O lack, I'm wanted at the Bar——Coming up, Sir.
[Runs off.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *Thomas Beamont*, Uncle to *Beamont* and *Lucinda*,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Sir *Charles Richley*, contracted to *Iſabella* when young,	Mr. *Booth.*
Captain *Beamont*, under the Name of *Belvil*, in Love with *Lucinda*,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Sharper, a Man of the Town.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Robin, Servant to *Belvil*,	Mr. *Pack.*
Equipage, Servant to *Sharper*,	Mr. *Norris.*

WOMEN.

Lucinda, Niece to Sir *Thomas*, in Love with *Beamont*,	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Iſabella, an Heireſs, in Love with *Beamont*, but contracted by her Father to Sir *Charles* in her Childhood,	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Mrs. *Dowdy*, a *Somerſetſhire* Widow come to Town to learn Breeding,	Mrs. *Willis.*
Toylet, Woman to *Iſabella*,	Mrs. *Bignal.*
Betty, Maid to *Lucinda*,	Mrs. *Mills.*
Peeper, Maid to Mrs. *Dowdy*,	Mrs. *Lee.*
Mrs. *Brazen*,	Mrs. *Bullock.*

Mantua-Women, Milliners, Match-makers, Tire-Women, Singing-Maſters, Dancing-Maſters, Porters, *&c.*

SCENE, *LONDON.*

THE

THE PLATONICK LADY.

ACT I.

Enter Mr. Sharper, *and* Equipage *his Man.*

Equi. AS I was saying, Sir, I have advanc'd the Expences of our Summer's Expedition from *Epsom* to *Tunbridge*, from *Tunbridge* to the *Bath*, and from thence to *London* here; where instead of Board-wages, I have liv'd upon Hopes that some of these Places wou'd furnish you with a Bubble, and me with Money; but I see no Appearance of it: Therefore pray let you and I discount.

Sharp. Prithee, *Equipage*, have but Patience to see what this Winter produces.

Equi. No, Sir; the Affront you put upon me at *Tunbridge* I can't forget, when you had lost fifty Guineas to the Knight upon Honour, and pretended you had sent me Post to *London* to your Escrutore for the Money, and that I had robb'd you and run away with your Keys; when you ordered me to keep out of the Way till he had left the Town.

Sharp. Thou know'st I had no other Quibble to avoid paying the Debt, and quitting the Place with Honour: Come, don't reflect upon my Misfortune; we have seen better Summers.

Equi. In troth, Sir, I thought *Bath* promis'd well; I am sure 'twas very full of Company; and if you had not fallen in Love, you might have paid me out of the Subscription.

Sharp.

hang me if I am not very unwilling to part with thee: I will not turn thee away; go get my Cloak.

Equi. Turn me away! why, 'tis not you that turn me away, 'tis I that turn you away, if you go to that.

Sharp. Well, well, we won't diſpute about that; thou ſhalt not leave me.

Equi. Be pleas'd to pay me then; for I deſign the Money for my Wife's Jointure: Look ye, Sir, here's the Receipt ready.

Sharp. The Devil's in the Fellow, I think; thy Noddle runs of nothing but thy own Buſineſs; prithee let's think a little of mine. Mrs. *Brazen* the Match-maker is to help me to a *Somerſetſhire* Widow worth fifty thouſand Founds; ſhe's juſt come to Town.

Equi. But pray, Sir, conſider my Buſineſs.

Sharp. I tell you, I am in haſte to ſee her.

Equi. 'Tis done in one Word, Sir; my Wages.

Sharp. Well, ſince you are ſo reſolute, we will part, tho' it trouble me never ſo much. Give me the Receipt: Let's ſee how you have drawn it.

Equi. There, Sir. [*Gives it him.*

Sharp. Now begone; I diſcharge you.

Equi. But my Wages, Sir.

Sharp. Ah, *Equipage, Equipage*, the parting with thee ſoftens me even into Tears. If I ſtay I ſhall unman myſelf: Farewell. [*Exit.*

Equi. The Devil! did not I know him well enough not to truſt him with the Receipt till I had the Money? But, egad, I'll be even with him one Way, I'll have his cowardly Bones well beaten, if my Project takes. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Iſabella's *Lodgings.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Toylet.

Toy. I can't imagine from whence proceeds this Change. You that us'd to love Parks, Plays, Balls, Drawing-Rooms, Picquet, Baſſett, and ſuch nice Converſation: You'd not endure my Lady *Lockup*, becauſe ſhe entertain'd you with nothing but railing at her Servants; of their Waſte, and her good Houſe-wifry; nor Mr. *Self-love*, becauſe he always got to the Glaſs before you; my Lady *Wrinkle* laid on too much White, and my Lady *Blouze* too much Red; and Mrs. *Coquet* engroſs'd the whole Com-

Sharp. How muſt I have liv'd like a Gentleman then, Sirrah? I ſhall break your Head.

Equi. I have done upon that Subject, Sir; I only deſire my Diſcharge and Wages; that's all.

Sharp. Do you know what you aſk, *Equi*? A Gameſter and a Soldier are both Sons of Fortune; now to quit my Service, is directly to embroil yourſelf with Fortune.

Equi. I have been embroil'd with her from the firſt Day I enter'd into your Service: but I thank my Star, I am above Fortune, and deſign to forſake the World.

Sharp. Ha, ha! forſake the World!

Equi. Yes, Sir, I have lately made ſome moral Reflections on the Uncertainty of worldly Pleaſures. I am weary of being well beaten, and ill fed; of paſſing the Night at a Tavern Door, and the Day in carrying Meſſages from one Miſs to another. In ſhort, Sir, I am weary of the ſubſervient Title, without the ſubſervient Money, and reſolve to marry; that is, when I can find a Woman that deſerves me.

Sharp. A difficult Matter truly.

Equi. So it is, Sir; but this Digreſſion makes you forget that there is a ſmall Rule in Arithmetick to be adjuſted. I have ſerv'd you theſe eight Years at twenty-five Crowns a Year, which in plain *Engliſh* is forty-two Pounds Sterling; of which I have received now and then a broken Pate: Nevertheleſs there remains two and forty Pounds; which I deſire you'd give me immediately, Sir.

Sharp. Two and forty Pounds——a great deal of Money——eight Years Service; Mercy upon me! How have I had Patience to endure this Dog ſo long?

Equi. How have I had Patience to ſtay thus long for my Wages?

Sharp. Are not you a Rogue, Sirrah?

Equi. Yes, Sir.

Sharp. And deſerve to be hang'd?

Equi. As Affairs ſtand now it ſeems. Whilſt I was ſilent I was a very honeſt Fellow; but now I aſk for my Wages, I'm fit for the Gallows: Faith, Sir, you might be a Duke by your Conſcience.

Sharp. Well, Sirrah, you know I am good-natur'd; hang

pany: My Lady *Prattle* fill'd your Ears with the Beauty and Wit of her Children.

Iſab. And is there any thing ſo diſagreeable on Earth, as the Sayings of Miſs and Maſs repeated? But what of all this?

Toy. Why then, I wreck my poor Brain in finding out why you ſpend ſo much Time with your Country Couſin, Mrs. *Dowdy*; who is the very reverſe of every thing you us'd to admire.

Iſab. Charity, *Toylet*, perfect Charity. You know my awkward Couſin wants Inſtructions: She's left a rich Widow, and comes to *London* on purpoſe to dreſs and make a Figure.

Toy. Born and bred in *Somerſetſhire*; never five Miles from Home before, wore the Cloth of her own ſpinning, deign'd to make her own Butter, paid the Labourers their Wages on Work days, and took a Jigg with them on Holy-days. She will make a Figure indeed, by that Time the Faſhion-mongers have done with her. Pardon me, Madam, if I can't help thinking you have ſome ſtronger Motive than Charity.

Iſab. What does your Wiſdom gueſs?

Toy. Why, truly, Madam, I ſhould gueſs your Ladyſhip may have ſome ſmall Pulſe for the handſome young Officer that Mrs. *Dowdy* is ſo much afraid you ſhould ſee, and thruſt you into the Bed-Chamber, when he came into the Dining-Room: I remember with what Fury you catch'd up the red-hot Poker, and burnt a Hole through the Door to look at him: *Belvil*, I think they call his Name.

Iſab. Upon my Life thou haſt hit it, Girl; I'll not conceal my Plot, ſince I deſign thee chief Inſtrument. If you remember, I told you that five Years ſince I was in *France*; and my Mother's Siſter being of the *Romiſh* Perſuaſion, had enter'd herſelf among the *Auguſtines* in *Paris*: She over-perſuaded me to board there too, hoping (I ſuppoſe) from her Endeavours to make me quit my Religion, and make myſelf a Nun. During my Abode there, this very Gentleman us'd to make me frequent Viſits at the Grate; the firſt Time I ſaw him he came along with another that paid a Compliment to a young Lady of the ſame Convent: Our Acquaintance held near two Months. 'Twas then, *Toylet*, that I felt the Force of Love, but not

not without a thousand Protestations of the same from him. But my Father hearing of my Aunt's Design, and apprehending my Youth, (for I was then not full sixteen) might be prevailed upon to change my Faith, sent for me to *England* in such Haste, that I was not permitted to stay one Hour in the Monastery after the Messenger arrived; so had no Opportunity to inform *Belvil* of my Departure.

Toy. I presume you've kept a Correspondence ever since.

Isab. No, I knew not how to direct to him; he told me he had been bred in the *Spanish-Netherlands*, and came to *France* only for his Pleasure: his Parents (he said) were *English*, and he spoke the Language very well.

Toy. Nor did not you inform him of your Family?

Isab. He often prest it, and I promis'd to satisfy him; but my Father's unexpected Commands broke all our Measures; and from that Day, till I saw him here, I never heard of him.

Toy. And what is your Design now, Madam? I fear he is a Man of Gallantry: besides you know he makes Love to your Cousin; you cannot love him still sure?

Isab. Indeed I do; nay more, can love nothing else.

Toy. What will you do with Sir *Charles Richley* then? who your Father upon his Death-Bed enjoin'd you to marry, whom he contracted you to in your Childhood.

Isab. I cannot love him; it was in my Nonage, and the Barter's illegal; and therefore I'll not mind it; besides I'm inform'd he is in Love elsewhere, and cares as little for me as I for him; and I would not be a Wife i'th' Mode.

Toy. In my Opinion, Sir *Charles* has all the Accomplishments of his Sex, and a fair Estate.

Isab. I own it; but I have a whimsical Heart, not to be touch'd with Jointures and Settlements.

Toy. And if I have any Skill in Faces, *Belvil* is a general Lover.

Isab. No Matter; my Conquest will be the greater to get him from them all; besides, I will run any Risk to break this unreasonable Contract.

Toy. What you please, Madam; I am ready to convey a Letter or a Message to him.

Isab. No, I have a Stratagem to try his Temper, and fathom his Inclinations. I do not intend to discover myself to him, till I have him within my Power, beyond a

Poſſibility of Retreat. Come in with me and I'll give her a full Relation, and prepare ourſelves for my Deſign. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to* Belvil's *Lodgings*; Belv. *in a Night-Gown playing on a Flute; he lays it down and looks upon his Watch.*

Bel. Ha! 'tis time to dreſs. *Robin!*

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir.

Bel. My Things.

Rob. Here's a Letter for you, Sir.

Bel. [*Takes it and looks on it, then gives it him again.*] Lay it by.

Rob. Won't you read it, Sir?

Bel. No, I know the Hand. Egad, it is as hard to get rid of a Citizen's Wife, when liſted in her Service, as Subſtance out of the Hand of an Agent, who is juſt ſetting up his Coach: She's as troubleſome as a Dun when our Stock's exauſted.

Rob. Here's another Letter, Sir; and the Footman ſtays for an Anſwer.

Bel. Lucinda's Character! Slave, how durſt you defer my Joy ſo long?

Rob. Oh, Sir, ever whilſt you live the ſweeteſt Bit for the laſt.

Bel. [*Reads.*] *The Brightneſs of the Day tempts me to a Morning's Walk; if you've an Inclination, you'll find me in the Park at Twelve.* Lucinda.

An Inclination! Yes, I have an Inclination; I wiſh you wou'd gratify it. Bid the Footman wait; I'll ſend an Anſwer. [*Exit.*

Enter Peeper.

Rob. So, Mrs. *Peeper*; what News from *Somerſetſhire?*

Peep. Somerſetſhire, Manners; you ſhou'd have ſaid St. *James*'s; for my Lady is as great a Belle as the beſt of 'em, I aſſure you that.

Re-enter Belvil.

Rob. A Belle! ſo is a Broomſtick.

Bel. Carry this Letter to the Footman. Well, Mrs. *Peeper*, what Affair brings you?

Peep.

Peep. I come from my Lady, Sir: She ——

Bel. [*Dreſſing himſelf.*] *Robin*, my Coat.

Peep. Is impatient till ſhe ſees you: All the Trades in the Creation are employ'd in her Dreſs; ſhe ſpares no Art to charm you; there's Milliners, Mantua-makers, Tire-women, and ſo forth.

Bel. My Watch.

Peep. Amongſt a Crowd of Compleaters, a Match-maker has ſhuffled in, and propoſes one Sir *John Sharper* to her; if you are cold you'll loſe her, upon my Virginity you will.

Bel. My Sword.

Peep. Ha! how careleſs you are! what, not a Word? In truth, I don't know where you'll find ſuch another Fool, as my Miſtreſs, with fifty thouſand Pounds.

Bel. My Perriwig.

Peep. Sure if you don't value my Lady, you might anſwer me.

Bel. My Hankerchief and Snuff-box. So, am I well now, Mrs. *Peeper?* [*Adjuſting himſelf.*

Peep. Well: Ah! Nature has been but too kind to you. But, Sir, concerning my Lady; you know I am entirely in your Intereſt.

Bel. Why then to be ſincere with thee, I never did, nor never ſhall care three-pence for her, without one thing.

Peep. But her Fortune, Sir.

Bel. Shall never tempt me to marry her at a Venture.

Peep. No! Why then to what purpoſe do you court her? 'Tis calling your Gallantry in queſtion to ſuſpect an Intrigue,

Bel. No faith, *Peeper*, my Deſign is quite another thing; and if thou wou'dſt aſſiſt me ——

Peep. In any thing, Sir, within my Power.

Bel. Say'ſt thou! there then [*Gives her Money.*] When we wou'd have a Lawyer plead heartily, we muſt not forget his Fee.

Peep. You are ſo generous, that to keep up the Simile, Law-like, I'll ſpare no Breath to ſerve you,

Reb. But don't you carry the Simile too far, and take Bribes on both Sides.

Peep. I ſcorn it. Inſtruct me, Sir.

Bel. Find ſome Way to perſuade her to let me ſee the

Writings of her Eſtate; tell her 'tis the only Way to [illegible] me; for whatever we ſay in commendation of your Sex, Beauty, Shape, Wit, and ſo forth, is but the Preface; the Moral is the Money, Girl.

Peep. But you won't marry her you ſay, Sir?

Bel. Not till I am ſatisfied what ſhe's worth; my Heart; but theſe Writings muſt be ſeen: Upon [illegible] ſhall turn as much to your Account, whether I marry her or not.

Peep. Nay then——Well, Sir, I ſhall be done; when will you prove it?

Bel. Two Hours hence.

Peep. Your Servant. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Charles Richley.

Sir *Cha.* What, juſt upon the Wing? I'm glad I've nick't the Time, and find you without Company.

Bel. Why, have you Secrets to impart? *Robin*, leave us. [*Exit* Robin.] Come, come, diſcloſe ſome warm, willing, kind, conſenting Fair: Or is it a plump, ſoft, wholeſome Country Girl thou woud'ſt conſign over to thy Friend? I'm not nice, nor care who plucks the Roſe I ſmell to, provided it has not loſt its Sweetneſs.

Sir *Cha* Sure thou thinkeſt the Buſineſs of the World is converted into Wenching.

Bel. I'm ſure there's no Pleaſure in that Buſineſs where a Woman is not concern'd.

Sir *Cha.* A Woman is the Subject. But ſuch a Woman—

Bel. *Bright as the Morn, when firſt the World began,*
And I am doom'd to be the happy Man.

Sir *Cha.* I fear ſo, *Bel-vil.*

Bel. Then ſhe is in Love with me? Where does ſhe live? what's her Name? how dignify'd or diſtinguiſh'd? by Miſtreſs; Madam, or Right Honourable——Maid, Wife or Widow? Quick, quick, diſcloſe.

Sir *Cha.* 'Tis *Lucinda.*

Bel. The Devil! have you rais'd my Expectation to this Height, then pall me with an Acquaintance? But what of her?

Sir *Cha.* You brought me into the Danger; I came wounded off, and have no Hopes of Cure, but from your

your roving Temper. You weigh the Sex alike, and without a Pang may give me leave to try my Fortune with her.

Bel. This comes of carrying a Friend to see one's Mistress. Why, I thought you had been engag'd from your Childhood. Come, will you be upon the Square? bring me to your Mistress; if I like her as well as I do *Lucinda*, perhaps we may agree upon the Change.

Sir *Cha.* I will: she cannot fail to charm thee; all Eyes, but mine, adore her: And sure 'twas the Malice of our Stars caus'd our Fathers to conclude the Match, where Interest only held the Scale, and gentle Love fled from either Side: But be serious. How far are you engag'd with *Lucinda*?

Bel. Faith, 'tis a kind of intricate Story, but you must be satisfied. I have been bred a Soldier of Fortune, and am to this Day ignorant who my Parents were. The Man who took care of me, always told me *England* was my native Country, taught me the Language; and for ought I know, some travelling Prince begot me: My Foster-Father was in Battle kill'd, and never gave me farther Light: I had still an Inclination to see this Country.

Sir *Cha.* This Story seems romantic ——

Bel. You'll think it so before I have done: Being landed, and travelling with my Servant towards *London*, I lost my Way; Night came on; when, at a distance, we discovered Lights and made up to 'em. It proved *Lucinda*'s Country House: Her Uncle, Sir *Thomas Beaumont*, kindly receiv'd and entertain'd us.

Sir *Cha.* Lucky Chance!

Bel. So it prov'd to them; for that very Night her House was beset with Thieves: Their Number must have prevail'd but for our unexpected Aid; we beat them off, preserv'd their Wealth, and perhaps their Lives. The Lady express'd a thousand Thanks. The old Man grew inquisitive, who I was, and whence I came. I frankly told the Story of my Life: He stood amaz'd, and ask'd me fifty Questions, and seem'd surpriz'd at every Answer.

Sir *Cha.* Well; and what ensu'd upon that?

Bel. Why, he has ever since been mighty fond of me, and forc'd Money upon me, which I could scarcely make him take my Note for.

Sir *Cha.* You're eſtabliſh'd every Way; his Kindneſs promotes your Intereſt with his Niece.

Bel. Quite contrary: His generous Carriage has oblig'd me to ſwear to him, never to attempt to marry her, if ſhe ſhould conſent without his Leave, which he ſeems ſtill averſe to. I confeſs I love her beyond the reſt of her Sex, except one I ſaw thro' a Grate in *France*, that I could never hear of ſince: yet this Reſtriction keeps me from preſſing my Suit of Marriage, and I have too much Reſpect to attempt the other.

Sir *Cha.* Does ſhe know the Injunction?

Bel. No; that he forbad me too—Beſides, ſhe is devoted to Platonick Notions.

Sir *Cha.* I never mind that in a handſome Woman: This generous Declaration draws another Queſtion; Why do you addreſs Mrs. *Dowdy?*

Bel. That's another Injunction of the old Gentleman's, to procure the Writings of an Eſtate out of her Hands, that her Huſband cheated a Relation of his of You ſee, Sir *Charles*, I have a World of Buſineſs cut out, and have made you entirely my Confident: No foul Play; do ye hear?

Sir *Cha.* There can be none with a Prince that aims at univerſal Monarchy. But ſetting Love apart, laſt Night after you left us, there came a Fellow into the Chocolate-Houſe, who pretended he had made a Campaign in the Nature of a Volunteer; and amongſt a Number of palpable Lies, ſwore, at the Battle of *Blenheim*, he purſu'd a *French* General over the *Danube*, and took him Priſoner on the other Side, then brought him over upon his Back; the Enemies Cannon playing at him all the while: The Company laugh'd: I confeſs it rais'd my Spleen, and I cou'd not forbear ſaying, that Action was too glorious in itſelf to want a Romance to illuſtrate it.

Bel. So I ſuppoſe you brought a Squabble upon your Hands.

Sir *Cha.* No; he ſwore, look'd big, bluſter'd, and walk'd off.

Enter Robin, *and a Porter.*

Rob. Sir *Charles*, here's a Porter with a Letter.

Port.

Port. Sir, a Gentleman that ſaw you come in here, bid me give you this.

S. *Cha.* [*Peruſes the Letter.*] Very well, I'll come to him: ha, ha, ha! [*Exit Porter.*

Bel. How! what, 'tis not a Challenge I hope. I muſt go with yo

Sir *Cha.* Suppoſe it true, 'tis not fair to carry a Second when the Invite names none. But 'tis no ſuch thing: Adieu. [*Exit Sir* Charles.

Bel. If this ſhou'd be a Duel now — I cou'd never forgive myſelf for letting him go alone, eſpecially if he comes to any Harm.

Rob. Why; ſuppoſe he ſhould be kill'd, Sir.

Bel. Raſcal, I had rather ſuppoſe you hang'd, Sir.

Rob. A ſudden Death prevents a great deal of Vexation, Sir, ſometimes.

Bel. How do you make that out?

Rob. Why, when a Man takes his ſick Bed, the ſad Formalities that attend it, are more dreadful than Death itſelf: His Friends and Relations all weeping round his Bed; a Lawyer, brib'd by his Spouſe to urge the Will: That made, the Sorrow is finiſh'd; each then enquire after their Legacy: and the diſconſolate Wife having borrowed a Weed of her Neighbour, is conſulting her Glaſs to ſee how it becomes her. Her Thoughts are where to find another Huſband; the Servants Heads full of their Mourning: So that if the dying Man calls for a Cordial; ſlap, they give him a Bolus — He deſires to be rais'd — they pull away the Pillow.

Bel. Ha, ha!

Rob. The Doctor, whoſe Preſcription has poiſon'd him, orders a double Doſe of Opium, to ſmooth his Paſſage to the other World; takes his two Guineas Fee, throws himſelf into his Chariot, and bids his Coachman drive on to the next Patient. Now, Sir, a Bullet, or an Oilet-hole in the Guts prevent all this.

Bel. You muſt preach this when we are raiſing Recruits, Sirrah; Ha, ha! But I muſt to the Park to meet *Lucinda.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Toylet, *maſk'd.*

Iſab. Oh, Sir! if you are a Gentleman protect me.

Bel. Ha! from what, Madam? Egad, I shall be famous for delivering distress'd Damsels.

Isab. Pursu'd by an old jealous Husband, whom I married by my Friends Command, when I had given my Heart and Vows to another; he begg'd for our parting Hour; which I, in Pity, granted: But, O! the ill-fated Moment brought both my Husband and my Father to be Spectators of our Meeting; they call'd for Help to seize him, but he leapt the Balcony; and in the Bustle I escap'd with my Woman, but know not whither.

Toy. Bless me! what a Story has she patch'd up!

Bel. Fear not, Madam, I'll defend you 'gainst all the Fathers and Husbands in *Christendom*.

Rob. And I will take your Ladyship's Woman into my Protection.

Bel. If your Face answers your Shape and Mien, I cannot blame your Husband's Fears: Convince me, Madam.

Isab. After what I have told you, if you are generous, you will not ask to see my Face. Give me but Sanctuary here till Night shall favour my Escape to a Friend's House.

Bel. Command it, Madam——*Robin*, a Curse of Fortune, to send me a Collation at home, when I'm engag'd abroad: But I must not disappoint *Lucinda*. Madam, Business of the last Consequence calls me out; but my Return shall be sudden. Can I serve you, by enquiring if the Storm be over?

Isab. By no means: Enquiry wou'd ruin me. At your Return, perhaps I may inform you more.

Bel. Humph! that was kindly insinuated——*Robin*, give Orders that no Person be admitted into my Lodgings in my Absence. Madam, your most humble. [*Exit.*

Toy. Well, Madam, what's your next Project? The Gentleman shew'd but little Curiosity. 'Tis certainly an Assignation that hurried him hence——or he had been more pressing to have seen your Face; and if he had, he wou'd infallibly have remember'd you, and then your Plot wou'd have been spoil'd.

Isab. 'Tis impossible: For having had the Small-Pox since, I am persuaded he will not know me. He says he will return instantly; in the mean time I'll view his Lodgings.

Toy.

Toy. To what end will you ſtay? 'Tis ten to one if he comes back theſe ſix Hours.

Iſab. No matter; I reſolve to finiſh what I once begin. I'll

Purſue his Steps, and trace 'em with ſuch Art,
Diſcover all the Secrets of his Heart,
The petty Tyrants by my Plots dethrone,
And there erect an Empire of my own.

ACT II.

SCENE *the Park.*

Enter Lucinda *and* Betty.

Luc. WHAT ſhou'd be the Reaſon of *Belvil*'s Stay, *Betty?* I wiſh I had not ſent to him, I'm very uneaſy: How calm my Hours were before I knew this Man!

Betty. I thought Platonick Love never diſturb'd the Mind, Madam.

Luc. Yes, when the Friendſhip is nice and particular.

Betty. Nay, nay, I never knew Friendſhip in different Sexes but came to Particulars at laſt: See here he is.

Enter Belvil *and* Robin.

Bel. *So the bright* Cyprian *Goddeſs moves,*
When looſe, and in her Chariot drawn by Doves,
She rides to meet the War-like God ſhe loves.
[Embraces her.

Luc. Hey! what Lady have you laviſh'd your Wit upon this Morning, that you are forc'd to trade upon other Mens Stocks?

Bel. Hang theſe poetical Rogues, they publiſh every pretty Thought, that a Gentleman's forc'd to borrow to expreſs his own Notions.

Luc. Pray how do ye apply the laſt Line, *Belvil?*
———To meet the warlike God ſhe loves.
You may be vain enough to think yourſelf a *Mars*———
But when did I betray the Weakneſs of a *Venus?*

Bel. 'Slife Madam! I aſk your Pardon, this villainous Love

Love is got into my Heart, and dictates ſo faſt to my Tongue, I had quite forgot your Platonicks.

Luc. And our Articles laſt Night too I ſuppoſe.

Bel. Ah! the Study's as crabbed as the Law—— and the Practice as unpleaſant as Penance. *Imp*[illegible] that I muſt take Pains to make the World und[illegible] that our Converſation is only Friendſhip, and tho' Nobody will believe me——ſwear I admire the Be[illegible] your Mind ——without regarding thoſe of your Per[illegible]ſon——Proteſt I have no Deſire to kiſs thoſe roſy Lips ——preſs that ſoft white Hand——and ſigh my Soul out in your Boſom——

Luc. The Devil! how the Fellow talks—— [*Aſide.* All this you muſt poſitively obſerve — But then conſider the Freedoms I allow ballance the Reſtraint: I promiſe you all publick Marks of my Favour; my Conduct is ſincere and open, I hate a falſe Prude that won't know a Gentleman in Company, tho' three Hours before ſhe had held private Conference with him in her Bedchamber; that ſolemnly declares ſhe never writ or receiv'd a *Billet doux* in her Life, and knows at the ſame time ſhe keeps a Woman on purpoſe for the Buſineſs.

Bel. Like your reforming Ladies, who all the while they are giving a young Fellow Advice againſt Wenching, their Looks ſlily inſinuate a liking to his Perſon.

Luc. Or Mrs. *Prim* the Poetical She-Philoſopher, whoſe Diſcourſe and Writings are fill'd with Honour and ſtrict Rules of Virtue; that vows ſhe cou'd not ſleep if ſhe was guilty of one criminal Thought——yet terribly wrong'd if ſhe has not twice ſlipt aſide for a natural Tympany.

Bel. Oh! how I hate the noiſe of Virtue in my Ears from a Woman——whom I know lives by Vice; and 'tis a Maxim with me——That ſhe who rails moſt, yields ſooneſt.

Luc. I have the ſame Opinion of thoſe Men who boaſt much of their Secrecy, only for an Opportunity to gain ſomething to betray——Well, I think our Sentiments agree, therefore I hope you ſubmit to the Conditions.

Bel. When one has given a Tyrant Power, 'tis Prudence to obey.

Luc

Luc. Hold; one Thing more; during this League you muſt addreſs no other Woman.

Bel. The Devil! You'll next preſcribe my Eating, Drinking, Sleeping, Walking——Nay, even Thinking! Madam, I ſuppoſe you have read of *Æſop*'s Ox. 'Sdeath! Madam I am of *Cowley*'s Mind, when I am all Soul, I ſhall keep your Rules.

Luc. Nay, don't believe I am jealous; but it wou'd touch my Pride, to have it ſaid the Man I eſteem'd worthy to be ſeen with—was Miſtreſs Such-a-one's Conqueſt—

Bel. So by what I can diſcover, you'd have no other Affair upon my Hands, but waiting upon you to no purpoſe.

Luc. To no purpoſe! Is not Friendſhip the nobleſt Aim of human kind?

Bel. Had your Parents thought ſo, the World had never known your Charms; Ha, ha, ha! Well, but when I have ſworn all this, what Tie have I upon you?

Luc. Oh you need not fear me——I have an Indifference to your whole Sex.

Bel. Heigh, ho! [*Sighs.*

Luc. Why do you ſigh?

Bel. Only reflecting upon the deſperate Caſe of a Friend of mine, who confeſs'd to me half an Hour ago he was dying for Love of you.

Luc. Dying for me! Who is it, *Belvil?*

Bel. Ha, my Platonick Lady, hang me if I tell you—

Luc. Nay, let it alone——I care not——I think I am weary with walking; you have often importun'd me to ſee the Collection of Pictures you brought over. Come, my Maid's with me, I'll go now and drink ſome Tea with you.

Bel. Oh the Devil! What a Time has ſhe choſe now—*Robin*, Zounds——what ſhall we do with the Woman that is at home? [*Aſide to* Robin.

Rob. Ah pox of Ill-luck; choak me if I know, Sir.

Luc. What's that Whiſper? he ſhan't ſtir a Step before me——I'll have nothing but Tea.

Bel. Dear Madam, let him go, he, he, he, he, ſha, ſha, ſhall only get a little Jelly or Sweet-meats or ſo——*Robin*, Sirrah, lock her into your Garret. [*Aſide to* Robin.

Rob. It ſhall be done, Sir.

Luc.

Luc. I ſay it ſhall not be done, Sir.

Rob. Then we are all undone, Sir. [*Aſide.*

Luc. I hate Sweet-meats in a Morning, 'twill ſpoil my Dinner——There's ſomething more; I read Confuſion in his Face. [*Aſide.*

Bel. But Mrs. *Betty* does, I'm ſure——Pray let him go.

Luc. I tell you no Scout ſhall go before——

Rob. What ſhall I do? —— Oh, Sir, you forget Sir *Charles*, whom you reſolv'd to prevent fighting the Duel.

Luc. This is a new-born Lye——I'll humour it, but reſolve to find it out. [*Aſide.*

Bel. True, but this Lady makes me forget all other fiends.——

Luc. To preſerve Sir *Charles* is of greater conſequence than my Viſit. I'll defer that till ſome other Time; you'll ſee me to my Coach.

Bel. The Rogue has brought me off——Tho' I hope Sir *Charles* is in no Danger. [*Aſide.*] I wou'd not loſe the Pleaſure of your kind Intention: Let it be to-morrow, Madam.

Luc. I'll think on't. Come—— [*Exit.*

Rob. So, here's a Guinea ſlap; for my Maſter always rewards my Politicks. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Sharper.

Sharp. The Devil! Never Man was ſo drawn into a Kicking certainly——Ah Hang Dog——

Enter Equipage.

Are you there? You are always out of the Way when you ſhou'd do a body any Service.

Equi. Service, Sir?

Sharp. Ay, Service, Sir; I was appointed to meet a pretty Lady in *Hyde-Park*, and being there before her Hour, comes me up a bluſtering Fellow, who pretending I had ſent him a Challenge, drew upon me, ſo I was oblig'd to fight him; and egad if I had not underſtood Fencing very well, I had been whipt thro' the Lungs, for he had a curſed long Reach—— but I cloſed in with him, tripp'd up his Heels, took away his Sword, and gave him his Life.

Equi.

Equi. Oh the damn'd Lie ——This was a Plot of my Contrivance, and I have ſeen him fairly kick'd. [*Aſide.*

Sharp. What's that you mutter?

Equi. I was ſaying to myſelf, Sir, 'twas very unfortunate, for, ſeen to one but you'd loſt the Lady by it.

Sharp. Egad and ſo I did, for ſhe ſhriek'd out, and drove away like the Devil, when ſhe ſaw us engag'd.

Equi. Where will his Lies end? [*Aſide.*] She was very hard-hearted, Sir, not to ſend her Coachman to part ye.

Sharp. And diſcover our Intrigue.

Equi. True, I'd forgot that ——Well, Sir, you know I ſtill follow in Hopes of my Wages.

Sharp. I owe you none, Sirrah; han't I a Receipt to ſhew——however becauſe you are ſometimes an uſeful—— Raſcal you ſhall ſtay with me, and partake my good Fortune; I expect an Emiſſary with News about the rich Widow I was telling you of.

Equi. Shall I believe him or no?——if there were any Hopes I'd ſtick cloſe. [*Aſide*] Nay, Sir, you know what an Affection I have for you

Sharp. Yes, you Dog, I know it full well——but Conveniency ſometimes makes a Man of Honour pocket Affronts.

Equi. What have I done, Sir?

Sharp. Sirrah, you might have kept me out of the Chocolate-Houſe when I was drunk laſt Night, and brought this Quarrel upon my Hands.

Equi. Oh Sir! but as long as you conquer'd your Man——

Sharp. Peace, here comes Mrs. *Brazen.*

Equi. A fit Companion by my Troth.

Enter Mrs. Brazen.

Mrs. Braz. Good-morrow noble Squire.

Sharp. My Genius, my better Angel! well! how fares my buxom Widow, ha?

Mrs. Braz. Fortune ſmiles upon my Lad of Iron. I have been with her this Morning, and I have prais'd thee from Head to Foot ——I have ſet her a-gog I'll warrant thee Boy.

Sharp. Did you touch upon my Courage?

Equi,

Equi. His Courage! Ah, in what Latitude does that lie? [*Aside.*

Mrs. Braz. Thy Valour, Boy! I said thou wert a mere *Hercules*, Man, both in Love and War! I told her you had a large Eſtate, and you were of the ancient Family of the *O'Sharpers* in *Ireland*, dear Joy.

Sharp. Pox, why in *Ireland?*

Mrs. Braz. Oh! becauſe the *Irish* carry away all the Fortunes——I ſaid you kept your own Coach too.

Sharp. I hope you ſaid I left it in my own Country then——

Mrs. Braz. No, no, here Man——I can help thee to a Coach, Boy, from the Knight's to my Lord Duke's; Why, 'tis my Buſineſs I tell thee; if there were occaſion I can have half a dozen Footmen in Liveries too.

Equi. Hark ye Miſtreſs——obſerve my Stature——Humph——A'n't I a handſome Fellow? [*Setting himſelf out.*] Help me to a Fortune now, and you ſhall go halves.

Mrs. Braz. Say you ſo? I'll put you down in my Book; you are not the firſt Servant I have rais'd to a Lady's Bed——as 'tis well known in this Town. [*Puts him down in her Book.*

Sharp. But when muſt I ſee her, Mrs. *Brazen?* I am impatient.

Mrs. Braz. See her?—but look ye Squire, you know the Conditions, when ſhall we ſign and ſeal?——for you'll grant I muſt live out of my honeſt Endeavours. I'm ſure I take a great deal of Pains for my thouſand Pounds——up early and down late——then Mercy on me, how do I ſtretch my Conſcience when I am ſetting out one of you young Rogues!

Sharp. But are you ſure ſhe'll have me?

Mrs. Braz. Sure? I can perſuade them to any thing let me come at 'em. Hark ye under the Roſe, 'tis a Receipt of mine has prevailed with all the old Women to marry of late——

Sharp. Away! Let's to the Tavern, and over a Cup of mull'd Sack ſeal to thy Demands.

Mrs. Braz. With all my Heart——Come, Sirrah, hold up your Head, you are in my Book you Rogue, and that's the high Road to Preferment, Sirrah.

Equi. Along then. A hey for little *Equipage.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Belvil's *Lodgings.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Toylet.

Toy. What think you now, Madam——cou'd any thing but a Miſtreſs make him guilty of ſuch Ill-manners, to leave a Lady in Diſtreſs ſo long.——

Iſab. Mor certain——my Patience is quite worn out ——I muſt go.

Toy. Dear Madam, ſince we have eſcap'd hitherto undiſcover'd, think of him no more.

Iſab. Don't you trouble yourſelf about that, I ſhan't give him over thus ——but do you get me a Chair.

Toy. Yes, Madam. [*Exit.*

Iſab. Let me examine myſelf a little. What have I undertaken here? ——A dose of too much Liberty—— If my old Dad had been alive, I durſt not have gone a Rover-hunting thus. Do I value Reputation? ——Yes, as much as any body does ——that follows their Inclination ——Ay, but whither will that Inclination carry me? Why, not beyond the Rules of Honour; and then ——a Fig for the Cenſure of the World, I ſay —— Oh! here he comes. [*Claps on her Maſk.*

Enter Belvil *and* Robin.

Bel. Now, Madam, I am entirely yours, pray oblige me with your Commands. I hope you have not been diſturb'd.

Iſab. No Way but by my Grief, Sir——

Bel. I long to ſee her Face. [*Aſide.*] Baniſh Grief, you are here ſecure; lay by Conſtraint——and venture to unmaſk——Sparkling Eyes——Lovely Hair ——I ſhall run mad. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. I thought I had had your Promiſe not to aſk that.

Bel. Promiſe, Madam!——'Sdeath, I, I, I, faith Madam, I won't tell your Huſband, if I happen to know him.

Iſab. Indeed——indeed, I ſhan't put it in your Power.

Bel. Robin, run, call out Fire——Thieves, or the Devil——That ſhe may drop her Maſk in the Surprize. [*Aſide to* Rob.

Rob.

Rob. Yes Sir, yes Sir. [*Goes and comes back.* Sir, here's Sir *Charles* coming up.

Isab. Sir *Charles!* I am undone. [*Aside.*] For Heaven's ſake, Sir, give me leave to retire; if I am ſeen, I am ruin'd.

Bel. In, in quickly. [*Runs in.*

Enter Sir Charles.

Oh! Sir *Charles*, I have been in ſome Apprehenſions for you, tho' you ſeem'd to diſguiſe the Matter; it was a Duel: Ha!

Sir *Cha.* Something like it.

Bel. I ſee thy Sword has not fail'd thee.

Sir *Cha.* No, nor my Shoes neither! I have us'd them pretty fairly ſince I went out——

Bel. In walking?

Sir *Cha.* No, in kicking——'twas the very numerical Coward I told thee of——at the Chocolate-Houſe——When I bid him draw, he ſwore he came to meet a Lady and was not prepar'd for fighting—deny'd the Challenge, and provok'd me to a warm Breathing. And this was the End of my Adventure.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha! I'll be hang'd if 'twas not Mr. *Sharper*.

Sir *Cha.* The very ſame——a Gentleman told me ſo as I came out of the Park. But prithee *Belvil* let me go into thy Dreſſing-Room, to put myſelf a little in Order after this Heat; Come, *Robin*, help me. [*Going in.*

Bel. Hold, hold, hold! [*Stops him.*

Sir *Cha.* Why, what's the Matter? You han't a Wench there, have you?

Bel. No, then I wou'd not ſtop you. But 'tis a Woman of Condition.

Sir *Cha.* How my Blood chills——'tis *Lucinda*.

Bel. The ſame; ſhe had a mind to ſee my Pictures, I know not if ſhe is willing to be ſeen.

Sir *Cha.* You are a happy Man——Adieu.

Bel. Your Servant.

[*Sir* Charles *going off meets* Lucinda *and* Betty, *they both ſtart.*

Luc. Sir *Charles*, I am glad to ſee you in Safety; *Belvil* left me abruptly——to prevent a Duel he ſaid you

were

were engag'd in ——— I resolv'd to follow and enquire after it.

Sir *Cha.* I am happy if I created the least Concern in you, Madam. Hark ye, *Belvil*, doubtless you mistook the Lady's Name within. [*Aside to* Belvil.

Bel. Confusion! she here? then I am caught.

Luc. Well, Sir *Charles*, all Danger over, now for the Pictures.

Bel. What the Devil shall I say? [*Aside.*] Faith, Madam, you have surpriz'd me a little; Batchelors Lodgings are seldom in Order —— please to take one Turn in the Garden, and they shall be prepar'd for you. Dear *Charles* bring me off this once, and I'll tell thee all hereafter. [*Aside to Sir* Charles.

Sir *Cha.* Come, Madam, there's as many Curiosities in the Garden, as in the Gallery; let him set his Things in Order, ha, ha! [*Slyly.*

Luc. Make haste then, for my Uncle will stay Dinner. [*Going.*

Enter Toylet *mask'd, running to* Lucinda.

Toy. Madam, there's a Chair —— I was stop'd ——

Luc. Sweet-heart, I want no Chair, my Coach is here.

Toy. Oh wretched! What have I done now? [*Amaz'd.*

Bel. Ah! the Devil wou'd not let me 'scape —thus— [*Aside confounded.*

Luc. So, I apprehend the Disorder of your Rooms now, Sir ———

Sir *Cha.* Ha, sure 'tis *Toylet*'s Voice —— then she within shou'd be *Isabella* —— if I must marry her my Honour is concern'd, and I shall have occasion for my Sword in earnest —— I'll to her House this Moment, ere I upbraid him. [*Exit.*

Luc. Perfidious Man —— to use such Artifices to me.

Bel. I confess it has a Face against me, but give me leave, and I will tell you the whole Story ———

Isab. Say you so, but I'll prevent that ——— [Isabella *peeping.*

Enter Isabella.

Luc. No, Sir, you need not, herself will do it.

Bel.

Bel. Gad, with all my Heart——[*Walking about in a Paſſion.*] Let her tell the plain Truth——How came you here, Madam?

Iſab. How came I here, why was it not your own Appointment? Are you falſe? Did you not come with Haſte and Rapture, and tell me what Excuſes you had made—to get an Hour the happieſt of your Life?

Bel. 'Sdeath and Hell! What's the meaning of this? Did you not tell me, Madam ———

Luc. Go, you are baſe, what Confuſion you are in? Pray, Madam, what was your Buſineſs here?

Iſab. My Buſineſs, Madam, the ſame with yours I ſuppoſe; if I had not lov'd him, I had not come hither; and if you had not been jealous you had not followed us—— My Chair waits—and ſo farewel, your Servant [*Exit.*

Luc. Diſtraction! Affronted too—very well, Sir. [*Walking about.*

Bel. Upon my Faith, Madam, 'tis all a Trick——they are two Devils; was ever Man thus abuſed? *Robin*, run, force them back—— I'll unmaſk them before your Face, and make them confeſs their damn'd Deſign. [*Paſſionately.*

Rob Yes, yes, I'll bring them back with a Vengeance; put their Shams upon Gentlemen! [*Exit* Robin.

Bel. Madam, hear me but ſpeak——

Luc No! nor ever ſee thee more—for now I am convinc'd there is not one of all thy curſed flattering Race—that is not perjur'd in his turn.

Bel. By all the burning Paſſion in my Breaſt, which I feel your Anger blow yet higher, theſe Women came—

Luc. No matter why nor whence they came—ſince I have ſeen them here—Our Converſation ends, approach me not; for by all the torturing Pangs of jealous Love—for I do find it Love, had I a Dagger I'd fix it in thy Heart or mine, ſooner than think of being reconcil'd. [*Exit.*

Bel. 'Tis in vain to follow her. So, I thought by myſelf, what our Platonicks wou'd come to. But who can this Woman be? She is either ſet on, or elſe egad ſhe's another Platonick, that has taken a liking to my Perſon too.

Enter Robin.

Well Sirrah, where are they? what ſaid they? what were they?

Rob.

Rob. Devils, Sir, Devils! I believe they vaniſh'd—— for I cou'd not find them———

Bel. Sirrah, yon look as if you ly'd.

Rob. Faith and ſo I do; I got a Guinea to hold my Tongue. [*Aſide.*

Bel. Raſcal! tell me who they are. [*Takes him by the Shoulder.*

Rob. Upon my Faith, Sir, I don't know; but to confeſs the Truth, Sir, the Maid pull'd her Maſk off, ſhe was very pretty——and ſaid ſhe was in love with me; and her Lady was a great Fortune, and deſperately taken with you, Sir: So I thought 'twas pity to hurt them, Sir, and let them go———

Bel. You did ſo Villain, have they ſtole nothing? Find them out again you Dog, or I'll cut your Ears off——I will be juſtify'd——in love with you, Vermin——I ſhall have a Surgeon's Bill to pay I ſuppoſe before next Campaign; theſe are common Jilts; call me a Chair, I'll to *Lucinda*'s and uſe her Uncle's Intereſt for my Peace——To be thus plagued for nothing, 'twou'd vex a Stoick——'Sdeath, had it been a real Intrigue, there had been ſome Conſolation in't. I find *Lucinda*'s Rage gives me real Pain.

Aſk him who moſt affects the Rover's Part,
Careſſing every Fair that will be kind,
If ſome one Woman reigns not in his Heart;
And is the ſovereign Miſtreſs of his Mind.

[Exit.

ACT III.

Enter Mrs. Dowdy, *Mrs.* Brazen *the Match-maker, Mrs.* Wheedle *the Milliner, Mrs.* Turnup *the Mantua-maker, Mrs.* Criſpit *the Tire-Woman, and* Peeper *her Maid*—— *They all ſeem talking to her.*

Mrs. Dowdy. We'l, we'l la you now, la you now; Shour and Shour you'll Gally me.

Turnup. Here's your Ladyſhip's Mantua and Petticoat.

Mrs. Dowdy. Ladyſhip, why what a main difference is here between this Town and the Country——I was never call'd above Forſooth in all my Life——Mercy on me, why

why you ha ſpoil'd my Petticoat mun; zee *Peeper*, ſhe has cut it in a thouſand Bits.

Peep. Oh, that's the Faſhion, theſe are Furbelows Madam——'tis the prettieſt made Coat———

Mrs. Dowdy. Furbelows, a murrain take 'em, they ſpoil all the Silk——good ſtrange, ſhour *London* Women do nothing but ſtudy Vaſhions, they never mind their Daity I warrant 'em.

Turnup. Ladies have other Employment for their Brain——and our Art lies in hiding the Defects of Nature——Furbelows upwards, were deviſed for thoſe that have no Hips, and two large ones, brought up the full-bottom'd Furbelows.

Millin. And a long Neck and a hollow Breaſt, firſt made uſe of the Stinkirk——And here's a delicate one for your Ladyſhip——I have a Book in my Pocket juſt come from *France*, intituled, *The Elements of the Toylet*——

Mrs. Dowdy. Elements, mercy on me! what do they get up into the Sky now?

Peep. A learned Author to be ſure——let me ſee that, Mrs. *Wheedle*.

Millin. Here, Mrs. *Peeper*, 'tis the ſecond Volume; the firſt only ſhews an alphabetical Index of the moſt notable Pieces which enter into the Compoſition of a Commode.

Mrs. Dowdy. Well, I ſhall ne'er mind theſe hard Names; Oh Sirs, *Peeper*, what ſwinging Cathedral Hedgeer is this?

Peep. Oh, modiſh *French* Night-cloaths; Madam, what's here——all Sorts of Dreſſes painted to the Life——Ha, ha, ha! Head-cloaths to ſhorten the Face——Favourites to raiſe the Forehead——to heighten flat Cheeks flying Corners——four Pinners to help narrow Foreheads and long Faces, and very forward, to make the Eyes look languiſhing.

Mrs. Dowdy. Ay, that *Peeper*, double it down; Oh, I love languiſhing. [*Puts on an aukward Languiſh.*

Peep. Take it and read it at your Leiſure, Madam.

Mrs. Dowdy. I ſhall never ha done ſhour zeeing all my vine things. [*Tumbling her things over.*] Hy day, what's theſe two Pieces of Band-Box for?

Turnup.

Turnup. 'Tis Paſteboard, Madam, for your Ladyſhip's Rump.

Mrs. Dowdy. A Rump, ho, ho, ho! has Couſin *Iſbel* a Rump, *Peeper?*

Peep. Certainly, Madam.

Mrs. Dowdy. If Couſin has one, as I hope to be kiſs'd ——I'll have it, Mrs. *Turnup.*

Cripſie. Will your Ladyſhip ſit down and let me ſhape your Eye-brows? [*She nips her Eye-brows, ſhe ſties up and roars out.*

Mrs. Dowdy. Od's Fleſh, the Devil's in you, I think, what will you tear all the Hair off, a murrain take ye, an this be your ſhaping.

Millin. Be pleaſed to put on the Addition, Madam.

Mrs Dowdy. What does ſhe mean now? To pull my Skin off mehap next; ha, *Peeper*, are theſe your *London* Vaſhions?

Peeper. No, no, Addition is only Paint, Madam.

Mrs. Dowdy. Paint. Miſtreſs, od I've a good mind to hit you a dows o'th' Chops, zo I have; what de ye take me for a Whore, becauſe I'm come to *London*, ha? Paint quotha.

Peep. Fie, fie, Madam, Women of the firſt Rank think it no Crime to help Nature in the Complexion.

Mrs. Dowdy. Zay you ſo? Nay, my Skin was ever counted none of the beſt—well we'll zhut the Door then.

Millin. There you are in the wrong again, Madam; our Ladies make no ſcruple of letting all the World ſee 'em lay it on——

Mrs. Dowdy. Well, in my Conſcience and Zoul, they care not what they zhow here———

Peep. Madam, your Dancing-Maſter.

Mrs. Dowdy. O lack, get all you into the next Room, and ſtay for me there.

Mrs. Braz. Madam, you promis'd to hear a Word from me about Sir *John Sharper*— [*Exit Mrs.* Brazen.

Mrs. Dowdy. Zo I will by and by.

Enter Caper *the Dancing-Maſter.*

Caper. Will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to take a Dance?

Mrs. Dowdy. Pſhaw, I hate your One, Two, Three, teach me a *London* Dance mun.

Caper.

Caper. I'll lead you a Courant, Madam.

Mrs. Dowdy. Ay, a Rant, with all my Heart, I dan't underſtand the Names, let en be a Dance, and 'tis well enough. [*He leads her about.*] Hy, hy, do you call this Dancing? ads heartlikins, in my Thoughts 'tis plain Walking; I'll ſhew you one of our Country Dances; play me a Jig. [*Dances an aukward Jig.*

Caper. Oh dear, Madam, you'll quite ſpoil your Steps.

Mrs. Dowdy. Dan't tell me that—I was counted one of the beſt Dancers in all our Pariſh, zo I was.

Peep. Ay, round a *May-pole*——There are Fellows now in this Town ſo wretched, that to purchaſe this Woman's Wealth, wou'd to her Face ſwear ſhe's an Angel. [*Exit.*

Turnup. True; but if they had her once, would uſe her like the Devil— [*This while the Dancing-Maſter is ſetting her Arms and Breaſt.*

Enter Peeper.

Peep. Madam, your Singing-Maſter. [*Exit Dancing-Maſt.*

Mrs. Dowdy. O la, I can dance no more now.

Enter Singing-Maſter, [*Preparing his Papers.*]

Singing-Maſt. Are you ready, Madam?

Mrs. Dowdy. Ay, ay, mun.

Singing-Maſt. Fa, la, mi, ſol.

Mrs. Dowdy. Louk you Friend, I can't ſpeak Out-landiſh, but I intend to learn; I'm to have a Maſter come.

Singing-Maſt. This is not Out-landiſh, Madam, 'tis only the Notes to try your Voice.

Mrs. Dowdy. Nay, nay, and that be all, I'll zing you a Zong de ye ſee, and ſhow you my Voice ſhour.

[*Sings a Country Song.*

SONG.

AS I walk'd forth one May *Morning,*
I heard a pretty Maid ſweetly ſing
As ſhe ſat under the Cow a milking,
Sing I ſhall be marry'd a *Tueſday*;
I mun look ſmug upon *Tueſday.*

I prithee Sweet-heart what makes thee to marry,
Is your Maiden-head grown a Burthen to carry?
Or are you afraid that you ſhall miſcarry?
I prithee now tarry till *Wedneſday.*

I pray

I pray good Sir, don't wiſh me ſuch ill,
I have kept it theſe ſeven Years againſt my own Will;
I have made a Vow, and I will it fulfill,
That I will be married on *Tueſday*,
So I mun look ſmug upon *Tueſday*.

A Tueſday Morn it will be all my Care
To powder my Locks and to curl up my Hair,
And two pretty Maids for to wait on me there;
So I mun look ſmug upon *Tueſday*,
So fine and ſo ſmug upon *Tueſday*.

Then two young Men to the Church will me bring,
Where my Huſband will give me a gay Gold Ring,
But at Night he will give me a far better thing.
So I mun look ſmug upon *Tueſday*,
So fine and ſo ſmug upon *Tueſday*.

Peep. Madam, you'll not be dreſt in your new Cloaths by that Time Captain *Belvil* comes.

Mrs. Dowdy. Ods Fleſh well thought on, I can learn no more this Morning. [*Exit Singing-Maſter.*] But *Peeper*, when did he zay he'd come.

Peep. In two Hours, Madam.

Mrs. Dowdy. Well, I ſhall charm him zure——odſo, but where's Couſin *Bell* to-day; you muſt vetch her mun to zee my vine Things, ſhe'll tell me an they be vite or not———

Peep. Bleſs me, Madam, ſhe's gone away to the Bath, in my Lady *Flounce*'s Coach this Morning.

Mrs. Dowdy. How! gone a hundred Miles and ne'er bid one good-bye.

Peep. Oh dear, Madam, *London* Ladies ne'er ſtand upon Ceremony——Why, Sir *Charles Richley* that is to marry her, knew nothing of it——he was here juſt now to enquire for her, and was extremely ſurpriz'd.

Mrs. Dowdy. Ad ſhe'll make a rare Wife I'll warrant her—and ſhe has ſuch Frolicks—— Well, but you ſay the Captain will come; but an he don't come ſoon, Mrs. *Brazen* will bring me a Squire, or a Knight, I tell you that.

Peep. Oh Madam, *Belvil* is the ſweeteſt, nobleſt Gentleman; beſides, we ſhould encourage thoſe that defend us.

Mrs. Dowdy. Nay, for that Matter I dan't mind, I like a

Couldier, but not for that Reaſon, de ye zee, there's Conveniency in't, for now I have learn'd to be a Gentlewoman, I'll do as the Gentle Volk do, I'll not have another Huſband dangling at my Tail, like our *Roger*, that I could ne'er ſpend a Shilling at a Wake or a Goſſiping, but I muſt be call'd to an Account for't; but methinks he hangs off mainly.

Peep. Shall I tell you, he is reckon'd the handſomeſt Man in Town, all the Ladies are in Love with him; if you don't mind your Hits, you'll loſe him. The only Way for a Widow to ſecure a young Gentleman, is to let him into her Eſtate; now, Madam, did he once ſee the Writings I have ſeen, I'd engage him yours.

Mrs. Dowdy. But I dan't know if it be ſafe or no, for I remember *Roger* wou'd never let me zee 'em in all his Life, but now he's dead——why what care I who zee'n; I'll carry him to my Trunk and ſhew him all——

Peep. Oh Madam, do it decently, I'll fetch out your Trunk, and you ſhall pretend to be looking over ſome Mortgage, and aſk his Advice in't.

Mrs. Dowdy. Ay, ay, Wench that will do, vetch 'em—[*Exit Peeper.*] Well, I long till I am dizned, zo I do—come, come.

Re-enter Peeper *with the Trunk.*

Zetten down, and let me put on my vine Rigging, Wench, Hark! zomebody knocks———

Peep. Odſo Mr. *Belvil*'s here—he's come ſooner than he promis'd, which ſhews the greater Paſſion.

Mrs. Dowdy. A murrain take theſe People, they ſtaid chattering ſo long, or I might have been dreſs'd now; hold away. [*Runs to the Trunk and takes up the Papers.*

Enter Belvil.

Peep. I have kept my Word, Sir, there are the Papers diſplay'd. [*Aſide to* Belvil.

Bel. Honeſt *Peeper*——now to keep my Word with this old Gentleman, who has once more reconcil'd me to his Neice——Ha! Widow, how doſt thou do Widow?

Mrs. Dowdy. Do you underſtand Law, Captain?

Bel. No Faith, the Sword's my Profeſſion, yet there are ſome Caſes I underſtand; pray what is yours, Widow?

Mrs. Dowdy.

Mrs. Dowdy. Louk ye, I can't read theſe Lawyers crampt Hand de zee, and I'd pray you look 'em over a little, they may be your own another Day.

Bel. A long Day firſt, if thou art an Incumbent upon it —— with all my Heart; this induſtrious Wench has wrought her to my Purpoſe. [*Aſide.*] [*Sits down.*] Let me ſee. [*Reads.*] An Account of the Eſtate of um, um——

Mrs. Dowdy. Did not I do it right now?

Peep. Oh, excellent, Madam.

Mrs. Dowdy. Ay, ay, let me alone for Trivance, and ſiche——

Bel. A Deed of Truſt for *James Beaumont* Eſquire. Ha, the very Writing Sir *Thomas* mention'd——this muſt along with me——[*Puts it up.*] Why, you are a Fortune for a Lord, Widow.

Mrs. Dowdy. Nay, nay, dan't joak——I have ſomething to truſt to you zee, Captain; you ſhall have warm Winter Quarters, Captain; Ho, ho——

Bel. Well ſaid, Widow, I'll kiſs thee for that I'faith.

Mrs. Dowdy. Pſhaw, zee now how you all white a body, but your Breath is zo zweet——

Bel. I wiſh I cou'd ſay the ſame by yours. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Dowdy. Od in my Mind a ſmells like a Noſegay—pray, Captain, let me ſmell it again.

Bel. With all my Heart. [*Kiſſes her again.*

Mrs. Dowdy I like him mainly; wou'd it was over once, that I might have'n all to myſelf. [*Aſide.*

Bel. Oh, the Monſter grows ſo loving, that if *Robin* comes not to my Reſcue, as I order'd him, I ſhall be ſmother'd.

Mrs. Dowdy. Zhour, and zhour, you have bewitch'd me, Captain; I'm all in a trembling Fit, and my Fleſh glows like an Oven, zo it does.

Peep. Oh, her Condition is eaſily to be gueſs'd; I have been in ſuch a Twitter myſelf before now.

Enter Robin *haſtily.*

Rob. Sir, Sir! the General ſtays in his Coach to ſpeak with you.

Bel. My dear Widow I muſt beg your Pardon at this Time.

Mrs. Dowdy. But when will you come again, Captain? they say 'tis very unlucky to be long a wooing. [*Aſide.*

Bel. I'll ſpeak to the Man in black this Evening Widow, and then———

Mrs. Dowdy. Ay, ay, I know what's to be done then as well as e'er a Londoner of 'em all. [*Aſide.*

Bel. to *Peeper.*] Hark ye, I don't think her rich enough, manage your Affairs with Sir *John Sharper*, do you hear? But there's thy Fee——— [*Exit.*

Mrs. Dowdy. Well, I ſhall carry a handzomer Man into *Zomerſetſhire* than the High-Sheriff of the County: Come, *Peeper*, come in and let me dreſs, for zhour if I had had all this vine Gear on, a would ha married me now——— [*Exit.*

Peep. As much as ever——— [*Exit.*

SCENE *the outſide of* Lucinda's *Houſe.*

Enter Iſabella *dreſs'd like a Country-maid with* Toylet.

Toy. A tight Country Laſs, hang me, Madam, if I ſhou'd know you.

Iſab. I wou'd not have you, I ought to be diſguis'd for my Purpoſe.

Toy. But, Madam, do you think *Lucinda* does not know her Tenant's Daughter that is coming up to *London*, which you are to perſonate?

Iſab. No, no, ſhe never ſaw her; her Taylor has inform'd me of every Circumſtance; him I have brib'd to my Intereſt; here he comes, get you gone, you have *Belvil's* Key, be ready for all my Orders; act as I directed, and preſerve your Acquaintance with *Robin.*

Toy. Fear me not——— [*Exit.*

Iſab. Well Mr. *Shread*, do you think you can manage this Affair?

Shread. Manage it, Madam! What is it I can't do for this Purſe? Why, Madam, I can work Miracles! I can ſteal as much out of a Pair of Breeches as will make a Coat; and for telling a Lye with an honeſt Face, let little *Shread* alone.

Iſab. I have been ſo much with my Couſin *Dowdy* ſince ſhe came to Town, I warrant I hit the Country Dialect — Come, knock at the Door. [*He knocks.*

Enter

Enter Footman.

Shread. Sir, pray let your Lady know here's a young Country-maid, Farmer *Rentland*'s Daughter, come to wait on her.

Foot. Come in and I'll acquaint my Lady ——[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Iſabella *and* Shread *as into the Houſe.*

Iſab. She's coming, and *Belvil*'s here, I ſee his Footman: now if I'm but receiv'd I ſhall be a Spy upon their Actions, watch all their Turns, and break their Meaſures.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. How de do Mr. *Shread*———is this the Daughter of Farmer *Rentland*, that he writ to me about?

Iſab. Yes, and pleaſe you forſooth, Madam, and I have another Letter from Vather in my Pouch——.

[*Looking for a Letter.*

Shread. Madam, the Girl is a little clowniſh, her Father's my Couſin, he writ to me to meet her at the Carrier's and bring her to your Ladyſhip.

Luc. Very well, your Father's an honeſt Man, he deſires me to let you be in my Houſe till he comes up to Town in order to put you to the Change—you are welcome—ſhe is very pretty. Sweet-heart don't you wonder at this fine City?

Iſab. I kno'nt how vine 'tis yet, for one can zee nought for Crowd; I ſuppoſe 'tis Vair Time, there's zuch——— thruſting and ſqueezing.

Shread. She appears rough to your Ladyſhip, but the Girl has good-natural Parts, and apt to learn———

Luc. I like her Plainneſs, leave her with me, I'll take great Care of her.

Shread. Yes, Madam; good-bye Couſin.

Iſab. Good-bye —you'll bring my Bundle and my Box —beſure you wait without for my farther Orders. [*Aſide.*

Shread. I will——your Servant, Madam. [*Exit.*

Luc. What's your Name, fair Madam.

Iſab. Dorothy, and pleaſe you.

Luc. And do you think you ſhall be contented to ſtay with me till your Father comes to Town, Mrs. *Dorothy?*

Iſab. Contented forſooth! od zhour, and zhour, I ne'er

ſaw nought ſo handſome in all the Days of my Breath, Zhour I cou'd look at you all Day.

Luc. Does the Country teach Flattery too?

Enter Belvil.

Bel. Madam, where are you? we ſhall be too late for the Show.

Iſab. Zhow! Oh dear forſooth take me with you to zee the Zhow —— How my Heart beats! [*Aſide.*

Bel. What pretty Country Girl is this?

Luc. One of my Tenant's Daughters; we'll take her with us to your Lodgings.

Iſab. To his Ladgings, mum——now a Diſpatch to *Toylet.* I'll fit you there. [*Aſide.*

Bel. With all my Heart, there's Innocence and Beauty in her Face; if you pleaſe to get ready, Madam, I have only two Words to diſpatch with your Uncle, and I'll attend you.

Luc. Here he comes, Sir——we'll leave you; Come, Mrs. *Dorothy.*

Iſab. Yes forſooth——

Thus conceal'd, if none my Plot diſcover,
This Country Girl may cheat you of your Lover. [Exit.

Enter Sir Thomas.

Bel. Ha, Sir *Thomas*, what wou'd you reward the Man with, that ſhou'd bring you the Writings you deſir'd? ha, Friend?

Sir *Tho.* Say'ſt thou, my Boy! I wou'd give him, let me ſee what wou'd I give him ——I wou'd give him as much as I have given to the Lawyers to no Purpoſe, which is full fifteen hundred Pounds. But haſt thou got 'em my Hero?

Bel. Fifteen hundred Pounds, piſh; will you give me your Niece?

Sir *Tho.* Fie, fie, fie, a Wife! Why the Devil ſhould a young Fellow's Head run of Marriage?

Bel. Becauſe a young Fellow is very much in Love.

Sir *Tho.* Why, love her, Boy, I wou'd have thee love her, but prithee talk no more of Marriage——but let me ſee the Writings.

Bel. Love! Why, what does he mean?——he wou'd not

not have me lie with her ſure——See 'em! why here they are——but I muſt know what Right you have to theſe Papers, Sir *Thomas*, ere I part with them, for I wou'd not be guilty of a baſe Action; beſides, the Widow and the whole Eſtate is at my Service——I can marry her.

Sir *Tho.* I had rather ſee thee hang'd—I'll give you my Honour that nothing ſhall redound to your Diſgrace in this Affair. Surely you may take my Word, young Man.

Bel. It never ſhall be ſcrupled by me; there, take 'em.

Sir *Tho.* Moſt joyfully: Ay, theſe are they, let me embrace thee, my Boy, for this good Service——But hark ye, don't you marry that ill-manner'd Jug, the Relict of a cheating old Rogue, that has not left a Foot of Eſtate but what he deſerv'd to be hang'd for.

Bel. In my Conſcience, this old Fellow wou'd have me marry nobody; what a Devil does he pretend to? Egad, I wiſh he does not lay Claim to me for his Son at laſt.

Enter Sir Charles.

Ha! Sir *Charles*, what ſay'ſt thou, wou'd not Matrimony agree with thee, if thou lik'd the Woman?

Sir *Cha.* Or with any Man certainly.

Sir *Tho.* Why don't you marry then, Sir *Charles?*

Sir *Cha.* Becauſe I can't have the Woman I like, Sir *Thomas*, and ſhe that I'm deſtin'd for, neither likes me, nor I her; and to ſhew the true Nature of a Wife before ſhe wears the Title, ſhe's gone to the *Bath* this Morning without taking Leave.

Sir *Tho.* Nay, if ſhe has ſuch an early Inclination to the *Bath*, thank thy Stars thou art not marry'd Boy, for the *Bath* is a pregnant Place; I know a Virgin that went there to be cur'd of the Green-ſickneſs, and came back with a Tympany, ha, ha, ha!

Bel. Why, hark ye, Sir *Charles*, how will you keep your Word then? no Pretenſions to *Lucinda*, ſince you can't produce your Miſtreſs.

Sir *Tho.* How's that? how's that? haſt thou a mind to my Niece, Knight? ſhe's a witty Baggage, I tell you that, and a weighty one too, twenty thouſand Pounds beſides my Bleſſing; court her, win her, and wear her.

Bel. The Devil, what, becauſe he has a Title?

Sir *Tho.* And a good Eſtate, *Belvil*, put in that.

Bel. Sink the Eſtate, the Brave deſpiſe it.

Sir *Tho.* Yet the Bold fight for't.

Bel. No, 'tis for Honour we hazard Life, and Eaſe, to preſerve ungrateful Men like you; in what does he merit *Lucinda* more than I——nor ſhall he dare to think of her while I wear this. [*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*

Sir *Cha.* How, not dare! ſuch Language, Sir, I ſhall not take, tho' from a Friend.

Bel. Nor a Friend ſhan't take a Miſtreſs from me, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* Mettled Lads i'faith——A Miſtreſs, Sir! pray what Hopes have you had relating to that Affair?

Fel. Hopes, Sir, did not you give me leave to love her?

Sir *Tho.* But as I take it, that was not leave to marry her.

Fel. Did you not take Pains to reconcile us to-day?

Sir *Tho.* True, becauſe I thought her in the Wrong.

Fel. And have you not promis'd ſhe ſhall come to my Lodging to ſee the Ambaſſador go by? Do you make any Scruple of letting her be ſeen in my Company?

Sir *Tho.* No, for I don't think thee ſcandalous, and ſhe ſhall come to thy Lodgings, and I'll come with her; yet this is nothing to the Purpoſe——Thou art a pretty Fellow faith——but a little too impudent to expect twenty thouſand Pounds, with nothing but a red Coat and a Commiſſion.

Bel. Is this your Probity? I ſhall begin to ſuſpect every thing; I find why you extorted the Promiſe from me, never to marry her without your Conſent.

Sir *Tho.* You ſhall have no Cauſe to blame me: I am, and will be thy Friend——Sir *Charles*, you are out of Humour, never mind the young Warrior; by *Mars* the God of War, thou haſt my Conſent; addreſs her, Man.

Bel. So has all the Creation, I think——What a Pox does this old Fellow aim at!——

Sir *Cha.* I am not to be deter'd by his Threats; but 'tis *Lucinda* muſt decide this.

Fel. No, even if ſhe conſent, you ſhall diſpute the Prize with me.

Sir *Cha.* Let it come to that, ye Fates, and ſee how gladly I wou'd meet thee.

Bel. If you are ſo hot, let us diſpatch it now.

[*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*

Sir *Cha.*

Sir *Cha.* With all my Heart———

Sir *Tho.* Hold, hold, I'll have no Fighting this Day, to-morrow as you pleaſe.

Bel. Well then, to-day we have done.

Sir *Cha.* I am always to be found; Farewel——[*Exit.*

Sir *Tho.* Come, put off your ill Humour, and let's go ſee the Show, Boy———

Bel. Egad, this is a ſtrange unaccountable old Gentleman. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Mrs. Dowdy *dreſt extravagantly in French Night-Cloaths and Furbelows, with* Peeper.

Mrs. Dowdy. LA yee now, la yee now, ſtand away from the Glaſs, will you, loke, loke, I ſhall ne'er adone ſtaring at my zelf, I'm zhour I'm viner than any of our Volk in *Taunton*; good Sirs, if old *Roger Dowdy* were alive, and ſeen me thiſen, he wou'd zwear I was going to fly away.

Peep. Ah, Madam, he underſtood no better———I think you look as well as any Lady at Court.

Mrs. Dowdy. Nea, nea, I always thought I ſhould look like other Volk an I was but clad as vinely, and zo I us'd to tell *Roger*; well, and do I zeem zo vitty, *Peeper*, don't thik Band-box thruſt out ones Tail rarely? Od one one might carry a Grift to Mill on't, as well as on a Packſadde; ho, ho, ho!

Peep. You are exact from Head to Foot.

Mrs. Dowdy. Ay, an't I mun, zee my Shoes; [*Pulls up her Coat a little.*] But theſe zilken Hoſe are woundy cold; han't I got too many Beauty-ſpots on; in my Mind now my Vace louks juſt like a Plumb-cake var all the World——Zhour I ſhall ne'er like thik Head-gear, one muſt always louk vore-right, vor the Duce a bit one can zee of either Zide———Faugh, I hate this red Stuff upon my Lips, I can't vorbear licking 'em, and it may be Poiſon for ought I know.

Enter Mrs. Brazen.

Mrs. Braz. Good-morrow to your Ladyſhip; bleſs me, ſure I'm miſtaken, 'tis not the ſame!

Mrs. Dowdy.

Mrs. Dowdy. The very zame Mrs. *Brazen*; but am I zo chang'd indeed now?

Mrs. Braz. Chang'd! why you are a Cherubim.

Mrs. Dowdy. 'Parel Sheaps you know.

Mrs. Braz. Why you'll kill Sir *John* at firſt Sight, Madam.

Mrs. Dowdy Oh dear, I hope not.

Mrs. Braz. He waits without, poor Gentleman, but little knows the Danger he is in———Shall I admit him, Madam?

Mrs. Dowdy. Why really now, Mrs. *Brazen*, I am zorry the Perſon of Quality ſhou'd loſe his Labour, but I can't help it —— He ſhou'd ha com'd zooner, de yee zee, for I'm engag'd.

Mrs. Braz. How, Madam, you han't ſerv'd me ſo I hope!——Make a Fool of a Gentleman of his Fortune, that keeps his Coach, and four Footmen, beſides a Valet-de-Chambre, it's a Shame —— He cou'd have made you a Lady, Madam——

Mrs. Dowdy. His own Coach, and a Lady, zay yee; nay, nay, don't be in a Paſſion——Od I ſhou'd like a Coach, and Ladyſhip hugely——Shall I zee him, *Peeper?*

Peep. By all means ſee him, Madam.

Mrs. Dowdy. Ay, but won't the Captain think me valſe hearted then?

Peep. Falſe hearted, Madam! Why Ladies here are diſtinguiſh'd by the Number of their humble Servants——

Mrs. Braz. And ſcarce know two Hours before they marry which to chuſe——There was my Lady *Waver* had three Gentlemen fancied her Wedding-cloaths, and then threw Dies which of the three ſhou'd have her——

Mrs. Dowdy. Ha, ha, ha! by the Maſs that's very pretty; why let him come then——But do you really think the Captain won't break his Heart?

Peep. Oh, no, no, you need not fear that, perhaps he has two or three Miſtreſſes.

Mrs. Braz. My dear Lady, I'll fetch him this Minute—— [*Exit.*

Mrs. Dowdy. Zay you zo? nay an it be the Faſhion, I'm reſolv'd to have as many Zweet-hearts as I can get—— Here, put up my Ban-Box, zet my voretop, and bruſh my Gown and make me vity ——

Peep. So, ſo, you are exact now, Madam.

Enter Mrs. Brazen, *and* Sharper.

Mrs. Braz. There's the Lady, Sir *John.*

Sharp. You need not tell me which is ſhe, ſuch Beauty is remarkable, her Eyes caſt a Luſtre, bright as the Meridian Sun, which dazzles all Beholders.

Mrs. Dowdy. Mercy on me, what high Speaking is this? ——Zo I ſuppoſe they talk at Court ——Oh dear Sir, you Gentlemen are zo vull of your Jears, that we Country Volk don't know what to zay to you.

Sharp. What a Shape is there!

Mrs. Dowdy. That's my Ban-Box —— [*Aſide.*

Sharp. What a Complexion!

Mrs. Dowdy. That's my Paint——Vor they zay my Complexion was but zo zo. [*Aſide.*

Sharp. What Ruby Lips!

Mrs. Dowdy. I'm glad to hear that——I was afraid I had lick'd it all off. [*Aſide.*

Peep. I ſwear he is a well bred Gentleman.

Mrs. Braz. A Courtier every Inch of him.

Sharp. Oh Mrs. *Brazen*, if you have brought me to the Sight of all theſe Charms, and ſhe ſhou'd prove inexorable.

Mrs. Braz. Goodneſs forbid.

Sharp. Oh I'm a dead Man, Mrs. *Brazen*——No Compaſſion, Madam, for a poor dying Lover——

Mrs. Braz. Speak Comfort to him, Madam, he is juſt ready to ſwoon.

Mrs. Dowdy. Why, what can I zay, Mrs. *Brazen?*—Will the Gentleman drink a little Cherry-Brandy?——

Mrs. Braz. Brandy, Madam, ads heart, is that a Cordial for a dying Lover

Mrs. Dowdy. Why 'tis my Cordial when I'm not well, Mrs. *Brazen.*

Mrs. Braz. A Word, a Look, a Smile revives him.

Mrs. Dowdy. Good Sirs, is it poſſible you can be zo zmitten, Sir?

Sharp. It is the firſt Wound I e'er received, tho' I have given thouſands, and met my Enemies in Clouds of Smoak, and Sheets of Fire, and with this good Sword have made my Way——

Mrs. Dowdy

Mrs Dowdy. Ah dan't draw it good Sir——— He is a brave Souldier I warrant him.

Peep. I proteſt, Madam, I begin to pity him——You can never let ſuch a great Man die.

Mrs Dowdy. Ay but then the Captain will die, what ſhall I do?

Mrs. Braz. Do, Madam? let's go into your Cloſet, and taſt ſome of your Cherry-Brandy; oh dear, oh dear ——— I am very faint, take her by the Hand, Sir *John.*

Mrs. Dowdy. Indeed I can't, for to tell you the Truth, I am promis'd———

Sharp. Promis'd!—— I'll hunt the World but I will find my Rival out, rip up his Breaſt, and upon my Sword's Point ſend you the Heart you doat on.

Mrs. Dowdy. Oh hold you, hold you, good Sir *John*— What zhall I do to prevent Murder?

Mrs. Braz. Give him your Hand, and take him into your Cloſet, I ſay, there we'll appeaſe him I warrant you.

Mrs. Dowdy. Well, well, come into the Cloſet then; mercy on me, I was never zo lov'd before zhour. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Braz. Now for my thouſand Pounds——— [*Exit.*

Peep. Pretty well for the firſt Time; now to try how generous he'll be to me——If you don't diſburſe, Sir *John*, for all your go-between, I'll ſooner match my Miſtreſs to your Valet, I promiſe you that. [*Exit.*

SCENE Belvil's *Lodgings.*

Enter Belvil, *Sir* Thomas, Lucinda, Iſabella *and* Robin.

Sir *Tho.* Well, and what haſt thou got to treat us, Boy? ha!

Bel. You ſhall have what you will, Sir *Thomas*, this Lady ſhall name.

Luc. Uncle, you retain the old Country Cuſtom, all for eating and drinking; I am for the Show.

Sir *Tho.* But what ſays my little *Somerſetſhire* Laſs, I warrant a Cheeſecake would go down with you now.

Iſab. No I thank you, Zir, my Belly's full evads, my thinks this is a huge vine Houſe.

Sir *Tho.* And in troth thou art huge pretty; are all the Farmers Daughters in *Somerſetſhire* thus handſome?

Iſab. Yes indeed, and handſomer too.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Niece, I'll gather your Rents next Year in that Country myſelf——I will.

Luc. So, Mrs. *Dorothy*, I think you have made a Conqueſt here.

Iſab. I don't know what you mean, Madam.

Sir *Tho.* I'faith this is a pretty Rogue.

Luc. But this Room does not look upon the *Pall-Mall.*

Bel. No, Madam, but the next does; open the Door, *Robin.*

Rob. [*Aſide to him.*] I never ſaw the Key ſince the ſtrange Women were here.

Luc. What, whiſpering again!

Bel. You careleſs Raſcal, here, take my Key.

Rob. The Devil, the Devil——

[Robin *goes to open the Door, flies back, and cries out;*

Enter Toylet *richly dreſt, and maſk'd.*

Toy. Inhuman Monſter, muſt I be expos'd——.

Luc. Expos'd! 'tis I am expos'd; Confuſion, another Woman.

Sir *Tho.* How, how's this, *Belvil?*——What, forgot to let your Miſtreſs out this Morning? ha!

Bel. My Miſtreſs! s'death, Hell and Furies——

Luc. Do not counterfeit Surprize; this is a palpable Abuſe.

Sir *Tho.* Why truly Niece it does appear a ſort of an Abuſe as a Man may ſay; but let's hear what Defence he can make——

Bel. Defence!——I hope it needs none; what End cou'd I have in this?—I'm ſure it looks more like a Trick upon me.

Luc. What mean you, Sir, do you ſuſpect I'd give myſelf the Trouble to put a Trick upon you——Oh audacious!

Sir *Tho.* Hold, hold, no hard Words before we know for what.

Iſab. [*Going up to* Toylet.] Get you off, get you off.

Rob. Nay, nay, egad I'll ſee whether you be Fleſh and Blood, Spirit, or the Devil. [*Stops her.*

Toy. Ah, if this Fool perſiſts we are diſcover'd——I muſt ſhew him my Face——You know not what you do, 'tis I.

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Rob. I! and how came I hither?

Toy. I long'd to ſee you, and that I might charm you the more, I dreſt myſelf in my Miſtreſs's Cloaths, and came in hopes to meet you alone; being caught, I was forc'd to ſay any thing; let me go, or we ſhall never meet again.

Rob. Get you gone, if my Maſter finds it out, my Bones will pay for it. [*Exit* Toylet.

Luc. Abſurdity! It has indeed a Face of Truth to have People haunt your Lodgings that you know nothing of.

Iſab. Nay, now I zee 'tis true what we Country Volk zay, that the *London* Men are all as valſe as the Devil.

Bel. What, gone again——Raſcal, which Way went ſhe? Why did not you ſtop the Fiend, for 'twas a Fiend I am ſure.

Rob. If you think ſo, Sir, why ſhou'd you be angry? For who cou'd ſtop the Devil?

Bel. I'll make you fetch the Devil, Sirrah, if ſhe be gone. [*Looking about.*

Rob. I'll try, Sir. [*Going.*

Iſab. Nay, nay, that's ſending the Devil after his Dam, as we zay in *Zomerſetſhire*; my poor Judgment tells me, he's no vit Perſon to zend after her zhour.

Luc. Right, his Man doubtleſs is in the Secret——Even this Innocent can find out your Deceit.

Bel. Deceit! ſtay here, Dog.

Rob. With all my Heart.

Bel. Madam, ſend who you pleaſe——'sdeath! [*Stamps, and ſeems to perſuade* Luc.

Iſab. Let me go forſooth, I'm zhour I know her Gown agen——I minded her when ſhe ſliv'd off.

Sir *Tho.* Ay, ay, let little Roſy Cheek go——Why what a Buſtle is here about a Gipſy——But thou'lt not find the Way back my Girl.

Iſab. Oh never vear me, I've an Engliſh Tongue in my Head——I've vound the Way over Heaths, Copſes, and Commons you'd be maz'd in. [*Exit.*

Luc. Your Words are vain, back to the Nations you have been bred in, where Women are ſo coming to your Wiſhes, there needs no Truth nor Conſtancy.

Bel. Truth——I think Truth's my Foe, for I never made ſo much Uſe of her to ſo little Purpoſe in my Life. I

believe you wiſh'd a Quarrel, and wanted only Opportunity, elſe what I have ſaid wou'd have convinc'd you.

Luc. Believe ſo ſtill, and ſee my Face no more. [*Exit.*

Sir *Tho.* Why, Niece, Niece, won't you ſtay for little *Somerſetſhire* —She's gone——Look ye now, did not I tell you Matrimony wou'd not agree with you, yet you wou'd marry I warrant——Take my Word for't you are not made for one another.

Bel. I wiſh we had never ſeen one another. [*Walking about diſordered.*

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. I ha vound her ifaith.

Bel. Ha, and who is ſhe?

Iſab. A very vine Lady I aſſure you that, but where's Miſtreſs? var I ſhan't tell you what zhe zaid to me.

Sir *Tho.* Oh ſhe's gone ſtark mad, Child——Prithee tell us reaſonable Folks——

Bel. Said! why did'ſt thou ſpeak to her?

Iſab. Yes marry did I, and ſhe got into a huge vine Coach, zo zhe did, and call'd me in to her, and pull'd off her Vizard, and zhow'd me the vineſt Vace that ever I zaw; zhour and zhour, 'twas as bright as the Zun, ſhe zaid ſhe was in Love with you to diſtraction, mun, and vow'd ſhe wou'd have you whatzomever it coſt her.

Rob. What a confounded Lye has this Country Toad told? And egad I dare not contradict her. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Tho.* Why, hark ye, *Belvil*, don't your Chops water at this Story, ha? My Hero! adod thou wert wrapt up in thy Mother's——Faith thou wert I faith Boy——

Bel. Pſhaw, ſhe does not know a Woman of Condition from an Orange Wench——Some tawdry Drab in a Hackney-Coach.

Rob. He makes very bold with my Miſtreſs truly. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. Nay, this was no Stage Coach, I'm zhour, it was as rich and as full of Toſſels, as Squire *Penſilly*'s laſt *Exeter* Zize.

Sir *Tho* What, not warm yet? Why, it may be a Dutcheſs for ought you know——

Bel. The Devil——Sir *Thomas*, either reconcile me once

once more to your Niece, or by *Jove* I'll diſcover the grand Secret, and ſet the Widow upon your Back.

Sir *Tho.* Here's a Dog now; in my Conſcience, I believe you'd make a good Stateſman —— Sirrah, what the Action you do in the Morning, will you be ſuch a Rogue to peach in the Afternoon?

Iſab. I'm out at all this——Sure he was born without Curioſity——or is grown conſtant to torment me. [*Aſide.*] But, Sir, zhant we go home to my Lady? Mahap zhee may be zick ſhe's vext zo.

Bel. And, pretty Creature, won't you ſpeak for me?

Iſab. No by my Troth ſhan't I, I believe you are valſe, zo I do.

Sir *Tho.* Come along *Dolly.* [*Takes her by the Arm.*] Ah ſuch an Eye, an ſuch a——Come along *Dolly*——Let me ſee you in the Evening, de you hear, *Belvil*, and if the Lady comes again with Squire *Penſilly*'s Coach, ſtrike her Boy, ſtrike her. [*Exit.*

Iſab. Your Zervant, Sir. [*Exit.*

Bel. What will be the Event of this?——What Woman cou'd this be?

Rob. Ha, ha, ha!

Bel. Why do you ſneer, Sirrah?

Rob. Ah Sir, I wou'd tell you, if I durſt——

Bel. What is't you wou'd tell me? Out with it.

Rob. Ay, but will you forgive me, Sir?

Bel. If thou can'ſt explain this Riddle, I will.

Rob. Why then, Sir, all that this Country Wench has told you, is a notorious Lye.

Bel. How do you know that?

Rob. Becauſe, Sir, the Woman that was here is a Miſtreſs of mine, who lodges at the next Door.

Bel. A Miſtreſs of yours, Sirrah, in that Garb!—What was her Buſineſs, and how do you know it?

Rob. Sir, ſhe ſhew'd me her Face, and told me ſhe came to ſee me; the Cloaths me ſaid were her Lady's; I ſuppoſe ſhe had a Mind to captivate me; 'tis the very Maid to that very Lady that you left in your Lodgings to-day, Sir; and ſhe told me too by the by, Sir, that her Miſtreſs is no more marry'd than you are.

Bel. There muſt be ſomething in this more than I can find

find out——Egad, I'll endeavour to ſee her at leaſt——— Hark ye, Sirrah, fetch me this Woman inſtantly.

Rob. Od ſo, yonder ſhe goes—— [*Exit.*

Bel. They may talk what they will of *Spain*, but for my Part, I think the *Engliſh* Women can manage an Intrigue with the beſt of them.

Enter Robin *and* Toylet.

Rob. Here ſhe is, Sir, trembling ripe; anſwer for yourſelf now.

Bel. Pray tell me, Miſtreſs, why is my Lodgings your Rendezvous, and what do you deſign by thoſe Appearances?

Toy. Diſſembling Varlet, to betray me to thy Maſter—Look ye, Sir, ſince I'm caught, the Truth ſhall out; for my Part, I only obey'd the Commands of my Lady, as we Servants muſt, you know.

Bel. Very good, but prithee who is your Lady, Child?

Rob. Ay, there's the Query———

Toy. It's my Lady *Elizabeth Lovemore*, a great Heireſs, and very beautiful; but I can't help ſaying, I think her a little mad to run after you, when there's fifty dying for her.

Bel. Humph!——And is ſhe ſo very handſome doſt thou ſay?

Toy. A reigning Toaſt———admir'd even by her own Sex, and then you muſt allow ſhe's handſome indeed—

Rob. Now I queſtion if it would not puzzle *Partridge* the Almanack Maker, to find out whether this Wench lyes or not?

Bel. And where does this beautiful Lady of thine live, ha?

Toy. In *Golden-Square*, the third Houſe of the Right-Hand.

Rob. There I have trapt you Gentlewoman, don't you lodge at next Door.

Toy. Yes, what then? Can't my Lady lodge me at any Door that ſhe pleaſes, when 'tis a-propo.

Bel. This is a whimſical Tale; however I reſolve to ſee the End of it; name your Time when I may ſee this fair Incognita; I'm not obdurate faith, ſhe ſhan't die, aſſure her that.

Rob. If ſhe does he muſt have chang'd his Nature with the Country.

Toy.

Toy. A Meſſenger in the Evening ſhall bring you to the Houſe.

Bel. I'll expect it; 'tis in vain for me to think of Conſtancy, the Devil is ſure to throw ſomething in my Way, to hinder my pious Reſolutions.

Rob. I'm of your Mind, Sir, and for my Part I have not found this ſingular Paſſion turn to any Account with me; ſince you begun, therefore, Sir, if you'd take my Advice, e'en arm yourſelf with a Bottle of Burgundy, that you may attack your new Miſtreſs with the better Courage.

Bel. But Pox! I find *Lucinda* ſtill ſticks here—[*Pointing at his Heart.*

Rob. Nothing like a Glaſs to waſh her away, Sir.

Bel. It ſhall be ſo——

I'll ſing, and drink, and drown her in Champaign,
Then warm'd with Wine, I'll break the ſlaviſh Chain,
And ſhe ſhall ſue to conquer me again—— } *Ex.*

SCENE *changes to* Lucinda's *Houſe.*

Enter Lucinda *and* Betty.

Luc. Good Heavens, who wou'd wiſh to be a Woman? Nature's unerring Laws are ſtill the ſame as when ſhe form'd the Order of the World——But Cuſtom has debauch'd her Rules, and given Tyrant Men Pretence to glory in their Falſhood——What Libertine e'er loſt a Friend for being ſo? Nor ſtands he leſs in fame for perjur'd Vows, that has betray'd a thouſand truſting Maids, whilſt we for every trifling Fault condemn'd, become the Subject of licentious Tongues, yet ſure our Crimes are regiſter'd alike in the great impartial Book above——

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam, Sir *Charles Richley* to wait on you.

Luc. Bring him up—[*Exit Foot.*] tho' I'm in no Humour to entertain——

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir *Cha.* Do I not invade your Privacy, Madam? There ſeems a Melancholy ſettled on your Brow.

Luc. I confeſs, Sir *Charles*, I'm under ſome Diſorder. [*Sighing.*

Sir *Cha.* Happy the Man for whom thoſe Sighs are paid, as I am wretched in Deſpair.

Luc.

Luc. Ha!

Sir *Cha.* Oh, *Belvil*, unworthy of ſuch Love or Beauty!

Luc. Nam'd you not *Belvil*, Sir? What of him?

Sir *Cha.* I did——May not a Wretch that's raving in a Fever expreſs his eager Wiſhes for the Bowl, which he ſees his healthful Friend paſs by untaſted.

Luc. I underſtand you not.

Sir *Cha.* Why ſhou'd I conceal the burning Pain, when perhaps another Opportunity may never offer——I love you, Madam, not with a looſe unguarded Flame, but all the Faculties of my Soul are center'd in you.

Luc. How——Wou'd you ſupplant your Friend? Is this like a Man of Honour?

Sir *Cha.* Oh I had died in Silence, had not he, the happy he provok'd me; he threaten'd me like a Boy, he threaten'd me, if I preſum'd to own my Paſſion——

Luc. Then 'tis me he loves above the reſt; alas! how apt are we to flatter our Diſeaſe. [*Aſide.*] And cou'd you hope, that I ſhou'd liſten to an ungrateful Man?

Sir *Cha.* Alas! too much you do——and ſince when next *Belvil* and I meet——Fate only knows the Conſequence——Let me beg this Favour, tho' I confeſs 'tis Boldneſs, to aſk if you deſign *Belvil* for your Huſband?

Luc. You take indeed a Liberty beyond what I expected from you; but I'll not diſguiſe the Truth, of all Men living, *Belvil* made the firſt Impreſſion in my Heart, and cou'd he clear himſelf of this late Accident, I think I ſhou'd prefer him.

Sir *Cha.* Now who's ungrateful, he or I? Had I ſuch Hopes, what Crowns ſhou'd bribe me to forſwear the Marriage? [*Half aſide.*

Luc. How's that? Take heed how you traduce him; am I ſo cheap, that he ſhou'd Swear he wou'd not wed me! Confuſion! 'tis falſe, and were he here, you durſt not for your Soul affirm it.

Sir *Cha.* Yes, ſince you have heard me, if a thouſand Points were levell'd at my Breaſt, I wou'd maintain it, and in the Face of Death proclaim he ſaid, he had Sworn never to marry you.

Luc. Sworn! oh Impudence! Oh Weakneſs in myſelf to liſten to an unknown Villain; his mercenary Soul ne'er harbour'd generous Thoughts: he ſhou'd have been with Gold

Gold rewarded for the Buſineſs of his Sword, and the Defence he made againſt Midnight Robbers paid with Money, not a Heart. What, did his baſe degenerate Soul hope I ſhou'd yield to looſe Deſires? And durſt he make his Friend his Confidant? Diſtraction! The bare Idea warms me to Revenge, and turns me all to Fury.

Sir *Cha.* What have I ſaid? Oh let me, Madam, tho' againſt myſelf, atteſt, that in all our Converſation from our firſt Acquaintance, I never knew him ſwerve from Honour, whate'er his Reaſons were to ſwear it——

Luc. Revoke not what thou haſt ſaid, but, hence begone, and leave me to myſelf; for Tygers, Wolves, and Serpents are leſs hurtful than thy barbarous Kind.

Sir *Cha.* Your Commands do like the Hand of Fate forbid my Stay —— But oh! remember 'tis the faithfulleſt of your Slaves obeys you. [*Exit.*

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. So, Sir *Charles* is gone —— His *Exit* is my Cue, may his Love ſucceed I ſay —— I'll keep it as forward as I can —— What an Air ſhe gives herſelf —— The very bare Imagination of ſlighted Love is the Devil I find —— Oh vorſooth an't you well? will you pleaſen that I ſhall get you zomewhat ——

Luc. Alas, poor Innocence, 'tis not in thy Power to aſſuage the Torment of my Mind —— Didſt thou e'er meet with an ungrateful Swain?

Iſab. No, no, they are all true in our Country, I heard of but one valſe, and he had been at *London* —— But you don't aſk me about the toping Lady I vollow'd om the vine Gentleman's Lodgings.

Luc. I had forgot, didſt thou ſee her ——

Iſab. Did I? yes I did zhour.

Luc. And what was the Creature?

Iſab. Nay, he can tell you that vorſooth better than I, for they are mainly well acquainted, I vound that ——

Luc. Ha! how didſt thou find it? Did the ugly thing tell thee?

Iſab. Nay in troth, ſhe is not ugly vorſooth —— tho' I hate her for your Sake ——

Luc. Faithful, kind, good-natur'd Creature. ——

[*Hugs her.*

Iſab.

Iſab. She gin me this Silver Book, and writ down where ſhe lives, and deſires you of all Love to let her zee you t'is Evening, and ſhe'll tell you all; I did not zay one Word to him on't. ——— [*Gives her the Book.*

Luc. A plain Direction ——— I thought never to have concern'd myſelf with this vile Man's Affairs, but I'll detect him thoroughly ——— then throw him from my Heart for ever———

Iſab. I hope ſo ere I have done. [*Aſide.*

Luc. How bleſt, how happy, is this rural Maid?
All Cares are baniſh'd from thy peaceful Breaſt:
Thou never wert to luckleſs Love betray'd,
Unknowing of the Racks that break my Reſt.
Thou ne'er the flattering Wiles of Men believ'd,
Deceiving none, thou art by none deceiv'd.
[*Exit leaning upon her Arm.*

SCENE *changes to Mrs.* Dowdy's *Lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. Dowdy, Sharper, *Mrs.* Brazen, Peeper, *and* Equipage.

Mrs. Dowdy. Well, I proteſt you are a waggiſh Man, Lord how you have rouzl'd and touzl'd one?——All my Rigging hangs as if 'twas zhaked on with a Zhed Vork, as the old Zaying is———

Mrs. Braz. Ay, there's a Man for you now, Widow; ah, wou'd I were in your Place! a briſk young Dog I'faith; I aſk your Pardon, Sir *John*, I'm a little free—— But 'tis my Way, and Madam's Cherry-Brandy was ſo good——

Mrs. Dowdy. Will you have t'other Cup, Mrs. *Brazen?* Ads lid my Heart's open.

Sharp. Nay then take a Soldier in that will defend the Breach, Widow. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Dowdy. Zhaw you ſpoil all one's Rump, you 'zqueeze one zo——In troth I think him main handſome—— [*Aſide.*

Equi. Matters go rarely; if no Devil croſs it, I ſhall come in for my Wages at laſt. [*Aſide.*

Enter Belvil *drunk, and* Robin.

Bel. Sings.] *If a Nymph proves peeviſh and coy,*
Turn off thy Glaſs, never mind her:
Take Bacchus *in Room of the Boy,*
Drink till the Goddeſs grow kinder.

How

How ſtands *Taunton Dean* now, Widow? [*Hickups.*] What's here, a Rival?

Sharp. Oh the Devil! this fighting Fellow here! we are all unravell'd I doubt. —— [*Aſide to Mrs.* Brazen.

Mrs. Braz. I fear ſo too——I hate this Spark, he has too much Senſe for me to get any thing by him. [*Aſide.*

Bel. Let me ſee who are you? [*Hickups.*] What do you pretend to, ha? Hold up your Head, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Peep. Oh dear Sir, what do you do, you'll ſpoil all, did not you ſay—— [*To* Belvil.

Bel. Look ye [*Hickups.*] I don't care what I ſaid, I'll take care of the Widow.

Sharp. Ah dear *Belvil*, don't prevent my Fortune.

Bel. Don't tell me of your Fortune, was not you kick'd this Morning? [*Hickups.*] Anſwer me that.

Equi. So, if my Contrivance ruins all now, I ſhan't come in for a Souce. [*Aſide.*

Peep. A duce take you for bringing your drunken Maſter here, when we were upon the point of concluding. [*Aſide to* Robin.

Rob. What wou'd you have me do with him?

Bel. Widow, why Widow I tell you [*Hickups*] this Scoundrel ſhan't have you, Widow.

Mrs. Dowdy. Stand away, Mrs. *Brazen*; look yee, Sir, matters are gone varder than you think vor, and don't zhow none of your drunken Frolicks here, de yee zee, for I value them not a Ruſh—What zhour I ne'er broke Gold with yee.——

Bel. No matter for that, I'll ſhow you your Bargain, Widow, and then I have done——He is——

Sharp. A Plague of Ill-luck.

Bel. He is, Widow—— [*Hickups.*

Mrs. Dowdy. What is he? uds lid dan't you affront any civil Gentleman in my Houſe; I dan't love yee well enough de yee zee to bear that; what is he now, what is he? he is Man I hope.

Sharp. Sweet Captain. [*Softly.*

'Sdeath, Sir, what do ye mean? [*To* Belvil *in a loud Voice.*

Bel. Don't exalt your Voice, Sirrah; [*Hickups.*] don't I know you for a very Poltroon, noted for your Cowardice, and kick'd you out of Converſation for your Lying?

So,

——So, Widow, I have warn'd ye —— Now, *Robin*, I'll go Home and ſleep till the Hour of Aſſignation ——

[*Exit Singing, If a Nymph*, &c.

Mrs. Braz. A Rival's Rage, ſtark mad, he has loſt you, Madam.

Mrs. Dowdy. Come, how de yee, Sir *John*, od my Heart goes apit apat, I was woundy afraid yee wou'd have fit.

Sharp. No, no, he knew your Preſence hindered me from drawing, elſe I'd ha made a Cartridge of his Skin, and pounded his Fleſh into Gun-Powder.

Mrs. Dowdy. A dod he has a World of Courage.

Mrs. Braz. Ah, Madam, you'd ſay ſo, if you had ſeen what I have ſeen.

Mrs. Dowdy. Od I am glad I 'ſcap'd this drunken Rogue; but hold yee, hold yee, he can't ha no Claw upon my Eſtate, can ha, 'cauſe I ha kept him Company?

Mrs. Braz. He?——Marry Sir *John*, Madam, I'll engage ye ſecure.

Sharp. Come, Madam, ſpeak a kind Word, my Coach waits at the Door, let's go take the Air.

Mrs. Braz. And a Glaſs of good Canary.

Mrs. Dowdy. Of all Liquors indeed Zack Wine pleaſes me beſt. For the Air, de yee zee that's but little, it all zmells of Zea-Coal.

Equi. So, there's Hopes again.

Peep. Do, Madam, go.

Mrs. Dowdy. I don't know how to deny them, they are ſuch courteous Volk.

Peep. Mrs. *Brazen*, before the Marriage is over, you muſt ſecure me my hundred Pounds.

Mrs. Braz. I will, I will.

Thus by our Art are Women bought and ſold,
They run the Hazard, but we ſhare the Gold——.

SCENE Iſabella's *new Houſe*.

Enter Iſabella *in a rich Night-dreſs, with* Toylet.

Toy. WELL, my Wit will let me no farther into this Deſign; when you have brought 'em hither, do you imagine it poſſible to deceive 'em any longer, Madam?

Iſab.

Iſab. If I pleaſe it is—— But my Plot draws towards an End—— If when I diſcover myſelf, he ſhou'd ſtill retain his Love for her——I have reap'd this Advantage however by it, I ſhall get rid of that odious Contract, for I can prove that Sir *Charles* made violent Love to *Lucinda*, and will force him to releaſe me; on that Pretence I'll fix the Reaſon of my Frolick, if *Belvil*'s falſe, but never think of Love again.

Toy. I wiſh the Pains you have taken to get free from one, and try the Conſtancy of the other, does not caſt a Reproach upon your Fame.

Iſab. That I weigh'd before; the Cenſure of the World is guided by Prejudice, or Partiality, and not worth my Care; I depend on none, and can juſtify my Conduct to myſelf——

Toy. I'm glad on't with all my Heart, I fancy you'll have a Tryal of Patience, for I dare ſwear *Belvil* and *Lucinda* are reconcil'd again; they will find you out, Madam, in your Roguery.

Iſab. If they be, I fancy I ſhall break the Peace once more, and make the Breach yet wider. Is every thing in order? have you told my Footmen what Name I wear at preſent?

Toy. Yes, Madam, and they have put on all their ſtrange Liveries, and ſtare, and aſk a thouſand Queſtions, but I ſeal'd their Mouths with your Ladyſhip's Gratuity.

Iſab. Very well, be ready to admit her, for I know ſhe'll inſtantly be here, I left her upon the Teaze.

Toy. Bleſs me, Madam, ſhe's coming.

Iſab. Now for my Tragical Face. [*Runs and ſits down on a Couch.*

Enter Lucinda *and* Betty.

Luc. She appears indeed no common Beauty. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. I doubt not, Madam, your Surprize at my Deſire to ſee you here, but when you ſhall know the Ties I have to that falſe Man, ungrateful *Belvil*, I'm ſure you will forgive me.

Luc. Our Sex are too apt to credit the Appearances of Truth from the proteſting Tyrants——I have Reaſons to ſuſpect *Belvil* baſe, and long to know your Story——Sure my Eyes deceive me, or ſhe reſembles much the Country

Country-Maid I have at Home——But 'tis impoſſible; *Betty*, take the Coach and fetch *Dorothy* hither.

[*Aſide to* Betty.

Bet. Yes, Madam. [*Exit.*

Luc. I aſk your Pardon,——Some Orders to my Maid; and now I'm all Attention.

Iſab. Humph, I gueſs thoſe Orders, but no matter. [*Aſide.*] Madam, I was born many Leagues from hence, in *Flanders*; my Name is *Donna Clara*; 'twas my hard Fate to ſee this Captain *Belvil*, there he conquer'd me, as few I think can make Reſiſtance to his Charms; I marry'd him, gave him my Heart and Fortune, the laſt was I'm ſure too great to be deſpis'd.

Luc. Marry'd! oh the harden'd Villain!

Iſab. Nay, and what ſhou'd have endear'd him more to me, my Wedlock Joys were bleſt with a lovely Boy, his perfect Image, in his Parents Time become a Orphan.

Luc. Oh the deteſted Monſter! What a Precipice have I eſcap'd!——Go on thou injur'd Fair, and be aſſur'd I will aſſiſt thee.

Iſab. He ſaid his Buſineſs call'd him to this Country, and left me with the firm Promiſe of his endleſs Faith—— I writ, and writ, but ſtill no Anſwer came; at length, directed by my headſtrong Love, I follow'd him; but oh how cold was my Reception! He forthwith charg'd me I ſhou'd change my Name, and as I priz'd my Life, not to declare my Marriage——I obey'd in all, nay even ſupply'd him to my own undoing; but being inquiſitive to find the fatal Cauſe of this ſad Alteration, I learnt 'twas you.

Luc. Oh how I hate myſelf for being the innocent Author of ſuch Wrongs.

Iſab. 'Twas I caus'd that Diſturbance in his Lodgings, nor durſt I ſhew my Face, dreading his Rage; I have no Friend in *England*, and am moſt forlorne—— [*Weeps.*

Luc. Methinks there's Sympathy in Woes like theſe which melt me into Pity——Which Way can I retrieve me in your loſt Opinion, or how redreſs your anxious Sorrows?

Iſab. He ſent me Word he'd inſtantly be here; tell him the Ills he has committed, but reproach him gently.

Luc. Be ſure I'll tell him.

Iſab. And doubtleſs he'll deny it with Imprecations, but I'll be near to ſecond you.
The Devil's in him now if he don't long to ſee the Woman has made all theſe Stories on him—— [*Aſide.*

Enter Toylet.

Toy. Madam, my Maſter—— [*Exit.*

Luc. The perfidious Traytor ſhocks me.

Iſab. A Trembling ſeizes me all o'er, permit me to retire till you have taxt him. [*Exit.*

Luc. Do, and compoſe yourſelf.

Enter a Footman ſhewing Belvil *in.*

Bel. Well, where's this loving Lady of yours?

Luc. Ay, too loving for you, baſe Man.

Bel. Ha, *Lucinda*—— trapt again——now ſparkling Champaign aſſiſt me—Why this is kindly done—and yet faith 'tis not fair neither, why did not you ſend your own Name? I did but gallop now, I ſhou'd have flown then.

Luc. Oh unparallel'd Confidence, how cam'ſt thou by that honeſt looking Form? haſt thou not a cloven Foot?

Bel. Humph ha! egad I think not. [*Looking on his Feet.*

Luc. Stand off thou vile Contagion, bear to thy injur'd Wife thy boaſted Paſſion.

Bel. Wife!

Luc. She well deſerves whatever thou canſt pay.

Bel. The Devil ſhe does.

Luc. Nor can thy future Life attone the Wrongs thou haſt done her.

Bel. Done her! who a Pox is ſhe?—Wife!——Death, what do you mean, Madam?

Iſab. [*Peeping.*] Ay he may well aſk that Queſtion.

Luc. Oh Aſſurance! You don't know *Donna Clara*, whom you eſpous'd in *Flanders?*

Bel. Donna Clara! Donna Fury, Madam, this is too much.

Luc. Too much indeed thou ſteel'd Impoſtor; could'ſt thou abandon ſo much Beauty in her blooming Pride, even when Nature to augment thy Joys had bleſt thee with a Son.

Bel. Death, Madam, you make me mad; a Son! it may be

be ſo, tho' hang me if I know any thing of the Matter.

Luc. Nor you don't know that you're in her Houſe I ſuppoſe neither.

Bel. Not I faith——I don't know whoſe Houſe it is, nor do I care three Farthings; go on with your Banter—*Donna Clara!*——A Son! Wife! and the Devil!

Luc. Come forth, Madam, and confront the Traytor. Now, Sir, do you ſtart?

Enter Iſabella.

Bel. Ha! who's this——What does ſhe intend?

Iſab. [*Kneels.*] Forgive me, Sir, that I have reveal'd the Secret! but my impatient Love no longer cou'd endure a Rival.

Bel. Secret, what does ſhe mean? Egad ſhe's very handſome; pray, Madam, who are you, *Donna Clara*, or the Lady *Elizabeth Lovemore?*

Iſab. Oh wretched! am I then forgotten?

Bel. Sink me if I remember you.

Luc. Oh that my Uncle now were here, that I at once might blaſt his Hopes, and baniſh him our Houſe for ever——Riſe, Madam, he is not worth your tender Care—Does not thy Soul reflect upon thy Actions, and ſhew thy Guilt as black as Hell?

Bel. Damnation! Madam, what deſign ye by theſe Pretences? [*Walks about in a Paſſion.*

Luc. What did you deſign, baſe Man, in your Addreſſes to me?

Iſab. 'Twas your Beauty, Madam, made him falſe; oh do not chide him, cruel as he is I love him ſtill.

Bel. 'Gad I'll have ſome Revenge for her Plot. [*Aſide.* Do'ſt thou ſo my dear pretty Creature; well, thy Virtue has overcome me; here, where are my [*Hugging her.*] Servants? let the Bed be made this Minute, I'm impatient till I have thee in my Arms, Madam; you'll fling the Stocking? I'll fancy it is again my Wedding Night, and my beauteous Wife not yet enjoy'd.

[*Kiſſing and embracing her all the while.*

Luc. Oh! you know her now, Sir.

Iſab. Heavens! what ſhall I do now, what have I drawn upon myſelf here?

Bel. And how does my charming Boy, is he with you?

Iſab. Sir, I, I, I.

Luc. Ha, ſhe ſtammers and bluſhes.

Bel. By all my Joys thou art more charming than when I firſt embrac'd thee, thy Breath is Jeſſamine, thy Boſom ſweeter than Beds of Roſes. [*Embracing her.*

Iſab. For Honour's ſake ſtand off, hear me and I'll confeſs the Truth.

Luc. Ha!

Enter Betty.

Bet. Oh Madam! *Dorothy*'s gone, the Servants tell me ſhe call'd for a Coach in another Air, and away ſhe flung like Lightning ——

Luc. More Riddles.

Bet. But here's your Uncle and Sir *Charles*.

Enter Sir Thomas, *and Sir* Charles.

Iſab. Ha! Sir *Charles*! I ſhall be expos'd —— but muſt reſolve to bear it out. [*Turns away.*

Luc. Oh Uncle, I am glad you are come to prove the Baſeneſs of your Favourite.

Sir *Tho.* How, how, my Boy baſe?

Luc. He's marry'd, yet impudently deny'd it to her Face; ſhe follow'd him from *Flanders*; there ſhe ſtands, and I believe you'll think ſhe merited kinder Uſage.

Sir *Cha.* Then, Madam, he is not quite ſo culpable as you imagin'd, he had Reaſon for his Oath.

Sir *Tho.* And haſt thou ſhot the Gulf of Matrimony my Lad, ha?

Bel. So it ſeems, Sir *Thomas*.

Sir *Tho.* Why let me ſee thy Wife then——What, do ye turn your Back? You need not be aſham'd of my Boy, my Hero, Madam

Sir *Cha.* How, *Iſabella!* [*Turns her about.*

Iſab. Yes, *Iſabella*, I hope you have no Pretenſions to *Iſabella?*

Bel. Pſhah, you miſtake Man, this is *Donna Clara*.

Sir *Tho.* Who the Devil's *Iſabella?*

Luc. I'm ſurpriz'd; pray explain this to me, for only I am in the Dark.

Sir *Tho.* Why, did not you ſay it was his Wife?

Luc. I thought ſo——

Iſab.

Iſab. He does not or he will not know me——[*Aſide.*] I own I have gone beyond my Sex and Quality, but it was to purchaſe Liberty, and break a forc'd Contract with that perfidious Man who paid his Vows to you.

Sir *Cha.* I ſhou'd not have put you to this Trouble, Madam, if you had let me known your Mind ſooner.

Luc. What, am I then a Property, am I a Perſon fit to be abus'd?

Sir *Tho.* Why then thou art not marry'd, Man—— Have Patience, Niece.

Luc. I can have none, and will renounce Mankind.

Sir *Tho.* Faith and troth but thou ſhalt not.

Bel. What Devil has poſſeſt thee with ſuch Indifference for a Woman ſo charming, Sir *Charles?* had not *Lucinda* engroſs'd my Heart, I cou'd adore this Beauty, and make my only Requeſt to be what but now ſhe call'd me, Huſband.

Iſab. Some kind Angel inform him who I am, and ſave my Bluſhes. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Cha.* She never thought me worth her Conqueſt.

Iſab. Nor ever will———

Sir *Tho.* Short and pithy———

Bel. Now, Madam, I hope my Innocence is clear'd.

Luc. I am convinc'd——I ſuppoſe, Madam, you were my Farmer's Daughter too———

Enter Toylet.

Iſab. I was indeed, Madam, at your Service——*Toylet*, and this was the Lady in your Lodgings; when we were there, I keep my Word with you, Sir, you ſee I confeſs all.

Bel. Now, Madam, ſince your Uneaſineſs has diſcover'd your Love, pray let the Parſon make an End of our Platonicks.

Iſab. What do I hear? [*Aſide.*

Luc. I ſee a real Paſſion cannot be diſguis'd———

Sir *Tho.* Hold, hold, I forbid the Banns.

Iſab. Bleſt Sound. [*Aſide.*

Bel. What! do you know of another Marriage, Sir *Thomas*, ha?

Sir *Tho.* No, but I know that which you don't know, Boy——Why I'll hold you fifty Pound you don't know your own Name———

Bel. No? that's very hard indeed.

Sir *Tho.* As hard as it is, 'tis true ——— What's your Name now?

Bel. James Belvil; I never had any other Name that I know of.

Sir *Tho.* Why look ye there now, did not I tell you you did not know your Name; then there's the Writings again, you young Dog you, which entitles you to two Thouſand a Year, and *James Beaumont*, ha, ha!

Luc. How's this, my Name?

Sir *Tho.* Ay as ſure as he's thy own Brother, Girl.

Luc. My Brother!

Bel. My Siſter!

Luc. What, is this he I have ſo often heard you lament? Why did you conceal it from me thus long?

Iſab. Her Brother! oh lucky Turn! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Tho.* Becauſe I was reſolv'd he ſhou'd get the Writings of his Eſtate before he was known, that he might not be plagu'd with Law as I have been.

Sir *Cha.* Then *Lucinda*'s free. Oh Tranſport —— Dear Sir *Thomas* unfold.

Sir *Tho.* Thus then; my Brother was a Merchant, a thriving Man, there were not ſo many Privateers abroad in his Time, nor the *French* ſo powerful.

Bel. Very well, go on Sir *Thomas* — I ſhall have a Father at laſt ———

Sir *Tho.* This Daughter upon his Death-Bed he bequeath'd to me; you, his Son, he did not think fit to truſt in my Hands, being wheedled by that old Rogue *Roger Dowdy* his Steward, who inſinuated that I being next Heir, was not proper for your Guardian, ſo prevail'd with my Brother to let him have you, and with you the Writings, Care and Management of the Eſtate ———

Sir *Cha.* Happy Story.

Bel. Then you are my Uncle, Sir ———

Sir *Tho.* Certainly, Boy.

Luc. But how are you ſure this is my Brother, Sir?

Sir *Tho.* If you'll give me Leave, dear Madam, you ſhall hear. [*Slyly.*] Your Father left Effects in *Spain*, whither *Dowdy* went to adjuſt 'em, and with him took this proper Fellow then an Infant; at his Return pretended he was dead, and produc'd a forg'd Will, wherein he was left my Brother's

Brother's Heir in Caſe of your Death; but I had private Intelligence from *Spain*, that he had boarded you there, and changed your Name to *Belvil*——I have ever ſince been in Law with him till he dy'd: I got him into *Chancery*, which we call the Court of Equity, but 'tis the Court of the Devil, for the old Raſcal brib'd the Lawyers ſo high, that I have hung there theſe twenty Years.

Iſab. Oh how my Heart leaps at this Relation. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Tho.* I ſent for you ſeveral times, but the Diſtance of Place, and the Man that had the Care of you being a Soldier, you was ſtill remov'd; at laſt I loſt Intelligence of you in the *Spaniſh Netherlands*, till that lucky Night that brought you to our Houſe, and being weary of Law, I put you upon that Stratagem to get the Writings.

Bel. It agrees with every Circumſtance of my Life; thus let me pay you a Son's Duty for your Care; [*Kneels.*] and now Siſter, let me embrace you with a Brother's Love.

Luc. And all my Paſſion ſhall be turn'd to a Siſter's Fondneſs——Whilſt what I as a Lover lik'd, I recommend to fair *Iſabella.*

Bel. Iſabella! oh that Name rouzes a Thought within my Breaſt, which I cou'd wiſh for ever loſt, ſince the Cauſe is never to be found.

Iſab. You do not wiſh to find it, I preſume; our Inclinations may poſſibly alter with the Air, we do not breathe the ſame in *London* which we did in *Paris.*

Bel. Ha!

Iſab. You have learnt from the *Beau-mond*, that the Converſation of a Drawing-Room is beyond that of a Grate.

Bel. By Heaven 'tis ſhe, my *Iſabella*, [*Runs and embraces her*] for whom I've ſearcht, and ſigh'd ſo long; now I am bleſt indeed.

Sir *Tho.* What, another Turn?

Luc. Pray unriddle this, Brother.

Bel. You ſhall know it all at large within; let this ſuffice at preſent, this Lady is my Wife by Promiſe, five Years ago in *France* we plighted Faiths, and nothing now ſhall part us.

Iſab. You muſt own I have deſerv'd you.

Sir *Cha.* With this Embrace take my Conſent, [*Embrace*] ſo thou'lt advance my Intereſt here.

Bel. With all my Soul.

Sir *Tho.* And mine, with all my Spirit.

Enter Robin.

Rob. Oh, Sir, Mrs. *Dowdy*, and a whole Coach full of Folks; ſhe has been hunting you all the Town over ſhe ſaid, and ſeeing me at the Door knew you were here, Sir.

Bel. Will you give me Leave, Madam, to bring 'em into your Houſe? [*To* Iſabella.

Iſab. With all my Heart, my Time's ſhort in this Houſe, I only hir'd it for this Purpoſe.

Toy. Oh *Robin!* your Maſter is found Heir to two thouſand a Year.

Rob. Say'ſt thou ſo? then you and I muſt talk more of the Buſineſs; we ſhall live rarely, Girl, for he's generous as a Prince.

Bel. Go, bring 'em up. [*Exit* Robin.

Re-enters with Mrs. Dowdy, Sharper, Brazen, Equipage, *and* Peeper.

Mrs. Dowdy. Oh Captain! have I vound you? Z'dſlid give me my Writings you ſtole from me, you cheating Knave you, or I'll zet Sir *John* upon your Back.

Iſab. I am afraid, my dear Country Couſin, the right Owner has got 'em into his Hands, and won't eaſily return 'em.

Bel. Sir *John*—Ha, ha, ha! how long has he been a Knight? Why this is *Sharper*, a Fellow not worth two Pence; if thou art married to him, Widow, much good may do thee———

Sir *Cha.* The very honourable Gentleman I met this Morning.

Sharp. Pox on her for bringing me here, wou'd I were well out again. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Dowdy. Well, well, an he be no Knight, I don't care, de ye zee, he is my Huſband, and for all you have choue'd me out of two thouſand Pounds a Year, I have enough to maintain him, and make him a Gentleman too, mun.

Sir *Tho.* Hark ye, hark ye, take me along with you—Choue'd you, did you ſay? Have a Care, don't you remember a Child nam'd *James Beaumont*, your Huſband carried into *Spain*, ha?

Mrs. Dowdy.

Mrs. Dowdy. Od, and it troubled his Conſcience mainly zo it did———But what of him?

Bel. Nothing, only I am that Child it ſeems, and have made bold to ſecure my Eſtate, and henceforth will manage it myſelf.

Mrs. Dowdy. Zay you zo! nay then 'tis beſt to be quiet.

Luc. I find, Miſtreſs, your Huſband was a great Knave—

Mrs. Dowdy. Zo may your Huſband vor ought I know vorſooth--I can't zay much for his Honeſty truly, but I'm zhour I was a good Gentlewomen born, as Cozen *Iſbell* here can teſtify.

Iſab. Don't call me for a Witneſs; for my Part I was told I was related to you, but our Acquaintance began in *London.*

Sharp. How, two thouſand Pounds a Year lopt off! wou'd I were unmarried again.

Sir *Cha.* There's too much for you Raſcal yet——

Sir *Tho.* Come, *Jemmy*, you ſhall go in, and ſign Releaſes this joyful D.y, and forgive her all that's paſt.

Bel. With all my Heart.

Mrs. Braz. But hark ye, hark ye, Sir, [*To* Sharper.] how muſt I have my thouſand Pounds?

Sharp. When you can ſecure the Eſtate you promis'd me, you unconſcionable Jade: Your Judgment, Gentlemen? do's ſhe deſerve a thouſand Pounds for making the Match between us?

Sir *Tho.* I'm afraid ſhe rather deſerves to have her Bones broke.

Sir *Cha.* Not a Groat, when the Marriage is over your Buſineſs is done.

Mrs. Dowdy. A thouſand Pounds! oh you graceleſs Puſs —Ad's Life, I gin her a hundred zo I did; let me [illegible] at her, I'll pull her Noſe off———

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Luc. This is good Diverſion.

Mrs. Braz. A hundred Pounds! I ſhou'd have a rare Trade on't, if every old Woman was as ſneaking as you in the Matches I have made lately.

Equi. Don't let your Clack walk here, *Del Do miſchief*; out, out——[*Turns her out.*] I ſhall get my Wages. [*Aſide.*

Peep. 'Tis beſt for me to hold my Tongue, leſt I be ſerv'd the ſame Sauce. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Dowdy. Come, Spouſe, let's down in the Country 'fore George, I ha paid woundy dear for learning *London* Vaſhons. [*Noiſe of Fiddles without.*

Sir *Tho.* Ha, the Fidlers ſmell a Wedding, let's have a Country Dance.

A DANCE.

Bel. Thus for our Good, kind Providence provides,
Unſeen by us through every Labyrinth guides:
'Twas that which kept me from a Siſter's Arms,
And gave me back to *Iſabella*'s Charms.

THE

Perplex'd LOVERS:

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in

DRURY-LANE,

BY

Her MAJESTY's Servants.

PREFACE.

I AM oblig'd to trouble my Reader with a Preface, that he may not be carried away with false Notions, to the Prejudice of this Play, which had the ill Fate to introduce a new Custom, viz. *in being acted the first Day without an Epilogue: It seems the Epilogue design'd wou'd not pass; therefore the Managers of the Theatre did not think it safe to speak it, without I cou'd get it licens'd, which I cou'd not do that Night, with all the Interest I cou'd make: So that at last the Play was forc'd to conclude without an Epilogue. Mr.* Norris, *who is an excellent Comedian in his Way, was desired to speak six Lines* Extempore, *to intreat the Audience to excuse the Defect, and promised them an Epilogue the next Night; but they apprehending that it was the Epilogue design'd for the Play, were pleas'd to shew their Resentment. It is plain the want of the Epilogue caus'd the Hiss, because there had not been any thing like it during the whole Action; but on the contrary a general Clap attended the Conclusion of the Play. The next Day I had the Honour to have th Epilogue licens'd by the* Vice-Chamberlain, *but by this Time there was a Rumour spread about Town, that it was a notorious Whiggish Epilogue; and the Person who design'd me the Favour of speaking it, had Letters sent her to forbear, for that there were Parties forming against it, and they advis'd her not to stand the Shock; here was a se[illegible] Blow greater than the first: The sinking of my Play cut me not half so deep as the Notion I had, that there cou'd be People of this Nation so ungrateful as not to allow a single Compliment to a Man that has done such Wonders for it. I am not prompted by any private sinister End, having never been oblig'd to the Duke of* Marlborough, *otherwise than as I shar'd in common with my Country; as I am an* English *Woman, I think myself oblig'd to acknowledge my Obligation to his Grace for the many glorious Conquests he has attained, and the many Hazards he has run, to establish us a Nation*

they call Whigs, or how they diſtinguiſh between them and Tories: But if the Deſire to ſee my Country ſecur'd from the Romiſh *Yoke, and flouriſh by a firm, laſting, honourable Peace, to the Glory of the beſt of Queens, who deſervedly holds the Ballance of all* Europe, *be a Whig, then I am one, elſe not. I have printed the Epilogue, that the World may judge whether 'tis ſuch as has been repreſented. So much for that. Now I muſt acquaint my Reader, that I ſhall not pretend to vindicate the following Scenes, about which I took very little Pains, moſt of the Plot being from a* Spaniſh *Play, and aſſuring myſelf Succeſs from Mr.* Cibber's *Approbation, whoſe Opinion was, that the Buſineſs wou'd ſupport the Play; tho' Mr.* Wilks *ſeem'd to doubt it, and ſaid, there was a great deal of Buſineſs, but not laughing Buſineſs; tho' indeed I cou'd not have dreſs'd this Plot with much more Humour, there being four Acts in the Dark, which tho' a* Spaniſh *Audience may readily conceive, the Night being their proper Time of intriguing; yet here, where Liberty makes Noon-day as eaſy, it perplexes the Thought of an Audience too much; therefore I ſhall take Care to avoid ſuch Abſurdities for the future; and if I live I will endeavour to make my Friends amends in the next.*

To his Illuſtrious Highneſs Prince *EUGENE* of *Savoy*.

ONE Night with various Thoughts I muſing lay,
Reflecting on the Buſineſs of the Day;
At length theſe Words got Paſſage from my Breaſt,
And thus the Sadneſs of my Soul expreſs'd:
Oh! when will *Faction* leave my Native Shore,
And *Britons* labour to be *Slaves* no more?
When ſhall true Merit meet with due Regard,
And *Friends* to *France*, be *England*'s *Foes* declar'd?
That once perform'd, my Nation wou'd have Peace,
And all our Troubles and Diſtractions ceaſe.
While thus I argu'd, Sleep did gently ſteal,
And in ſoft Slumbers all my Senſes ſeal.
Straight I on *Albion*'s chalky Cliffs was laid,
From whence I *Neptune*'s ſpacious *Realms* ſurvey'd;
When *lo!* a *Dolphin* haſted to the Shore,
His Back a *Triton* of Diſtinction bore,
Who choſe for his Support a *Mountain* Wave,
And from a Coral *Trump*, he three loud Signals gave.
Alarm'd *Britannia* came the Cauſe to learn,
From whence the *Courier*, and of what Concern;
To whom the *Triton* bow'd his Head, to ſhow
How much all Nations to *Britannia* owe.
Then ſtraight prepar'd his *Embaſſy* to tell,
While joyous Waves with Expectation ſwell.
From *Neptune*, *Lord* of all the wealthy *Main*,
I come, great *Eugene*'s Entry to proclaim;
His out-ſtretch'd Sails the Winds with Pleaſure fill,
And ev'ry ſaucy Storm's commanded to be ſtill.
The *Nereids* all around his Veſſel play,
While Shoals of *Tritons* guard his liquid Way.
Advance, *Britannia*, to receive this Chief;
The *Tyrant*'s Scourge, and the Oppreſt's Relief:
A nobler Weight thy Seas cou'd never boaſt,
Since they the great, the Glorious *William* loſt:
Such dauntleſs Courage, ſuch a Free-born Mind
Alone are fit to ſuccour Human-kind.

To Prince *EUGENE* of *Savoy*.

Thus ſpoke the *Triton* from his tow'ring Wave,
And this Command the pleas'd *Britannia* gave:
To great *Auguſta* quick let *Fame* repair,
And ſpeak the Loud *Eugene*'s Arrival there.
On *Thames*' fair Banks I quick as Thought was thrown,
Where *Fam'd Auguſta*'s ſtately Piles are ſhown:
Here I beheld a lovely Silvan Scene,
Nature renew'd, and ev'ry Bough was green:
Here tuneful Birds their choiceſt Notes prepare,
And Aromatick Scents fill'd all the ambient Air;
When a bright *Form* expanded on the Wing,
Did to my Senſe Surprize and Wonder bring.
Her Golden Treſſes by the Wind were borne,
And num'rous Eyes did every Part adorn:
A Scarlet Robe ſhe had, all ſpangled o'er,
A 'broider'd *Ceſtus* round her Waiſt ſhe wore,
And in her Hand a Golden *Trumpet* bore:
She litt, methought, yet ſeem'd to grow ſo high,
Her Head aſpir'd to reach the diſtant Sky.
Straight with her Breath ſhe blew a gladſome Sound,
And Echo joyfully the Notes rebound.
Auguſta heard, and rais'd her awful Head,
While *Thameſis* forſook his owzy Bed:
To welcome *Fame* they both appear'd in View,
And from her Looks propitious Omens drew.
Smiling *ſhe* ſtood, and with a chearful Voice
Cry'd, Hail old *Thame*, *Auguſta* now rejoice,
Great *Eugene* comes, your Banners ſtraight diſplay,
From every *Turret* ſolemnize this Day.
To Minds like *his*——you all your Safeties owe,
From Souls enlarg'd your choiceſt Bleſſings flow.
Eugene and *Marlbro'*, Names to *Europe* dear,
True *Heroes* born, and Brothers of the War,
Their innate Worth immortal Life ſhall give,
And make their Fame in ſpight of Envy, live,
And even the ſharp, and Iron Teeth of Time
(That muſt deſtroy theſe *Lofty Piles* of thine)
Shall make their Actions much the brighter ſhow,
For thoſe Immortal as their Souls ſhall grow.
Haſte, *Britons*, haſte your choiceſt Youth prepare
To meet and entertain this *God* of *War*;

From

To Prince *EUGENE* of *Savoy*.

From *him*, and *Marlbrô*, let your Soldiers take
Such bright Examples as true *Heroes* make:
Be brave like *them*, like *them* diſcharge their Truſt,
To *ANNE* be loyal, to their Country juſt;
So ſhall their *Acts* ſtrike Envy's Cenſure dumb,
And thus *Britannia* rival ancient *Rome*.
So ſpoke the *Goddeſs*, and withdrew from Sight,
Hiding her fluid *Form* in Folds of Light.
Auguſta haſted to diſplay her Pride,
And *Thame* his Joys expreſs'd with double Tide.
Now was each Street with Expectation fill'd,
When I a Train of *Britons Pride* beheld;
For *Fancy* here again had chang'd the Scene,
And *ANNA*'s *Court* appear'd, to welcome great *Eugene*.
Foremoſt in *Worth* did graceful *Marlbrô* ſtand,
Whoſe *wondrous Conduct* ſav'd the *Britiſh* Land,
And *Europe*'s *Ballance* fix'd in *ANNA*'s Hand.
Spight of his *Foes*, he's ſtill to *Eugene* dear,
Who knows his Soul, knows every Virtue there,
Knows Loyalty and Courage fill his Breaſt,
And ſees his Mind, with Truth, and Prudence dreſt.
Again his *Fame* ſhall glitter like a Star,
When *England*'s *Foes* like Meteors diſappear;
But now behold the lovely *Eugene* here.
And with him comes the Genius of our Iſle,
Methinks I ſee her on the *Heroes* ſmile,
And hear her ſay, Go on *Brave Pair*, ſubdue
The *Tyrant* only can be cruſh'd by *you*.
Then *Savoy*'s *Hero* ſtraight thus addreſt,
Hail valiant *Prince*, far more than *Monarch* bleſt;
He wants no *Crown*, who reigns in every Breaſt.
Thy Preſence here my *drooping Nation* warms,
While *Belgia* owes her *Being* to thy *Arms*.
The barbarous *Turk* thy conqu'ring *Name* reveres,
And more thy *Sword*, than *Mahomet*'s Curſe, he fears.
By *thee*, his choſen Troops were put to Flight,
Or cut to Pieces in their *Sultan*'s Sight.
By *thee* was *Savoy*'s *Duke* retriev'd from Fate,
His *Foes* by *thee* were *beat*, by *thee* he holds his State.
Hail, matchleſs *Youth* of the *Saiſſonian Line*,
Whoſe *Actions* bright, as *Roman Conſuls* ſhine:
No more, the *Macedonian Chief* renown'd,

To Prince *EUGENE* of *Savoy*.

The *Gallick Tyrant* dreads *thy* vengeful Hand,
And sees his ill-got *Trophies* tott'ring stand;
Tho' freed from *Marlbro'*, still his *Fears* remain,
Still *Anjou* trembles on the *Throne* of *Spain*;
And if I ought foresee, the *Bourbon Race*
Shall *(forc'd by thee)* to *Austria's House* give place.
Thus *Britain's Genius*——while the list'ning *Crowd*
Expresst their Joys in Acclamations loud:
Shook with the *Sound*, Sleep loosen'd all his *Ties*,
And left me waking in a pleas'd Surprize.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *BOOTH*.

TO entertain this bustling busy Age,
Our Author now brings Business on the Stage;
She plots, contrives, embroils, foments Confusion,
And yet to Politicks makes not the least Allusion.
Business is now the A-la-mode Pretence,
All wou'd be Men of Business, and of Sense.
The faithless Rover, when with Cælia *cloy'd,*
Still swears, that Business has his Time employ'd:
But when she sees him for another leave her,
Too late she finds her Business done for ever.
The Cit for Business early leaves his Bed,
And Spouse, with other Business in her Head!
She rises early too by his Example,
Pretends some Law Case with spruce Colonel Dimple,
And gets her Deary's Business done——i'th' Temple.
The Side-box Spark,——his only Business lies
To read his Fair-one's Passion in her Eyes.
The Ladies act their own, not mind our Parts,
Their Business is, in looking out for Hearts.
The sweet-condition'd Females of the Pit
Come not to us in quest of Mirth or Wit;
Nor care they what becomes of a poor Play:
You know their Business lies another Way.
To cut my Business short then——I'm to pray,
While here, you'd have no Business but the Play.
If in Attention your Applause is shewn,
You'll do our Author's Business, and your own.

EP

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Norris* in Mourning.

OH Woe is me, oh, oh, oh, what ſhall I ſay?
They charge me here, with ſinking of the Play.
To you I appeal, and pray do me right,
Cou'd I, Sirs, help your hiſſing t'other Night?
I; but ſaid the Poet, I thought your Face
Might from the upper Gallery find more Grace;
Since all below cou'd not think it my Fault,
For all know here, an Epilogue was wrote;
Nay and ſent to be Licenc'd too, what then
It wou'd not paſs, ſo was return'd again.
Cou'd you no Credit to poor Scrub *afford,*
Or cou'd you doubt your Brother Dickie's *Word?*
I ſaid you ſhou'd have an Epilogue to-day,
And don't you mind what Men of Honour ſay?
Nay, laugh not, Brethren, for our Author's Friends
On all the Murderers Revenge intends.
Since ſhe poor Soul is dead, you caus'd her Fall,
Like Julius Cæſar *in the Capitol.*
By two-and-thirty Hiſſes from that Side,
Stung to the Heart, the pretty Creature dy'd.
Good-natur'd Soul! yet midſt theſe dreadful Scars
She made her Will, and left you all her Heirs.
Firſt to the Ladies, ſhe bequeaths her Spouſe;
To th' Beaux, ſome Copies of ſoft Billet-doux:
She knew that few of them, alas! love thinking,
Their chiefeſt Talent lies in Dreſs an' Winking.
To th' pliant Girls, and Gameſters of the Pit,
If they cou'd find it out ——— ſhe leaves her Wit.
To all the Soldiers, when the Wars ſhall ceaſe,
She leaves her Pen, to purchaſe Bread in Peace.
Her Plots, Contrivances, and Stratagems,
She leaves t' intriguing Wives of Citizens.
Dramatick Rules, and Scraps of Poetry,
She leaves thoſe---ay, ay, thoſe ſhe leaves to me.
Look to't young Men, for I intend to write,
Egad I'll ſwinge you off out of our Spight;
Therefore be civil you had beſt [illegible]ht.

And

EPILOGUE;

And now, Sirs, to conclude our Author's Will,
She humbly prays, here in the Codicil,
You wou'd the Undertakers Charge defray,
By filling up the Houſe upon her Day.

The EPILOGUE, *deſign'd to have been ſpoke the firſt Night by Mrs.* Oldfield.

IN theſe good Times when War is like to ceaſe,
And Europe *ſoon expects a gen'ral Peace;*
Ye Beaux, Half-Wits, and Criticks, all may know
I from Apollo *come a* Plenipo;
Who well inclin'd to treat, by me thinks fit
To ſend Propaſals from the State of Wit:
Againſt ſuch ſtrong Confederates engag'd,
An unſucceſsful War he long has wag'd;
And now declares, if you will all ſubmit
To pay the Charges of his Box and Pit,
He will no more Hoſtilities commit.
In all their Works his Poets ſhall take Care
Never to repreſent you, as you are.
But on the Critick, Judgment ſhall beſtow,
Senſe on the Witling, Beauty on the Beau.
This for the Men: next he aſſures the Fair,
He grieves that ever he with them made War;
Or ever in his Plays attack'd their Fame,
Or any thing diſclos'd unfit to name;
Or Characters of faithleſs Women drew,
And ſhew'd feign'd Beauties, ſo unlike the true.
But in all future Scenes *the Sex ſhall ſee*
Themſelves as charming as they wiſh to be;
For them he will ordain new Comick Rules,
And never more will make them doat on Fools:
And when he riſes to the Tragick Strain,
None but true Heroes ſhall their Favours gain;
Such as that Stranger who has grac'd our Land,
Of equal Fame for Coun[illegible] Command.

A Prince

EPILOGUE.

A Prince, whoſe Wiſdom, Valour, and Succeſs,
The gazing World with Acclamations bleſs;
By no great Captain in paſt Times outdone,
And in the preſent equall'd but by ONE.
Theſe fair Conditions will, I hope, compoſe
All Wars between the Poets and their Foes.
Come ſign the Peace, and let this happy Age
Produce a League in favour of the Stage:
But ſhou'd this fail, at leaſt our Author prays
A Truce may be concluded for ſix Days.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Lord *Richlove*, in Love with *Conſtantia*,	Mr. *Mills*.
Sir *Roger Merryman*, Father to *Conſtantia* and *Belvil*,	Mr. *Leigh*.
Colonel *Baſtion*, in Love with *Conſtantiae*,	Mr. *Wilks*.
Colonel *Merryman*, Father to *Camilla*,	Mr. *Bullock*, Sen.
Belvil, in Love with *Camilla*,	Mr. *Booth*.
Timothy, Servant to Colonel *Baſtion*,	Mr. *Pack*.
Le Font, a *French* Valet de Chambre to the Lord *Richlove*,	Mr. *Bowem*.

WOMEN.

Conſtantia, in Love with Colonel *Baſtion*,	Mrs. *Santlow*.
Camilla, in Love with *Belvil*,	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Florella, Maid to *Conſtantia*,	Mrs. *Saunders*.

The SCENE, *LONDON.*

The Time from Five in the Evening 'till Eight in the Morning.

THE

THE
Perplex'd Lovers.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Colonel Baſtion *and* Timothy.

Baſt. WHY you hungry Dog, is nothing to be minded but your Guts, Sirrah?

Tim. Why is it reaſonable now, Colonel, that nothing ſhou'd be minded but you, Love Affairs till I am ſtarv'd? in ſhort, Sir, I am no Soldier; if your Method and mine won't agree, why e'en let us part fairly.

Baſt. Why what have you to complain of, Sirrah?

Tim. Oh! a Multitude of things; ſince you have been honourably in Love, you are no more like the Man you were, than a Squib is like a Cannon; ſometimes you walk ſo ſoftly that my Feet freeze in my Shoes; then by and by ſo faſt that a Highlander can't keep Pace with you ——and I ſcarce get a good Meal in a Week; I muſt faſt, becauſe Love has taken away your Stomach; and the Devil a Bottle can I tick, becauſe he has forſworn the Tavern. [*Aſide.*] Beſides, Sir, you load me with ſo many Secrets that I ſhall burſt, or get my Bones broke one time or other; therefore, good Sir, diſcharge me.

Baſt. Very ſad Grievances indeed—So you are reſolv'd to part with me then?

Tim. Yes really, Sir, without ſome Amendments on your Side.

Baſt. Come, what wou'd you have? let's hear.

Tim. Why, Sir, in the firſt Place I wou'd have my Wages; there's a great deal due, Colonel.

Baſt. How long have you ſerv'd me?

Tim.

Tim. [*looks on his Book.*] Let me ſee, I have ſerv'd you—I have ſerv'd you juſt five Years, four Months, one Week, three Days, two Hours, one Minute, and two Seconds, Sir,

Baſt. You are very particular.

Tim. I love punctual Dealings, Sir: Now my Wages comes to at ſix Pounds *per Annum*, thirty-two Pounds the five Years four Months, the odd Week two ſhillings ſix Pence, the two Hours one Half-penny——as for the half Hour, one Minute, and two Seconds, I'll generouſly throw them into the Bargain. I ſcorn to treat a Gentleman dirtily.

Baſt. You are wonderfully obliging.

Tim. Now, Sir, out of theſe thirty-two Pounds three Shillings and nine Pence Half-penny, I have receiv'd at ſeveral Times, the full Sum of———nothing at all; ſo that there ſtill remains due to me the aforeſaid Sum, Colonel.

Baſt. Very well, Sir, you ſhall be paid——Theſe are the Extent of your Demands?

Tim. Nay hold there! theſe are but Part of them, Sir.

Baſt. Be brief then; what more?

Tim. Why, Sir, there is Board-wages for thoſe Days I eat nothing——my Pocket has no Reaſon to enter into Alliance with my Stomach.

Baſt. Oh! theſe things ſhall be rectified. Come, you ſhan't leave me.

Tim. Say you ſo, Sir? Why then you ſhall promiſe me three Meals a Day, and to intruſt me with no Secret I may not tell the whole Town; for I lie ſo much upon your Account, Sir, that I'm ſhrewdly afraid I ſhall never die in my Bed.

Baſt. Can you fall more honourably, Sirrah, than in defence of your Maſter's Secrets?

Tim. Faith, Sir, I deſire to ſhake Hands with that kind of Honour; I heartily wiſh this honourable Fit of Love may give you an Averſion for the Sex; and then 'twou'd be ſome Comfort to live with you.

Baſt. That it has already: I believe I have done with Womankind.

Tim. How's that, Sir? Done with Womankind? Odſ my Life, you are not ſtruck with Death, are you? Or are you married? No, no, that can't be; for then you'd have an Inclination for every Woman but your own Wife.

Baſt.

Baſt. Yes, I am married to the Wars, and intend for *Flanders* to-morrow.

Tim. Nay then, Sir, I am your moſt humble Servant. For *Flanders* quotha! that's out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire: I have had enough of *Flanders*, I thank you.

Baſt. There your Head won't be burthen'd with Secrets.

Tim. No, nor my Body burthen'd with my Head neither perhaps ——— I am afraid you and I muſt part at laſt, Colonel; for *Flanders* does not agree with my Conſtitution; the very Air of a Cannon Ball turns all my Blood in a Moment. But pray, Sir, with Submiſſion, may I not know the Reaſon of this ſudden Reſolution? Is there no Hopes of Madam *Conſtantia* then?

Baſt. I fear not——— I have a powerful Rival, *Tim*; my Lord *Richlove*, her Servant aſſures me, has made her ſeveral Viſits, encourag'd by her Father; then what may I not apprehend? he's a Lord, and ſhe's a Woman; Grandeur and Titles charm the Sex beyond the Power of Conſtancy and Love; her concealing it from me, confirms ſhe likes him. I'll viſit her inſtantly and take my Leave; I ſhall judge by her Deportment if my Abſence wou'd oblige her.

Tim. Nay, if he ſees her there are ſome Hopes of our ſtaying in *England* yet——— but Madam *Camilla* is ſtill your Friend.

Baſt. I think ſo, and the Door which opens out of her Houſe into *Conſtantia*'s Apartment undiſcover'd, the only way by which I ſee her. Go you to *Camilla*'s, and with my humble Service let her know I intend to wait on her immediately; and humbly intreat *Conſtantia* may be there.

Tim. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Baſt. How unequal are the Lots of Fate, and what innumerable Bleſſings wait on large Poſſeſſions? I have nothing but a faithful Heart to ballance his Eſtate and Title, no Gold to give in Dowry with my Love, no Coach and Six to prance it in the Ring, no Diamond Bait to glitter in the Box, no thouſand Pounds to hazard on a Card; this Sword is all my Fortune, and Love the only Jointure I can make.

Re-enter Timothy.

Tim. Sir, Mrs. *Camilla* ſays, ſhe'll inform her Couſin *Conſtantia* this Minute.

Baſt. 'Tis well——
Now I the Criſis of my Fate ſhall try,
This Hour throws the Chance that bids me Live or Die.
[*Exit.*

Tim. Oh Life, Life, ſweet Heav'n give us Life, ſay I.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Camilla's *Apartment.*

Enter Camilla *and* Conſtantia.

Cam. Come, Couſin, prithee be chearful, don't let my Uncle's Propoſal make you ſplenetic, we ſhall counterplot 'em all, I warrant thee Girl——The Colonel's Sword is as long as my Lord's, and as good Metal too, never fear it.

Conſt. I hope I ſhall never ſee the Trial——I wou'd not have the Colonel know of his Lordſhip's Pretenſions; for by my own Heart I judge the Pains that his wou'd feel ——— the bare Suſpicion of a Rival wou'd diſtract me; and without Vanity I believe our Flames are equal.

Cam. The Colonel's Pretenſions are ſtill a Secret to to your Brother?

Conſt. And ſtill muſt be ſo——for you are not unacquainted with his Promiſe given to Sir *Philip Gaylove*—with whom he contracted a Friendſhip in his Travels——He is perfectly recover'd of that Illneſs which detain'd him behind your Brother at the *Hague*, and is expected in a few Days; now judge, if I have not a difficult Game to play, *Camilla?*

Cam. You have indeed, *Conſtantia*; but whilſt I have Power to charm your Brother, you ſhall not want a Friend to fend that Blow —— I never will be his, till thou art happy.

Conſt. I do believe thee; and were it not for thy indulging Kindneſs, my Brain had long been turn'd.

Cam. What think you of informing your Brother of my Uncle's Proceedings; I fancy he wou'd rid you of his Lordſhip's Viſits.

Conſt. My Father ſtrictly forbad me to mention that Affair; he knows what Regard my Brother has always to his Word, and how far the Knowledge might tranſport him is uncertain; perhaps to an open Breach of Duty, without

without the leaſt Service to me; for were my Lord remov'd, what Defence have I againſt my Brother's Friend?

Cam. What think you of marrying the Colonel privately, and going to *Spain* or *Flanders* with him for a Campaign or two? Time makes all things eaſy—— You have four thouſand Pounds that your Grand-father left you.

Conſt. But in my Father's Hands.

Cam. Pho'! there may be Ways and Means found to get it out, my Life on't——Ha! here's your Brother.

Conſt. Belvil! Unlucky Minute, which way ſhall I ſee the Colonel?

Enter Belvil,

Cam. Fear not, I'll pick a Quarrel with him, and ſet him going——So, Sir, you are a Lover I hear!

Bel. Cou'd that News be a Stanger to you, Ma'am, that are ſo nearly concern'd in it?

Cam. Am I concern'd in your Paſſion for *Belinda!* whom you 'ſquir'd to the Maſquerade laſt Night?

Bel. Belinda! Pray who inform'd you that?

Cam. Thoſe that knew ye both, in ſpite of your Diſguiſe —— I don't envy her Happineſs, I aſſure you; and wou'd adviſe you to pay your Court there now, for I am not at leiſure to receive your Viſit.

Bel. You are miſ-inform'd, upon my Word, Madam; I neither waited on *Belinda*, nor ſaw the Maſquerade laſt Night.

Cam. Your Judgment miſ-informs you, if you imagine I'm to be convinc'd by all that you can ſay; and the beſt Excuſe that you can make, is to leave Room——Perhaps I ſhall take a Time to do you Juſtice, without putting you to the expence of Oaths to clear yourſelf——go mind your Aſſignations.

Enter Colonel Baſtion *and* Timothy.

Bel. This Proceeding is vdry odd, *Camilla* — Ha, who have we here? A new Lover? I have it now! my Viſit was unſeaſonable —— You miſtook, Madam, 'twas you that had Aſſignations——Confuſion!——

Conſt. What ſhall I do now? He is here. [*To* Camilla.

Cam. I muſt carry it off——How now, Sir! who

are you, that comes ſo boldly up without Notice? Who wou'd you ſpeak with?

Tim. Hey day! Why, what, is the Woman bewitch'd?

Baſt. With you, Madam —— What is the Meaning of this —— *Conſtantia*'s Brother! Mum! I muſt not ſeem to know my Love. [*Aſide.*

Cam. Colonel *Baſtion!* you ſurpriz'd me, really I did not know you ——

Tim. Theſe great Ladies have very ſhort Memories.

Bel. Colonel, have you any private Buſineſs with this Lady? I am one of the civileſt Rivals you ever met with ——I'll retire into the next Room till you deliver it ——But then muſt beg a Word with you myſelf.

Baſt. Sir, it is a Secret of no ſuch Importance I aſſure you, as you imagine——All the Affairs I have with this Lady may be done in publick.

Cam. Methinks you uſurp a Liberty, unbecoming a depending Lover; begone, and ſee my Face no more.

Conſt. Nay, now *Camilla*, I muſt interpoſe! That Taſk's too hard to ſuit my Brother's Love——Tho' I wiſh him gone on any Terms. [*Aſide.*

Baſt. Madam, let me become a Mediator, perhaps my Buſineſs may relate to him as much as you.

Conſt. What in the Name of Goodneſs is he about to ſay now? [*Aſide.*

Cam. Sure he won't tell him he is in Love with his Siſter! [*Aſide.*

Baſt. To-morrow I intend for *Harwich*, in order to embark for *Flanders*; if you have any Recommendations thither I ſhall deliver them with Pleaſure—— Ha! *Conſtantia* changes Colour.

Conſt. For *Flanders!* oh! my Heart. [*Aſide.*

Bel. If this be all, I aſk your Pardon, Colonel, and ſhall give you the Trouble of a Letter to a Friend of mine in *Liſle*.

Cam. And I, of one to my Brother, if you'll let your Servant call for it an Hour hence. Courage, Couſin, this is only a ſudden Thought of the Colonel's to take off *Belvil*'s Suſpicion. [*Aſide to* Conſtantia.

Bel. In the mean time if, you'll do me the Honour, Colonel, I'll diſpatch mine over a Bottle——I hope you'll

have

have a better Opinion of me, Madam, when I ſee you next.

Cam. According to the Humour you find me in, *Belvil.*

Baſt. I'll follow you, Sir: *Tim*, wait for the Lady's Letter; and, do you hear? beſure you bring me Word how I ſhall ſee *Conſtantia* again. [*Aſide to* Tim.

[*Exit* Baſt. *and* Bel.

Tim. A pox of this Letter for me, now ſhan't I get one drop of the Wine. Pray, Madam, be as quick as you can, my Maſter will be very impatient.

Conſt. Does your Maſter really go for *Flanders*, *Tim?*

Tim. Faith I fear ſo, Madam: But I have no Commiſſion to anſwer Queſtions; nor do I believe it poſſible to know my Maſter's Mind three Hours together; but if you have any Commands for him, Madam, I am your faithful humble Servant to deliver 'em. But don't let me wait I beg you, Madam; for to tell you the truth, I ſhall forfeit a Bottle, if I meet not a Friend of mine here by in a quarter of an Hour.

Conſt. Well, not to detain you from your Friend, *Tim*, take this Key, and bid your Maſter meet me in the Garden half an Hour hence; and leſt your Bottle ſhou'd be in Danger—— there is ſomething to defray the Expence.

[*Gives him Money.*

Tim. Good; I like a Perſon of a clear Underſtanding; ſhe took the Hint—Madam, I fly to execute your Orders.

[*Exit.*

Conſt. Now! if he ſhou'd be commanded away, *Camilla?*

Cam. Why, were I in thy Place, Girl, I'd pluck up a Courage, pack up my Awls and march with him.

SCENE *changes to the outſide of a Garden in the Street.*

Enter Lord Richlove *and* Florella *at ſeveral Doors.*

Flor. Is your Lordſhip alone?

L. *Rich.* I am, *Florella!* what haſt thou to tell me? Doſt thou find *Conſtantia* inclining to my Love? How did ſhe reliſh her Father's Propoſal?

Flor. As ſick People do the News of Death.

L. *Rich.* Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo? How did ſhe treat me in my

Abſence? Come, I know thou art her Confidant, and ſhall tell me all.

Flor. I have a very great Deference for your Lordſhip, and much Eſteem for my Lady —— but my Lord, Self-intereſt governs the World; if I favour your Lordſhip I ſhall diſoblige my Lady, and loſe my Place; Service is no Inheritance, my Lord ———

L. *Rich.* I underſtand you —— and aſſure you whatever Diſcoveries you make to me ſhall turn to your Advantage; this to confirm it. [*Gives her a Purſe.*

Flor. Ay, there's ſome Senſe in this; who wou'd not ſpeak for a Man of Quality? that paultry Colonel never gave me above half a Guinea ——— Your Lordſhip is ſo extremely good, that I declare I can refuſe you nothing; I wiſh my Lady wou'd ſay ſo, my Lord, but 'tis impoſſible, for ſhe hates you, and vow'd to me this Morning, as I was reading her a Lecture in praiſe of your Lordſhip, if there were never another Man in the Univerſe, ſhe'd die a Maid, and lead you know what, my Lord, before ſhe'd wed you.

L. *Rich.* Is her Averſion ſo ſtrong, ſay'ſt thou? perhaps ſhe loves elſewhere?

Flor. I have nothing to ſay to that, my Lord; but if you pleaſe I can put you where you may inform yourſelf.

L. *Rich.* If thou canſt do that thou bindeſt me ever thine.

Flor. This Key opens the back Gate of our Garden, whither ſhe is juſt now gone.

L. *Rich.* To meet her Lover, ha?

Flor. I never anſwer Queſtions of this kind with my Tongue, my Lord.

L. *Rich.* I conceive you, adieu. [*Exit.*

Flor. I want only to ſerve ſome Favourite at Court to be a great Woman—twenty Pieces added to my Fortune! this is no ill Evening's Work: What Advantages the Donor propoſes to himſelf, I neither know, nor care. I have put them together, let them come off as they can. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the inſide of the Garden.*

Enter Colonel Baſſion, Conſtantia, *and* Timothy *at a diſtance.*

Conſt. I am glad you had an Excuſe ſo ready before my Brother, or we had been undone; but that going for *Flanders* ſav'd all —— What will you do with this Letter?

Baſſ. Deliver it, as I promiſed.

Conſt. Deliver it! are you in earneſt? Muſt I loſe you then ſo ſoon?

Baſt I fear you do not think it ſoon enough, *Conſtantia.*

Conſt. What do you mean, *Baſtion?* Why this Indifference? Has my too much Fondneſs made you cool, or have your Eyes ta'en in ſome other Love, and now wou'd throw your Guilt on me?

Baſt. I wiſh you be not guilty——Oh, *Conſtantia,* has thy Reaſon never call'd thy Choice in queſtion, by repreſenting things above their Sphere? Will not the Pageantry of Fortune abate thy Love to me, and make me ſeem unworthy of you?

Conſt. He talks as if he knew my Lord's Deſign. Why do you ſuſpect me? In what Action, ſince our firſt Acquaintance, have I betray'd a Soul ſo mercenary? Think you my Taſte's ſo vitiated, that like common Wretches, I cou'd love for Gold? No, Love is a free-born Paſſion of the Mind, not to be purchas'd at a ſordid Price—Thoſe that can make their Bodies ſubſervient to their Intereſt, were ne'er acquainted with that noble Paſſion, but like the Brutes ſubmit to Nature's Call, unknowing of Love's mighty Excellence.

Baſt. Oh, thou haſt clear'd my Doubts ſo fully now, that no one Fear remains——Pardon my Jealouſies, ſince they proceed from Love. Hark! what Noiſe is that?

Conſt. I hope my Brother has not miſs'd me, and come to ſeek me in the Garden——I'll ſtep to the Parlour Door to avoid being ſurpriz'd; if all be ſafe I'll return in a Moment. [*Exit.*] [*A Noiſe of a Key in a Door.*

Tim. Sir, Sir, Sir, afore *George,* there's a Key in the Door, we are certainly diſcover'd——and ſhall be apprehended for Thieves; a Pox take all Intriguing, I ſay.

Baſt. Peace, you cowardly Dog, or I'll cut your Throat.

Tim. Look you there now, when I am running the Danger of the Gallows for him, he'd cut my Throat for Satisfaction; the Devil wou'd not ſerve one of theſe Traders in Blood.

Enter Lord Richlove; *ſpeaks as he enters.*

L. *Rich.* Wait you without.

Baſt. Ha! my Lord *Richlove!* Amazement! How came he by a Key too? Sure he had it not from her!

[*Re-enter* Conſtantia, *miſtaking the* Lord *for the* Colonel, *and runs into his Arms.*]

Conſt. There's no Danger, my Life——but ſpeak low leſt they ſhould hear us, and our meeting be prevented for the future.

Baſt. What's that of meeting for the future?

L. *Rich.* Oh Tranſport! oh Extaſy! my charming Angel——Humph, 'tis plain ſhe loves——and did expect her Lover here. [*Aſide.*

Baſt. Hell and Furies! in Raptures?

Conſt. My Lord *Richlove!* which way got your Lordſhip hither?——Diſtraction, what ſhall I do now?

L. *Rich.* Did not you expect me, Faireſt?

Baſt. Expect him! oh perfidious Woman!

Conſt. I expect you, Inſolence!

L. *Rich.* What! then I'm not the happy Man to whom you ſlew! why do you tremble ſo! oh let me dwell upon theſe Lips, whoſe every Touch runs through my Heart with Pleaſure.

Conſt. What ſhall I ſay? if I cry out my *Baſtion* will be found; were he away I'd make an Example of this Monſter. [*Aſide.*

Baſt. She's conſcious of her Wrongs to me, and whiſpers out her Words, leſt I ſhou'd hear her: Oh thou Serpent of thy kind! [*Aſide.*

L. *Rich.* Have I too ſuddenly ſurpriz'd thee? Come, let's retire to this Alcove, where in my Arms thou ſhalt recover Breath, and hear me tell how much I love thee.

Conſt. Away, my Lord, and leave the Garden, and force me not to examine by what Authority you treat me thus.

Baſt. Now ſhe exalts her Voice to blind my Rage, convey him hence, and ſo deceive me on——but I can bear no more——Draw, my Lord, and give an injured Lover Satisfaction. [*Draws.*

L. *Rich.* Draw! who are you, Sir?

Conſt. Ah! Heav'n defend my *Baſtion*! Ah! help, Murder! [*Exit.*

Baſt. Thus I inform you.

L. *Rich.* Thus I return it. [*They fight.*

Tim. Murder! Murder! Murder! [Tim. *draws and puſhes againſt the Wall, and cries Murder all the while.*

Enter

Enter Footmen to the Lord *at one Door.* *Sir* Roger Merriman, Belvil *and* Florella *at the other.* *The* Colonel *disarms the* Lord, *and throws him his Sword.*

Baſt. There's your Sword, my Lord —— when next we meet preſerve it better—Come along, you timorous Raſcal.

Tim. Ay, with all my Heart, Lights and Liver. [*Exit.*

Bel. Murder cry'd in our Garden?

L. *Rich.* Secure him, Slaves. [*To his Footmen.*

1*ſt Foot.* Secure who, my Lord?

L. *Rich.* The Gentleman that fought me.

2*d Foot.* We ſee nobody, my Lord —— ho, yes, here he is. [*Lays hold of* Belvil.

Bel. Villains hold off, or I'll ſtick ſome of you.

Sir *Reg.* What! my Son aſſaſſinated by Ruffians? Within there! where are all my Servants? My Lord *Richlove!* how came your Lordſhip here? Not a Word of your Love to my Daughter, my Lord. [*Aſide to Lord.*

Flor. If your Lordſhip diſcovers me I'm undone. [*Aſide to him.*

Bel. My Lord *Richlove!* and Murder cry'd! ——— Where is my Siſter, *Florella?*

Flor. In her Chamber, Sir.

Bel. What Adventure brought your Lordſhip into our Garden?

L. *Rich.* Now dare not I accuſe my Rival, leſt I betray myſelf ——— Why, Sir, coming by your Garden Wall here, I chanc'd to joſtle a Gentleman that had got a Lady there it ſeems, who immediately lugg'd out upon me; the Place being narrow, I thought to clap my Back againſt the Wall, but happening upon the Garden Door, it ſuddenly gave way, and in I fell ——— my Antagoniſt ſuppoſing he had kill'd me fled ——— the Woman ſhriek'd ——— my Servants roar'd out Murder —— and I call'd out to ſecure him; which Noiſe I ſuppoſe brought you, Gentlemen.

Flor. An admirable Story. [*Aſide.*

Bel. This may be true; 'tis probable. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Reg.* I hope your Lordſhip has receiv'd no hurt.

L. *Rich.* Not at all, Sir *Roger* —— Let me ſee you by and by at the Corner of the Street, *Florella.* [*Aſide to her.*

Flor. Depend upon it, my Lord.

Sir *Reg.* Will your Lordſhip pleaſe to walk into my Houſe, 'till the Street be clear? the Noiſe may have alarm'd the Neighbourhood.

L. *Rich.* I'm engag'd to the Play, Sir *Roger*——you'll excuſe this Trouble which I have accidently given you: Gentlemen, I'm your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir *Reg.* I am glad your Lordſhip is ſafe, the Trouble is nothing.

Bel. I like not theſe Court Weaſels ſauntring about our Houſe, the Family is ſeldom lucky where they frequent. [*Exit.*

Sir *Reg.* I ſuſpect his Lordſhip had another End in coming here, tho' I know not how he got into the Garden; my Daughter was the Cauſe—— Oh that ſtubborn Baggage, wou'd ſhe but liſten to his Love, ſhe might make her Father a great Man.

Beauty has many Fortunes made at Court,
And many Title thanks a Woman for't. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Lord Richlove *and* Le Front.

Le Front. ME Lor, you be more dejected for dis Lady, den I ever ſaw your Lorſhip for any Lady in me Life.

L. *Rich.* Becauſe there is more Difficulty in obtaining this Lady than ever I met before——I am an honourable Lover now, *Le Front*, and a Slave to one that hates me.

Le Front. How does your Lorſhip know ſhe hates you? Women are very cunning, me Lor, and when day ſay day hate a, begar day love beſt ſometimes, me know dat very well.

L. *Rich.* But I am convinced he loves another.

Le Front. O de Divel! dat is another ting, maſoy.

L. *Rich.* By the Help of her Maid, whom I expect here preſently, I got Admittance into her Garden, and ſurprized her with her Lover, but was ſo unfortunate not to diſcover who he was——and tho' my Paſſion is authorized by her Father, I foreſee ſhe never will be mine.

Le Front.

Le Front. Me Lor, may I aſk a you one Queſtion? vil nothing but Marriage cure your Love? have a you take a one Surfeit of Variety? and muſt a you take a de Courſe of Phyſick for Life, me Lor? ah! a Vife is one dam bitter Pill, dat vil never out a your Stomach 'till Death, begar.

L. *Rich.* But Love makes that Bitter ſweet, *Le Front.*

Le Fron. Love! begar, if your Lorſhip were one very poor Man I ſhou'd believe you——becauſe de pavre Man is always very much in Love with de rich Lady—but de Gens de Quality—never, me Lor, never—day don't mind *Cupid*, begar their gran Figure ſcorn de little ſneaking Baſtard.

L. *Rich.* And the rich Ladies ſcorn poor Men, I'm ſure.

Le Front. Sometimes, me Lor, ſometimes; but there be ſome generous Ladies that like a de hanſome young Fellow very much. Me was very well once wid the rich Widow, me viſit her every Day, me ſtay 'till one, two, three, four de Clock every Morning, me dance vid her, me ſing vid her—me kiſs her ſo warn, ſo warn, ſo warnly, as me pleaſe begar, and me ſwear me love her very much, becauſe ſhe was very rich, me Lor, and ſhe loves a me very much too.

L. *Rich.* How came you did not marry her then?

Le Front. Ah dat was de ting, my Lor, begar ſhe no want Marriage——an de dam cunning Devil knew I wanted noting elſe——

L. *Rich.* Oh! you ſhou'd have ta'en an Opportunity to prove her Perſon was your only Aim.

Le Front. Oh begar me give her Proofe enough of dat, ſhe let me do every thing begar me aſk—oh ſhe lov'd to be tickled, my Lord, but fear'd to be expos'd into Manage—ſhe lov'd a me Perſon dearly, dearly——but begar ſhe lov'd her Money better. She take one Chamber for me in her Houſe begar, to lye at Bed, and Board, but me wou'd not go maſoy, me love Marriage my Lor—me no love de Stallion, begar.

L. *Rich.* And ſo ſhe jilted you!

Le Front. Even ſo, my Lor—now had me been a your Lorſhip, me ſhou'd have had her vid a wet Finger, begar; for de Men of Quality may have any Lady maſoy.

L. *Rich.* You have a wrong Notion, as to all Women, *Le Front*; indeed a Woman can't be virtuous that gives a

Man ſuch Encouragement as your Widow did you ——for a virtuous Woman will not receive a ſecond Viſit from the Perſon ſhe has no Deſign upon——Wou'd *Conſtantia* give me ſuch Liberty, I wou'd not fear Poſſeſſion one Way or other.

Le Front. Nor need you yet, me Lor, if Poſſeſſion will do your Buſineſs ——

L. *Rich.* What ſay'ſt thou?

Le Front. Mony, my Lor, Mony, vill do all Tings.

L. *Rich.* Away Fool, ſhe wants it not.

Le Front. But her Maid —— me Lor —— her Maid —ah! how many pritty Tings de Maid can do —— ſhe can put a your Lordſhip into de Bed-chamber of her Miſtreſs, and hide a you there 'till Midnight; then you cou'd creep a ſoftly, ſoftly, ſoftly, to de Bed-ſide, lift a de Cloaths gently, gently, gently, ſteal into de Bed ſilently, take a de Lady in your Arms tenderly, and when your Lorſhip have her there *l'affair & fait*, begar, ha, ha!

L. *Rich.* Ha! the bare Imagination gives me Pleaſure; thou haſt inſpir'd me with a Way to revenge myſelf of her Diſdain. Welcome Dear ——

Enter Florella.

Florella, in thee lies all my Hope: Thou canſt inform me who is the happy Man: I prithee let me know my Rival.

Flor. To what End, my Lord?

L. *Rich.* Leave that to me.

Flor. You muſt pardon me there, my Lord, I'll do any that wears no Face of Guilt, becauſe I ſee your Lordſhip can carry a thing off at a Pinch——but won't abſolutely betray the Secrets of my Lady neither; in ſhort, my Lord, the Knowledge won't advance your Suit, and he may have a Chance for his Life as well as you —— Let this ſuffice, he is no Coward——for Fighting is Meat, Drink and Cloaths to him, therefore think if I can ſerve you any other Way, my Lord.

L. *Rich.* Yes, one way thou canſt ——If thou'lt convey me privately into *Conſtantia*'s Bed-chamber to-night

Flor. Into her Bed-chamber, my Lord! I fear your Deſign mayn't be honourable——and I wou'd not have a Hand in my Lady's Ruin for the World.

L. *Rich.* Nor wou'd I attempt it — my only Reaſon for

it is, that there I may have an Opportunity to declare my Mind, and Prudence will oblige her to hear me——left the malicious Word reflect upon her Conduct——Come, you shall do this. [*Putting a Ring upon her Finger.*

Flor. I think your Lordship has laid a Spell upon me, I have no Power to deny whatever you ask me. An Hour hence expect me here, my Lord.

L. *Rich.* I will.

Flor. Odd methinks my Finger becomes a Diamond Ring as well as my Lady's. [*Exit.*

L. *Rich.* Now Love's great Goddess smile on my Design,
And all the Glory of Success be thine. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Camilla's *House.*

Enter Camilla *and* Constantia.

Cam. Which way got his Lordship into the Garden?

Const. Nay, Heaven knows, nor how the Colonel made his Escape, or if he lives; oh I dread your Maid's Return.

Cam. Lives! I warrant him, or we had seen *Timothy* ere this.

Enter Maid.

Maid. The Colonel will wait on you immediately, Madam.

Cam. Very well; wait without to receive him.
[*Exit Maid, and re-enter.*

Maid. Madam, your Cousin *Belvil*'s coming up.

Const. What shall I do now?

Cam. Here, here, step into this Closet, I'll find some Pretence to get him away. [*Exit* Constantia *into the Closet.*

Enter Belvil.

Bel. What the Devil did this Wench run back so fast at Sight of me for?——Ha! sure I saw somebody whip into that Closet——Well, *Camilla*, what Humour is your Ladyship in at present? Dispos'd to be angry still, or how?

Cam. No, I think I have a mind to be pleas'd, Cousin, if you don't cross it; nay, I am in so good an Humour, that I could find in my Heart to ask your Pardon for my last Quarrel with you.

Bel. So, now she's upon the wheedle —— There is certainly somebody in that Closet— Prithee what Reason had you for that unjust Accusation, *Camilla?*

Cam. My dear inquisitive Lover, be not too curious to pry into the Reasons of Women —— We have either too many for your Knowledge, or too few for your Quiet; you shou'd never think us in the wrong before Marriage, tho' we seldom think you in the right after it.

Bel. A frank Confession; but my Humour is just the Reverse, I can see every Fault in a Mistress, but none in a Wife.

Cam. That is, you won't think a Wife's Actions worth Regard. The first Month takes off the Sting of your Appetite, and ever after you become a mere Drone.

Bel. Prithee try me, *Camilla*, and from Experience admonish your Sex, and don't let false Notions prevail to the Prejudice of ours.

Cam. I'll consider on't; come, shall we take a turn in the Garden? you promis'd to teach me the last new Song.

Bel. I'll go into your Closet, and write it down for you.

Cam. No, no, no, no, you must not go into the Closet.

Bel. Why so? have you a Spark there?

Cam. Look ye there now, you will be asking Questions; upon Honour there is no Male thing in that Closet; will that suffice?

Bel. Then why am I forbid to enter?

Cam. Nay, if you doubt what I say, you'll give me Cause to suspect your Love: There's the Key, satisfy your Curiosity; but from this Moment depend upon it, my House shall ne'er receive you as a Lover more; then take your Choice, the Closet without me, or me without the Closet.

Bel. Too well you know your Power, *Camilla!* I'll wait on you to the Garden.

Cam. So, now I like you; learn to be tractable, and then one may endure you for a Husband. [*Exeunt.*

[Constantia *comes out of the Closet.*

Const. I'm glad he's gone, my Heart went pit-a-pat when she offer'd him the Key.

Enter Colonel Bastion.

My dear *Bastion!* my Heart has a thousand Fears for thee.

Bast.

Baſt. For my Lord *Richlove* you mean, Madam; I had the Advantage, but ſpared him for your ſake, ſince I cou'd not pierce his Breaſt without wounding yours.

Conſt. How ill does this Language become a Lover's Mouth?

Baſt. And how ill does your Carriage become a virtuous Woman? 'Sdeath, could you not be content to receive his Viſits in private, but you muſt make me Spectator of your Treachery? Muſt you triumph to gratify your Pride?

Conſt. I ſcorn your Accuſations——ſince you can entertain a Thought to the Prejudice of my Virtue, you are unworthy of my Juſtification.

Baſt. I ſhall not put you to the Trouble of an Excuſe, Madam. Laying it upon the Careleſſneſs of Servants leaving open the Door, and his ſtumbling that Way by Accident, wou'd be to no Purpoſe, becauſe I know he had the ſame Paſſport with myſelf, a Key; and who ſhou'd give it him but you? and at ſuch a Juncture too, you tim'd it to a Minute.

Conſt. Ha! a Key, which way got he a Key?—Ungrateful; have I refus'd that Lord you mention, when by my Father's ſtrict Commands preferr'd! and ran the Hazard of a Parent's Hate for thee? for thee that dares upbraid me thus?———but thou haſt cur'd my Folly; yes, I will tear thee from my Heart, and throw thee as a worthleſs Trifle by; but I owe ſo much to my Fame, to clear thy groſs Miſtake how my Lord came by that Key—I know not, nor of his coming to the Garden; or if I e'er admitted one Thought, that could be favourable to his Love, may foul Contagion ſeize me; but what your Uſage may inſpire me with, Time will produce, for from this Hour I'll never———

Baſt. [*Falling on his Knees.*] Oh hold, I conjure thee; keep back that haſty Reſolution, my charming Angel; forgive the Exceſs of faithful Love. My abject Fortune when compar'd with his, wak'd a thouſand racking Cares; and Fear of loſing what my Soul adores, tranſported me to Madneſs; pardon me now, and if I e'er offend again——

Conſt. I muſt again forgive you, is it not ſo? Why do'ſt thou ſtudy to deſtroy my Quiet? Is Jealouſy ſo requiſite to prove we love? No ſure: Love is a ſoft and gentle Joy, and

and ſhou'd be fondled like a tender Infant; the rude Ruſty Guſts of Paſſion, like *Eaſtern* Winds, deſtroy it in the Bud.

Baſt. Have I not Reaſon for my Fears, *Conſtantia?* when thy Father and thy Brother are both againſt me?

Conſt. No, not if all the World combin'd, whilſt thou haſt me.

Baſt. Thou matchleſs Woman, how ſhall I requite thee? Life will be too ſhort to do it. But when wilt thou compleat my Joys, and give thy Perſon with thy Heart? *Conſtantia*, I dread the Arrival of thy Brother's Friend; not that I fear thy Change——but he will importune thee, thy Father will command thee, and 'twill be difficult to find Objections againſt both; but when we are marry'd, and all Arguments fail to rid thee of his Sollicitations, that Diſcovery ſets thee free at once.

Conſt. Have Patience but a while, my Love; I wou'd not do an Act of ſuch Importance without my Father's Conſent, if poſſible.

Baſt. How doſt thou hope to gain it?

Conſt. That I muſt think of.

Baſt. But then thy Brother!

Conſt. His Love to *Camilla* will befriend us there; ſhe's ours you know, and will ſcruple nothing for our Intereſt.

Baſt. She is indeed a generous Friend; cou'd ſhe not change your Brother's Purpoſe?

Conſt. She has not attempted it, and the Reaſon ſhe gives for it is, ſhou'd he ſuſpect her to favour any private Inclination of mine, he wou'd certainly prevail with my Father to ſend me into the Country; which wou'd not only entirely prevent her being ſerviceable to us, but infallibly force me into the Arms of his Friend: For tho' my Father's Pride inclines to my Lord, yet his Tenderneſs to my Brother wou'd not ſuffer him to contradict his Purpoſe.

Baſt. Do not defer my Happineſs, *Conſtantia*——I'll be Father, Brother, Huſband to thee; if thy Love does equal thy Expreſſions, what ſhou'd deter thee from my Arms? True Love requires ſmall Subſiſtence, our Conſtancy ſhall brave all Turns of Fate, and ſpight of Malice we will bleſs each other.

Conſt. Duty commands me to try the gentleſt Way; I wou'd avoid all Violence with a Father: but this be certain of, my Love; not even he ſhall alter my Reſolves,

or bribe me to forego my *Bastion*; let him dispose of all his hoarded Wealth, that which my Uncle left me must be mine, and that with Love will be sufficient for us. If abandon'd by Friends in *England*, then we will seek for more in foreign Nations. Whilst I have thee, I never shall repine, or wish for ought beyond thy Power to give.

Bast. And my Ambition's bounded in these Arms,
Every Good that Nature can bestow
And every Charm is center'd sure in thee.
This single Room to me contains all Joy,
'Tis the wide World, and all I wish is here.

[*Embracing her.*

Camilla's *Maid within.*] Who's that gone up Stairs?

Bel. *within.*] 'Tis I, I dropt one of my Gloves above.

Const. Ah Heaven, I hear my Brother's Voice —— If I am seen with thee we are ruin'd —— Which Way shall I avoid him?

Bast. Ha! what shall we do? —— humph! I have it; give me your Mask, and go you down the Back Way, leave me to make my own Retreat.

[*Exit* Constantia. *He puts on the Mask.*

Enter Belvil.

Bel. Now for the Closet! Ha! 'Sdeath what Woman's that, that with such Care avoids me? it must be sure my Sister —— ha, a Man too, nay then 'tis past a Doubt, —— and *Camilla* must be privy to their Meeting; 'Sdeath, am I impos'd upon? But I will be satisfied.

[*Going, and* Bastion *turns quick upon him.*

Bast. No Passage this Way, Sir.

Bel. Mask'd! What are you, Sir? Some Ruffian come to rob the House, ha? I must and will pass this Way.

Bast. You neither must nor shall, Sir, if you go to that.

Bel. 'Sdeath, Sir, unmask and tell me so; I'll not dispute it with a Villain.

Bast. I am no Villain, Sir, yet can't unmask, for some private Reasons; but if you'll suspend your Curiosity and retire, you shall have the Satisfaction of a Gentleman to-morrow where you please.

Bel. Damn to-morrow, this to thy Heart. [*Draws.*

Bast. That's your Mistake, Sir. [*Draws and drives him out.*

Bel. I ſcorn to inſult an Enemy, much leſs a Miſtreſs; but where my Honour is concern'd, give me Leave to be as careful as I can.

Cam. Your Honour! What mean you? Can you ſuſpect me of any Deſign again your Honour?

Bel. Oh *Camilla!* thou'rt no Stranger to my Meaning; tell me, what cloſe Deſign does my Siſter drive in your Houſe? for I'm certain it was *Conſtantia* that you conceal'd within that Cloſet, and whoever this Fellow is, was with her: Confuſion! ſhall an obſcure Raſcal privately ſupplant my Friend, to whom my Word has paſs'd? No, if ſhe refuſe my Choice, by Hell ſhe ne'er ſhall marry.

Cam. How! *Belvil?* wou'd you preſume to preſcribe your Siſter's Fate, and wreſt the Power of Heaven's Decree? tho' I know nothing of *Conſtantia*'s Mind, I dare believe ſhe ſcorns your baſe Deſcription, ſhe'll never wed below her Birth.

Bel. Then ſhe does love it ſeems! and you are in the Secret! ſay, who is this mighty Gentleman?

Cam. You are mad yourſelf, and wou'd have others ſo; becauſe I won't believe ſhe loves below herſelf, does it therefore follow that ſhe muſt love indeed? I tell you again that I know nothing of her; the Lady you ſaw was another Friend of mine, and ſhe was undreſs'd, and beg'd ſhe might not be ſeen, which was the Reaſon of her running into the Cloſet; the Gentleman was a Stranger to me.

Bel. Methinks this ſounds juſt like Invention, but I love too well to break with her, and ſhe's but too ſenſible of that. [*Aſide.*] Well, I will enquire no farther—'Sdeath, but the Maſk——Why was he maſk'd?

Cam. Maſk'd! was he maſk'd, ſay you? doubtleſs he has had his Reaſons for it; every Man to his Way, you know.

Bel. If his Way lies not towards my Siſter, Succeſs to him; if it does, let him look to't.

Cam. Envy'd Lovers often thrive the beſt:

Let Men purſue their ſtrict'ſt jealous Care,
We Women ſtill can match 'em to a Hair. [Exeunt.

ACT

Enter Camilla *and Maid.*

Cam. You heedleſs Slut, why did you let him go up Stairs?

Maid. He was half Way up before I heard him, Madam,

Cam. Ha! what Noiſe is that? Sure I heard the Claſhing of Swords —— I hope he did not meet the Colonel and *Conſtantia* —— Again! bleſs me, my Heart trembles as if my Life were going; if I ſhou'd aſſiſt their Loves till I deſtroy my own now. Within there, fly and part 'em.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Part who, Madam?

Cam. Any body you find engag'd.

[*The Servants cry Murder without.*

Ha! Murder! what ſhall I do!

Enter Colonel Baſtion.

Colonel, is it you? What's the Matter?

Baſt. I have not Time to tell you, Madam, but I beg you'd hide me ſomewhere, or 'tis impoſſible to eſcape *Belvil*'s Knowledge.

Cam. Here, here, ſtep thro' this Door into *Conſtantia*'s Apartment, till the Hurry be over. [*Exit* Baſtion.

Enter Belvil.

What Noiſe of Murder's that, *Belvil?* You have not kill'd any body, have you?

Bel. I ſuppoſe you know to the contrary, Madam; for if my Sight deceive me not, the Spark return'd into your Houſe.

Cam. What Spark do you mean? I fear he has diſcover'd poor *Conſtantia.* [*Aſide.*

Bel. Had not your Servants interpos'd, I ſhou'd have ſpoil'd his making Love for a Month perhaps; but if I find him —— [*Searches about.*

Cam. Find who?

Bel. Ay, that's what I want. I wou'd know who he is.

Cam. Nay if you are ignorant of that, all's ſafe —— This fiery Temper of yours, *Belvil,* is an excellent Qualification for a Huſband; are you jealous of every Man you meet? What Inſolence is this? Muſt my Houſe be ſearch'd whenever you pleaſe? I am my own Miſtreſs, I hope, before Marriage, 'tis enough for you to lord it after.

Bel.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE Conſtantia's *Apartment.*

Enter Colonel Baſtion.

Baſt. HERE are ſo many People about this Houſe, that I cannot poſſibly get out; and if *Camilla* ſhou'd have no Opportunity to apprize *Conſtantia* of my being here, ſhe may be frighted: Ha! I hear ſomebody coming this Way, I'll ſtep aſide and liſten, perhaps it may be ſhe. [*Exit between the Scenes.*

Enter Florella *and Lord* Richlove.

Flor. Softly, my Lord,

Baſt. peeping.] My Lord! What do I hear?

Flor. The next is my Lady's Bed-chamber——you'll be ſure to be civil———

Baſt. Damnation ——her Bed-chamber!

L. *Rich.* Oh! you may depend upon that, Child. There *Florella.* [*Gives her Money.*

Baſt. Florella! ha!

L. *Rich.* Go, go, go, wiſh me Succeſs, Wench. [*Exit.*

Flor. That I do with all my Heart, my Lord —— Well, am not I a Jade now, to put a Man into my Lady's Bed-chamber without her Knowledge? But ſhould not I be a Fool to refuſe a Diamond Ring and two Broad-pieces? ay certainly——I have only drawn the Wine, ſhe may chuſe to drink——beſides 'tis a Way to exerciſe her Virtue —— nobody can boaſt of Honeſty till they are try'd——I once thought myſelf Proof againſt Temptation, but the dear, bewitching Gold has caught me; and the beſt Way to reconcile it to my Conſcience, is, not to be too inquiſitive into the Reaſons by which I riſe. [*Exit.*

[*Colonel* Baſtion *comes forward.*

Baſt. 'Sdeath, introduc'd by her Maid! Hell and Furies, it cannot, ſurely, be by her Command; no, I dream, and this is an Illuſion; *Conſtantia's* mine, wholly mine, chaſte as the new-born Dew or Buds of Roſes, ere the Winds have kiſs'd 'em; this muſt be Treachery, the Maid's corrupted Why did I not ſeize and drag her to *Conſtantia?* Hold, that might have furniſh'd her with an Excuſe, and help'd to deceive myſelf—for ſhe may be falſe!

Who

Who can judge the Heart of Woman?——Here will I ſtand and wait the Event; Ha! ſhe comes. [*Enter* Conſtantia *with a Candle.*] I tremble leſt ſhe ſhou'd be guilty. [*Exit.*

Conſt. I admire I hear not from my Couſin——Pray Heaven he be well, and 'ſcap'd unſeen by *Belvil.* O Repoſe! that Stranger to the Breaſts of Lovers, when wilt thou return to bleſs me? An unuſual Heavineſs ſits on my Spirits, as if ſome mighty Danger threatened me——If *Baſtion*'s ſafe, I care not what it be, for nought has Power to ſhock my Soul wherein he's not concern'd——*Camilla* promis'd to paſs the Evening with me, I wiſh ſhe'd come, I'll go into my Chamber, and read ſomething in *Cowley.* [*Exit.*] [Baſtion *comes forward.*

Baſt. She's gone: Now hold my Heart, and let my Ears inform me:

If Innocent, in her Defence I'll draw;
If not, my own Revenge ſhall be my Law. [*Exit.*

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* Conſtantia *reading:* *Lord* Richlove *enters ſoftly behind her.*

Conſt. reads.] I try'd if Books cou'd cure my Love, but found, Love made 'em Nonſenſe all——

L. Rich. reads over her Shoulder] I apply'd Receipts of Buſineſs to my Wound, but ſtirring did the Pain recal——

Conſt. Bleſs me! who are you? [*Riſing up.*

L. *Rich.* One that adores the fair *Conſtantia.*

Conſt. Aſtoniſhing! my Lord *Richlove* in my Chamber? How got your Lordſhip Admittance here?

L. *Rich.* Love, Love, my Charmer; I find you know his Power, therefore cannot be ſurpriz'd at this Liberty.

Conſt. Inſolence! Does this Action become a Man of Honour, my Lord? Leave me inſtantly—I command you.

L. *Rich.* This Action becomes a Lover, Madam, and he that loves like me, is unable to quit the Object of his Wiſhes——Thus low, upon my Knees, I aſk your Pardon, for intruding on your Privacies, and beg you'd favourably hear what I have to offer.

Conſt. Your Proceeding wears ſo ill a Face, my Lord, you cannot hope, with Favour, to be heard——Coming like a Thief upon me, is not ſure the Way.

L. *Rich.* The only Way I cou'd think of, Madam, to offer

offer you a Heart entirely devoted to your Service; and with it all that I am Maſter of; ſo well I love, you ſhall be Miſtreſs of myſelf and Fortune.

Conſt. I thank your Lordſhip——But that you may not be deceiv'd, obſerve me well——Were you Maſter of the ſpacious Globe, and at your Feet the trembling World bow'd down, I ſhou'd contemn all Offers you cou'd make, and with the ſame Coldneſs hear your Tale of Love. I'm not diſpos'd to marry.

L. *Rich.* How! not diſpos'd to marry? Is there then a happy Man to whoſe Arms you'd fly without it? I can diſpenſe with Ceremony too, and be content to ſhare with him your Favours. [*Approaching her.*

Conſt. What mean you, my Lord?

L. *Rich.* What did you mean, Madam, when you flew into my Boſom in the Garden to-night? You did not deſign that kind Embrace for me. [*Lays hold of her.*

Conſt. Stand off! and touch me not——The Man that I miſtook thee for, (for now I own I love) holds more Virtues than all thy Anceſtors could boaſt: and were he here, you durſt not thus affront me.

L. *Rich.* Durſt not——By all the Injuries of ſlighted Love, I would enjoy thee even before his Face. Nay, ſtruggle not, proud Beauty.

Enter Baſtion.

Baſt. By Heaven ſhe's ſpotleſs! Oh my kind Stars! This was a lucky Opportunity.

Conſt. Help, a Rape! a Rape! [*Struggles with him.*

Baſt. Raviſher, let go the Lady, and take thy juſt Reward from me. [*Draws.*

Conſt. *Baſtion* here! [*Accidentally throws down the Candle.*

L. *Rich.* Who are you, Sir, that dare to interfere with my Concerns? [*Draws.*] I am glad the Light's out, my Buſineſs is not to fight here, but make my Eſcape, if poſſible ——

Baſt. I anſwer Queſtions thus, Sir; where are you?

Conſt. Ah, Murder! Murder!——Defend my Love, ye Powers!

Enter

Enter Camilla, *with a Candle.*

L. *Rich.* Ha! a Candle! If you are a Gentleman, meet me in the Street immediately, and there I'll give you Satisfaction. [*Exit.*

Baſt. I'll follow you —— [*Going.*

Conſt. Not for the Univerſe—— [*Stops him.*

Cam. What's the Matter here? Was not that my Lord?

Conſt. It was——Ha! the whole Houſe is alarm'd, what ſhall I do? If *Baſtion*'s found I am undone.

Cam. Here, here, Colonel; this Door, you know, ſecures your Retreat back into my Houſe——

Conſt. As you prize my Life, do not follow him; an Hour hence I'll quit this Houſe, and thro' *Camilla*'s meet thee; be ready to receive me.

Baſt. Be certain of it; till when, thou Charmer of my Soul, farewel. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Roger, Belvil, *and Servants.*

Sir *Rog.* What's the matter, Daughter?

Bel. Did I not hear Murder cry'd, *Conſtantia?*

Cam. Yes; and had you been a little quicker, might have ſeen the Cauſe; by what Contrivance I know not, but my Lord *Richlove* was here in your Siſter's Chamber.

Bel. My Lord *Richlove* in my Siſter's Chamber!

Conſt. And with foul Intentions too——Oh Sir, if you eſteem me as a Siſter, or you, Sir, as a Child of yours, relieve me from his Brutal Paſſion.

Sir *Rog.* Brutal Paſſion! you amaze me, I am ſure he told me his Love was honourable.

Bel. Told you, Sir? Why has he declar'd his Love to you?

Sir *Rog.* Why, yes, *Belvil*, I muſt confeſs he did aſk my leave to court her——And I cou'd not refuſe a Man of his Birth and Fortune rudely.

Bel. 'Sdeath! then you encourag'd him!

Sir *Rog.* Not abſolutely encourag'd him——But if ſhe cou'd have lik'd him——He's a Lord, you know!

Bel. Damn his Title——

Conſt. But leſs honourable than a Footman; he drag'd me round the Room, and vow'd Revenge upon my Virtue; my Cries brought *Camilla* to my Aid, at ſight of whom

whom he fled, or Heaven knows what I had ſuffer'd from his Violence.

Sir *Rog.* Say'ſt thou ſo! 'Od I'll baniſh him my Houſe.

Bel. Confuſion! baniſh him the Houſe! I'll baniſh him the World, if I can meet him. [*Exit.*

Sir *Rog.* And I'll ſend him Word ſo this Moment—— Attempt the Honour of my Daughter! [*Exit.*

Cam. Belvil, methinks, left the Room abruptly; I wiſh the Conſequence prove not fatal.

Conſt. I hope he will not find him——

Cam. Pray Heav'n he may not. Which Way got my Lord in, think ye?

Conſt. I cannot gueſs——Nor by what Miracle *Baſtion* came to my Relief.

Cam. I can unriddle that part, I let him in thro' the little Door, to avoid *Belvil*'s ſeeing him——You'll excuſe me, dear *Conſtantia*, I am under ſome uneaſineſs for *Belvil*, and muſt endeavour to clear my Suſpicion. [*Exit.*

Conſt. Succeſs attend thee——Here is no Safety left for me, I'll take Security in my *Baſtion*'s Arms.

His conſtant Heart ſhall all my [illegible],
And now my Duty ſhall ſhall give place to Love. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Timothy.

Tim. What a curſed ſhambling Life is this of a Footman? Faith I think thoſe honeſt Gentlemen perfectly in the right that have forſworn the Livery, and ſet up their Coaches——E'gad my Legs are fall'n away to Cattſticks——I was forc'd to have the Waiſt-band of my Breeches taken in a Quarter of a Yard——Sure Love is catching, for I am grown a mere Skeleton, and in a few Days more I ſhall be taken for my Maſter——'Tis a little hard tho', when I ſay I want my Dinner, he replies, I have no Stomach yet——and when I ſay I am dry——he ſays, there is Tea in the Pot, drink that, 'twill quench your Thirſt——and when I am ſo ſleepy I can't ſtand, he ſends me upon the Scout——Here I [illegible] to watch the opening of that Door——for it ſeems this Night he is to carry off his Miſtreſs——Wou'd he had her once, for this curſed Life is very contrary to my Appetite——Suppoſe now I ſhou'd be

catch'd by ſome of the Family ——and have my Noſe cut off——or any of the Neighbours ſhou'd obſerve me ſauntering about here, and miſtake me for a Thief, and ſend me to *Newgate*——or ſome drunken Fellow ſtumble upon me, and break my Bones ——'Od, methinks, I feel a Cudgel about my Ears already.

Enter Le Front.

Front. My Lord bid me watch dis Door for a Shentleman's coming out, begar me believe it is ſome Rival——

Tim. [*Seeing him.*] Ah! one, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, nine, ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, a hundred——oh, oh, oh.

Front. Vat de Divel Noiſe is dat? I ſee nobody but myſelf, maſoy——

Tim. Humph, ha,—I was miſtaken, I think I ſee but one—I hope he's a Chriſtian—I have a good mind to ſpeak to him——I'll give him wondrous good Words—Pray, ſweet Sir, do you want any thing hereabouts?

Front. Ha! vat de Divil is dat to you?

Tim. Nay, don't be angry, gentle Sir, I, I, I, I, aſk you for no harm, indeed not I.

Front. You aſk me for no Harm, begar you be one impertinent Fellow, to aſk me vat I do want; ſuppoſe I do want nothing, vat den, ha!

Tim. Why, if you have no very great Buſineſs, Sir, I ſhou'd be extremely oblig'd to you, if you wou'd do me the Favour to quit this Street, Sir, becauſe I have ſome ſmall Affairs here——not of my own, I aſſure you, if they were you ſhou'd command me, but they are my Maſter's; now, Servants you know, Sir, muſt obey Orders.

Front. Now you muſt know, Sir, I have Buſineſs of my Maſter's too, therefore muſt ſtay, Sir; and if you will take my Advice, go yourſelf — begone——run.

Tim. Gently, good Sir, gently — I cannot run, for I am lame of one Leg.

Front. Dis Fellow is one dam Coward, maſoy——Me vill exalt a me Voice. [*Aſide.*] Mortblue, me vill make a you lame of de toder Leg too, if you don't leave dis Street preſently——

Tim. I do intend to leave the Street, Sir, for I cannot carry it away upon my Shoulders.

Front.

Front. A pox take a your Pun, I hate a your dam Scotch drel Wit begar.

Tim. Why, Sir, with Submiſſion, you are but a Servant yourſelf; you told me ſo juſt now.

Front. A Servant! Begar me be de Gentleman to you —— Me be de French Valet de Chambre to one Lord, and you be one Skipkennel mafoy in de Livery; the Frenchman ſcorn de Livery, as much as de Iriſh do de Trade.

Tim. 'Egad I'll try the Courage of this French Son of a Kickſhaw—may be he loves Fighting no more than I do, and if the worſt comes to the worſt, that the Dog ſhou'd be ſtout, I can but run away at laſt. [*Aſide.*

Front. Garſcoons, why don't a you go, Sir? —— What be you ſtuding for, ha! Fripone?

Tim. I am thinking, Sir, that a French Valet makes the beſt Pimp in the World.

Front. Pimp! Pimp a yourſelf begar—de French a Man never pimp——No, he taſte always—— Parblue, de Engliſh Lady be tout jour at de Frenchman Service.

Tim. I thought it was ſomething, indeed, that ſcatter'd the Pox about ſo plentifully —— [illegible] you a Surgeon too, Monſieur *Ragout?*

Front. Yes, Sir, every Frenchman is by Nature a Surgeon, Barber, and Dancing-maſter, mafoy. [*Cuts a ſpring.*

Tim. A Dancing-maſter! Ha, ha, ha! I thought ſo much, for I have ſeen your Countrymen caper away before the Allies many a time; and hark ye, Monſieur! if you don't march off, I ſhall play you ſuch an Engliſh Courant, of ſlap-daſh, preſently, that ſhan't out of your Ears this Twelvemonth. Faith he's as great a Coward as I am; I'll keep my Ground, if I can, till my Maſter comes. [*Aſide.*

Front. You play me a ſlap-daſh! Begar you had beſt be civil—Jarniblue, 'tis like a your *Engliſh* a Fashion—talk of the ſlap-daſh to de Gentleman ——

Tim. A Gentleman! How dare that Gentleman talk ſaucily to another Gentleman better than himſelf?

Front. Oh parblue! a Gentleman Footman!

Tim. Sirrah, there are Gentlemen Footmen in my Country, that keep ſuch Scoundrels as you to wipe their Shoes; and I have a good mind to rip up your Paunch, and make a Fricaſy of your Puddings, ye Dog.

Front.

Front. Begar me was miſtaken in dis Fellow; I muſt give him good Words, maſoy, or de *Engliſh* Beiſe and Pudin will be in my Guts, begar. [*Aſide.*

Enter Lord Richlove.

L. *Rich.* Who are you talking with, *Le Front?*

Front. Ah! parblue, your Lorſhip come *a propos.*

Tim. So! here will be no ſtaying for me I find: Who the Devil is this Lord?

Front. Here be one louſie Footman dat vill ſtay here in ſpight of my Teeth, maſoy.

Tim. A nitty Son of a Whore, who does he call louſy? this Dog won'd have murder'd me now——What ſhall I do? If I ſtay not, my Maſter will beat me; and if I do ſtay, this Lord will cut my Throat. [*Aſide.*

L. *Rich.* Hark'e Sirrah, who are you, that you won't leave this Place?

Tim. Who! I not leave this Place, Sir! I'll leave it with all my Blood, Sir, this Minute; the Devil watch for *Timothy.* [*Exit running.*

Front. Begar me be very glad he is gone. [*Aſide.*

L. *Rich.* [illegible] you ſeen anybody come out of this Houſe, *Le Front?*

Front. Not one Soul me Lor——but me Lor——have [illegible] fa la la la [*Sings a Minuet*] dance a de Minuet vid de Lady, me Lor? you underſtand me.

L. *Rich.* No, I was prevented; I believe by the Man I ſaw in the Garden.

Front. Did not your Lorſhip kill him?

L. *Rich.* No, 'tis him I expect here.

Front. Why, where did your Lorſhip leave him?

L. *Rich.* In her Chamber.

Front. Ha, ha, ha! a very good Jeſt maſoy, me warrant he is better employ'd, dan to come to ſa, ſa, wid your Lorſhip——he will have de duel vid de Lady firſt parblue——me Lor, take a my Advice, make uſe of de Stratagem, fight like de King of *France*, politickly; and when he comes out, let your Lorſhip's Footmen ſeize him, and make a one Eunuch of him to ſupply *Valentini*'s Place in de Opera me Lor, begar dat vill revenge your Lorſhip very well.

L. *Rich.* Away, Blockhead! I ſcorn to take Advan-

tage of him——If he's a Gentleman he ſhall have fair Play for his Life, therefore begone and leave me. I hear ſomebody coming; I'll obſerve. [*Exit between the Scenes.*

Front. Vid all my Heart mafoy, me no love Fighting ſince Wounds were in Faſhion, de Devil rides Poſt upon de *Engliſh* Sword, quite thro' de *Frenchman*'s Body, begar. [*Exit.*

Enter Colonel Baſtion.

Baſt. I left my Man hereabouts; where can he be? *Tim*, *Tim*,——he's either gone to ſtuff his Guts now, or fallen faſt aſleep——ſure *Conſtantia*'s not come out.

L. *Rich.* [*Peeping.*] Who can this be? he ſeems as if he waited here for ſomebody; perhaps 'tis he I want.

Baſt. What's that? Sure I heard a Noiſe; *Tim*, hiſt, *Tim*; where are you, Sirrah?

L. *Rich.* Ha! I'll anſwer to the Call, and try what I can diſcover—— Here, Sir, here.

Baſt. Here, you Raſcal! where have you been lurking? Have you ſeen *Conſtantia*, Sirrah?

L. *Rich.* No, Sir, nobody has appear'd yet——'Sdeath, *Conſtantia!* it muſt be him.

Baſt. Have a Coach ready at the Corner of the Street to convey her hence, and then you may ſleep to Eternity, Sirrah.

L. *Rich.* To convey her hence! Lucky Diſcovery; may ſpoil your Deſign perhaps.

Conſtantia *above in the Balcony.*[Hiſt, hiſt, are you there my Love?

L. *Rich.* and *Baſt. together.*] Yes my Angel, make haſte, I'm ready to receive thee.

Conſt. I come, I come. [*Exit.*

Baſt. How now, Saucebox; who bid you anſwer?

L. *Rich.* He that dares return your Saucebox; Villain, have I caught you! [*Lays hold on* Baſtion.

Baſt. Are you there, my Lord?—I am ready for you; tho' I wiſh you had ta'en another Time. [*Flings from him.*

L. *Rich.* So do I, becauſe now I want to carry hence *Conſtantia*; you heard her ſay ſhe was coming.

Baſt. But not to you; have at you, the Juſtice of my Cauſe ſhall light my Sword to find a Raviſher's Heart. [*Draws.*

L. Rich. And Love ſhall guide my Arm to diſappoint thy Joys. [*Draws.*

Baſt. Come on, I am not uſed to fear. [*They fight off.*

Enter Le Front.

Front. Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa, me no like a dat Muſick: If my Lor ſhould kill a dat Gentleman now——why den far him well——but if dat Gentleman ſhou'd kill a me Lor, why if me had his Eſtate, he might go to de Devil, begar.

Enter Conſtantia.

Conſt. Where are you, my Life?

Front. Ha! what's dat? de Lady call me her Life, ſhe take a me for ſomebody——parblue, and ſhe ſhall find a me ſomebody too; de *French* a Man be very good for de Lady.

Conſt. Where are you, my Dear? [*Groping about.*

Front. Here, here, my Dear. [*Softly.*

[*She runs into his Arms, he kiſſes her eagerly.*

begar ſhe kiſs a purely.

Conſt. Now we'll part no more.

Front. No more? dat is too long mafoy; me pleaſe a you for one, two, tree Hours very well--but for ever!—Me beg a your Pardon for dat, Madam.

Conſt. [*Flings from him.*] Ah! who are you, Sir?

Front. Me be one very pretty Playting for de Lady.

Conſt. I aſk your Pardon, Sir, I was miſtaken——What Wretch's Hands have I fall'n into? Sure I did hear *Baſtion*'s Voice?

Front. Miſtaken——begar you muſt not be miſtaken, Madam, for you have make a me one very great Stomach for de Woman, and begar me vill no ſtarve, and de Vittles ſo near me. [*Lays hold of her.*

Conſt. Away, Scoundrel; that for your Inſolence.

[*Strikes him a Box in the Ear.*

Front. De Devil take your Mutton Fiſt, Jerney blue, me have a good mind to knock you down begar.

Conſt. In my Conſcience I believe him——ſure *Baſtion* was here, if not he won't be long; I'll ſlip back into the Houſe——pray Heav'n I'm not diſcover'd. [*Exit.*

Front. De Devil how my Cheeks glow——you be one gran Salup, Mafoy, me will be revenge——What,

be ſhe gon? Now pox take her, ſhe is nimble at both Ends begar; de *Engliſh* be de dam uncivil Nation, here is nothing but de Foot, and de Finger——de *French* accoſt de Stranger, *Tout jour avec de Compleſane com, ſa Votre ſerviteur Monſieur tres humblement*; *De* Engliſh *Kick a de Breech, and ſlap a de dents.* [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Belvil, *ſolus.*

Bel. I Have drove from Tavern to Tavern, from Chocolate-Houſe to Chocolate-Houſe, but can hear nothing of my Lord *Richlove*; I fancy he is lurking ſomewhere about our Houſe ſtill——kind Fortune direct my Eyes to find him, then if Revenge forſakes me I'll forgive him.

Conſt. [*Peeping.*] Sure this is *Belvil!* and yet my Fears alarm me ſo I know not what to do; if I again miſtake, it may be dangerous, yet if it ſhou'd be him, and I not meet him, what cou'd he think? he wou'd conclude I lov'd him not, and that wou'd break his Heart; therefore I'll on, Inclination's an undaunted Guide. Hiſt, hiſt.

Bel. Ha! *Camilla*'s Door open, and a Signal given! what Intrigue has ſhe on foot? I'll return it however. Hiſt, here, here. [*Softly.*

Enter Conſtantia.

Conſt. [*Softly.*] Where, where have you been, my Dear? indeed it was unkind to make me wait ſo long.

Bel. Ha! ſo long! Damnation!

Conſt. Come, let us retire leſt we be diſcover'd; if we ſhou'd, *Belvil* wou'd purſue thee to Death, and me to Ruin.

Bel. I can hold no longer; You have miſtook your Man, Madam——but if your Ladyſhip will inform me who he is, I'll conduct you to him, perfidious Woman——

Conſt. Ah! my Brother! oh miſerable me, what ſhall I ſay? Now I'm inevitably loſt; ſure ſome ſpiteful Planet

net reigns this Night, deſtin'd by Fate to overthrow our Loves ———

Bel. What, are you Thunderſtruck? Is *Belvil*'s Preſence ſuch a Terror to you? ſpeak, who was I taken for?

Conſt. I, I, I, I, I did, did, did, not, not, not —

Bel. Ha! thy Tongue is modeſt, and aſham'd to utter the Foulneſs of thy Purpoſe ——— Was this thy Love to me, teacherous *Camilla?*

Conſt. Camilla! nay then there are ſome Hopes yet; his miſtaking me for her, may favour my Eſcape.

Bel. If you learn to be tractable, one may endure you for a Huſband! Ay, you wou'd make a Huſband of me indeed, a tractable Monſter, to fetch and carry, to jump over a Stick, or hold a Door———'Sdeath, that I knew this lucky Villain, I'd thank him for my good Deliverance ——— What, are you dumb with Guilt? nay, thou may'ſt well be ſo: Oh Sex curſt from the Original, I'm now confirm'd in my Opinion, that there never was a Woman true———Inclination, Vanity, Intereſt or Curioſity, has ſtill prevail'd upon their fickle Natures, and he that truſts their faithleſs Vows, forfeits his Reaſon, and deſtroys his Peace.

Enter Timothy *drunk.*

Tim. So, now I have fortified my Courage with a Dram, I'll try if I can ſtand my Ground. [*Hickups.*] 'Egad methinks I cou'd fight an Elephant now; I fancy Cowardice is a kind of an Ague, and there is nothing like Brandy to cure it. [*Hickups.*

Bel. Ha! who's here? pray Heav'n it prove your Lover, Madam.

Conſt. All the Stars forbid. [*Aſide.*

Tim. Who the Devil have we got yonder? I'm afraid, honeſt *Tim*, thy Maſter 's here before thee; and if ſo, *Tim* boy, thou wilt be ſwingingly corrected——— Odds my Life there's two things, I'll ſee what they are, I'm reſolv'd. [*Goes up to* Bel.

Conſt. I am ready to ſink with Apprehenſion, if 'tis *Baſtion* I'm undone for ever [*Aſide.*

Tim. So, ſo, then you are here, Sir, I'm glad on't with all my Blood———

Bel. Are you ſo, Sir? This is ſome Scout, I perceive.

Conſt. 'Tis *Baſtion*'s Man; oh that I cou'd ſpeak to him.

Tim. But, but, but, how did you eſcape my Lord, and all his Regiment of *Frenchmen?* Afore *George* I had like to have been pink'd out of my Life.

Conſt. Ha! my Lord! I wiſh *Baſtion* is not murder'd.

Bel. My Lord! wou'd I had met his Lordſhip: Confuſion! What Dog is this?

Conſt. Kind Fortune bring me ſome Relief. [*Aſide.*

Bel. Is this your Creature to convey you to the Arms of your Gallant, Madam?

Tim. Madam! ho, ho, have you got her then, od that's rare i'faith: I wiſh you much Joy, Madam; I'm juſt come from drinking your Health in, in, in, right *French* Brandy, or the Rogue has cheated me damnably.

Bel. Raſcal, Pander, Villain, [*Beats him.*] Sirrah, whoſe Scoundrel are you?

Conſt. Ah! poor *Tim!* but I ſhall take the Opportunity, and not ſtay to part you. [*Exit.*

Tim. Zounds what Tartar's Mouth have I popt into?

Bel. Speak, Hang-dog——Who do you look for? And what Buſineſs have you here?

Tim. I can never anſwer Queſtions in the middle of Blows, Sir,—for I have a Sort of an Impediment in my Speech, [*Hickups.*] which holds great Communication with my Shoulders——

Bel. Have you ſo, Sirrah? then I'll break that Communication ye Dog; I'll make you anſwer me, Sirrah.

Tim. Caſtigation always ſhuts up my Mouth profoundly, Sir.

Bel. 'Sdeath, anſwer me to the Purpoſe, or I'll rip a Hundred Mouths in you. [*Draws.*

Tim. Ay, if you do, Sir, I'll be hang'd if I ſhall ſpeak at e'er a one of them—Ah Lord, a Sword! put it up good Sir, put it up, or I ſhall ſwoon away——when my Mother was with Child of me, ſhe was frighted at a naked Sword, and I never cou'd endure the Sight of one ſince; oh, oh, oh, oh! I am very ſick upon my Faith.

Bel. You cowardly Raſcal! ſay then who did you expect to meet here?

Enter Camilla.

Cam. I cannot find *Belvil* for my Life, nor hear of him no where.

Tim.

Tim. Why, why, why, I expect to find my Maſter here, Sir.

Cam. Ha! what's that?

Bel. And who is your Maſter, Sirrah?

Cam. 'Tis *Belvil*'s Voice.

Tim. Why my Maſter is a Gentleman, Sir, I aſſure you.

Bel. A Gentleman, Sir! and has that Gentleman no Name? 'Sdeath don't trifle, Raſcal. [*Slaps him with his Sword.*

Tim. Name! look ye there now, that Sword has frighted his Name quite out of my Head, upon my Soul, Sir.

Bel. Find it again ye Dog, or this Moment is your laſt.

Tim. Ah! Murder! Murder!

Cam. How's this? Murder——in the Name of Goodneſs what's the matter, *Belvil?* What are you doing to the poor Fellow?

Bel. Oh you can find your Tongue now, Madam, in behalf of your Emiſſary. [*Turns to her.*

Tim. Egad and I can find my Legs too; the Danger has frighted the Brandy quite out of my Head, and now my Courage lies all in my Heels. [*Runs out.*

Cam. My Emiſſary!

Bel. Yes, your Pander, the curſed Pander to your Inclination; but I'll be reveng'd on him however——Ha! what, is he gone? Confound him——but no matter, I'm not that Fool which you imagin'd—nor you the Woman I took you for; I'm not to be impos'd upon, Madam.

Cam. Sure you are diſtracted, *Belvil*——What Impoſition do you mean? Was it an Impoſition to prevent your murdering a poor Wretch?—or, when your Paſſion's up, muſt you diſcharge it upon all that comes in your Way?

Bel. No Evaſions, Madam, can excuſe you; you wou'd not have me think I dream't all this?

Cam. All what?

Bel. So! you are a Stranger to what's paſt, I warrant? you ran into my Arms without Deſign——Come, let's retire, if we're diſcover'd *Belvil* will purſue thee to Death, and me to Ruin——You did not ſay them Words neither——no, you are innocent of all——and who this Fellow is that got drunk with drinking your Health's as much unknown to you as the Cham of *Tartary*.

Cam. You are directly in the right on't, for I am a Stranger to all your Accuſations.

Bel. Thou haſt an Aſſurance beyond all Parallel.

Cam. I ſuſpect *Conſtantia* was the Woman, and ſhe has miſtook her Brother for the Colonel, for that was certainly *Timothy* by his Cowardice: Pray, Sir, where did I ſpeak them kind Words?

Bel. Poſitively that Queſtion has ſtruck me dumb—— and from this Moment I ſhall think it loſs of Time to converſe with you———

You can't by all your Cunning clear your Fame,
Or e'er induce me to believe you more:
Thus I cancel every Vow I made you,
And with this Breath I drive the Tyrant Love away.

Cam. So incredulous! ſo inſolently bold!
Then 'tis time to aſſume the Pride of Innocence,
The ſtrongeſt ſureſt Guard my Sex can boaſt.
Know, Ingrate———
I equally ſcorn your Love, and baſe Aſperſions;
You think yourſelf commiſſion'd to be rude,
And Nature form'd you for no other End
But to inſult and ruin Womankind:
Your flattering Oaths, and endleſs Perjuries,
Are Tools you uſe to forward your Deceit.
But when you think you have us in your Pow'r,
You quit the Maſk, and ſhow the Man all o'er:
Happy is ſhe that truſts you not too far,
Who can retreat, and pay you with Contempt.

Bel. Right Woman! when no Excuſes can be found, their beſt Sanctuary lies in Impudence. [*Aſide.*

Cam. I ſmile to think of thy affected Freedom,
And read the Weakneſs of thy purpos'd Thought.
You, Coward like, now boaſt of what you'll do,
But ſhould act the ſaucy Scene quite out:
Yes, I ſhall have you trembling at my Feet,
Begging Forgiveneſs from my injur'd Heart,
But I will uſe thee as thy Crime deſerves:
As what I've ſaid was credited by you,
Juſt ſo much Pity ſhall you find from me:
I'll teach your haughty Temper to ſubmit,
And all your Sex ſhall own a Woman's Wit. [*Exit.*

Bel.

Bel. Arrogance we all know you have enough. Death and Hell, is it poſſible that ſhe can deny her Falſhood—and to my Face——juſt in the very Fact——ſhe's the Epitome of Womankind——the very Quinteſſence of Treachery——Marry her! no, 'tis ſafer to accompany with a Crocodile——nor from this Moment ſhall my Siſter ſee her——ſhe that can cater for herſelf ſo well, is of dangerous Converſation — my Father ſhall lock her up this Moment, till my Friend arrives.

Enter Colonel Merryman *ſinging.*

Mer. When I was young, a Soldier and ſtrong,
'Twas Muſick to hear the Drums rattle;
But now I am old, and the Weather is cold,
My chiefeſt Delight is my Bottle.

Bel. Ho, here's her Father ſtroling from the Tavern I ſuppoſe, I'll avoid him. [*Going.*

Mer. Who's that, that wou'd avoid me? ha! I never flinch'd in my Life, old Boy — and faith I'll know who you are——[*Lays hold on* Belvil.] Ha! *Belvil*—why what, wou'dſt thou ſhun thy Uncle, Boy? ha, the Devil's in these young Fellows when they are in Love——they hate the Company of everybody which are not infected with their Diſtemper—why what, thou cameſt out of my Houſe now I warrant, didſt thou not, ha?

Bel. No indeed, Sir, not I.

Mer. Come, come, young Man, don't lie for the matter—I am acquainted with your Pretenſions, *Camilla* has told me all——ſhe has ten thouſand Pounds, Boy, that I can't hinder her of, and I ſhall leave her a Loaf when I die—and let her chuſe for herſelf and welcome—but methinks, Kinſman, you might have made your Love known to me——why what, Man, Couſins may couple for all their Affinity—I don' take it kindly, *Belvil*, faith I don't——why what, cou'd not we have ſmoak'd a Pipe, and crack'd a Bottle together, and ſettled Matters in order for the cracking my Daughter's Pipkin, ha?

Bel. I don't underſtand you, Sir, I have nothing to ſay to your Daughter upon my Word, Sir.

Mer. How! nothing to ſay to my Daughter! that's good, i'faith——a ſly young Rogue this; why I tell thee ſhe has let me into the Secret.

Bel. Ay, Sir, that may be——perhaps your Daughter may let more Men into the Secret, than either you or I may know of, old Gentleman.

Mer. Why what do you mean, ha? my Daughter let Men into her Secrets! you had beſt have a care what you ſay, young Man, do you hear?

Bel. Look ye, Uncle, I have this Secret to tell you, that I care not if the whole Town were acquainted with every Secret about her——for that I never intend to marry her, is as true as that I know her too well to make a Wife on.

Mer. Too well to make a Wife on! 'Sdeath ye Dog, you han't made a Whore of your Couſin, have you? Sirrah, Sirrah, if you have forc'd the Lines, e'en carry off the Baggage, you Rogue——Zounds, old as I am I'll have a Puſh with you yet; draw, Sirrah, by the Scars of *Hockſtet* I'll not remember thou'rt my Brother's Son, but uſe thee like a *Frenchman*, Sirrah——

Bel. But I ſhan't forget that you are my Father's Brother, Sir, nor will I fight you——therefore pray let your *Hockſtet* Fury cool——go home and lock up your Daughter, that's your beſt Security; I aſſure you I ſhall never force any Lines belonging to your Family, nor ſo much as make the leaſt Attempt upon her Cover'd Way——and ſo farewell, Uncle. [*Exit.*

Mer. Here's a Dog now! Zounds, he ſhan't carry it off thus——by the Fame of *Ramilly* I'll have Satisfaction, if I follow him to the *Indies*——Not attempt my Daughter's Cover'd Way——Bullets, Balls and Cannons, he ſhall make a Lodgment there in ſpite of all the Mines his Inconſtancy can ſpring. [*Exit.*

Enter Colonel Baſtion.

Baſt. A Pox of this ſecular Prince of Darkneſs, the Conſtable, there is no diſputing with his Mirmidons; had it not been for his Authority, I ſhou'd have paid his Lordſhip for his untimely Attendance! A Curſe of all ill-luck, I fear *Conſtantia*'s loſt by this unlucky Accident! What can ſhe imagine? She muſt conclude me all that's baſe, and think me moſt unworthy of her Love——Sure Fate takes Pleaſure ſtill to croſs my Hopes, and render my Endeavours vain——All is ſilent as the Grave; not the leaſt Whiſper of a Voice! Where can this Servant of mine be? Death, I cou'd ſhake th' Villain into Atoms, if I had him.

Enter

Enter Le Front.

Front. No News of my Lor yet, begar.

Baſt. Oh, are you come, Sirrah? —— How durſt you ſtir from your Poſt, ye Dog? [*Beats him.*

Front. Poſt! Begar your Lorſhip poſt a me no where; what do you beat a me for? De Divil be in all de Folks to-night, I tink.

Baſt. Ha! I have fall'n foul upon ſome Lord's Servant, it ſeems. [*Aſide.*

Front. I deſire your Lorſhip diſcharge me; de Valet de Chambre can no digeſt a de Blow, maſoy.

Baſt. Prithee get thee about thy Buſineſs, and don't trouble me with thy Jargon; I thought I had ſtruck my own Servant; I am ſorry for the Miſtake.

Front. What de Divil, are not you my Lor den? Pox take a your Servant ——Parblue, my Lor ſhall know your gran Civility to his Gentleman.

Baſt. Pray, what Lord do you ſerve, Poltroon?

Front. Poltroon! Begar me no like his Compliment — Me ſerve a me Lor *Richlove*, Sir; what have you to ſay to him! ha! Sir?

Baſt. Nothing, Sir, only I beg the Favour of your Gentlemanſhip, to carry him that, and that, and that, Sir. [*Kicks him.*

Front. A very fine Preſent, begar.

Baſt. And tell him, he ſent them, that would have ſent his Lordſhip to the Devil to-night, if he had not been prevented.

Front. Monſieur, begar me no like a de Meſſage, you pleaſe to ſend a your own Servant, dat my Lor may return de Favour ——Jerney blue, me hate a de *Engliſh*, more den de *Turk*, begar.

Baſt. Do you diſpute it, Mungrel? Begone, or I ſhall give you twice as much.

Front. Me take a your Word for dat, begar, me no ſtay for de Proofe. [*Exit.*

[*Enter on the other Side Colonel* Merryman.

Baſt. Who's this?

Mer. Where cou'd I miſs this Rogue? ——Od I'll find him e'er I ſleep, if I die for't. [*Runs againſt Col.* Baſtion.] Ho, ho, have I found you? Draw, you young Dog, draw,

draw, or I'll Spitlock you like an Eel, Sirrah; not attempt my Daughter's Cover'd Way, quotha?

Baſt. 'Zdheart, who's this? 'Tis not ſure *Conſtantia*'s Father, what does he mean by Cover'd Way?

Mer. What's that you mutter? ha, Sir!

Baſt. I ſuppoſe you miſtake your Man, Sir, pray whom do you ſeek?

Mer. Whom do I ſeek? Why I ſeek *Belvil*, Sir *Roger Merryman*'s Son, Sir——now if you be not him, I beg your Pardon.

Baſt. I thought you were miſtaken, Sir, I am not him I aſſure you, Sir———I think 'tis Colonel *Merryman*.

Mer. The very ſame, Sir———Who are you? ha! by your Voice you ſhou'd be Colonel *Baſtion*.

Baſt. At your Service, Sir.

Mer. What, my Hero! Why how doſt thou do, Boy?

Baſt. Pray what's the Occaſion of your Quarrel with your Kinſman?

Mer. Kinſman, he's no Kinſman of mine, but no matter for that——There by hangs a Tale, which you muſt not know, Sir.

Baſt. I am not over curious, Colonel.

Mer. Shall we take a Bottle, my Boy?

Baſt. Another Time, Colonel, but at preſent I'm engag'd.

Mer. Some Female Aſſignation——I warrant; well I am a Well-wiſher to the ſoft Sex, tho' Age has caſhier'd the Pleaſure——Succeſs attend thee. [*Exit.*

Baſt. What can his Quarrel be with *Belvil*? Is he a Stranger to his Love for *Camilla*?

Enter Belvil.

Bel. So, I have drop'd this old drunken Fellow at laſt; I met my Lord *Richlove*'s Valet with a Link before him just now, perhaps his Lordſhip mayn't be far off.

Perceiving Colonel Baſtion, *runs and catches hold of him.* Who are you, Sir, ſculking ſo near this Houſe?

Baſt. Death, Sir, who are you that dare aſk that Queſtion? [*They ſtruggle together.*

Bel. Nay ſtruggle not, for I'll know who you are before you and I part. A Light, a Light, a Light there.

Enter

Enter Link-Boy.

Link-boy. Here, Maſter.

Bel. Colonel! is it you? I thought you had been on your Way to *Flanders* by this Time: Where have you been poaching?

Baſt. Ha! *Conſtantia*'s Brother! ——The Coach does not ſet out till ſix: I came now from the *Roſe*, where with two or three honeſt Fellows I have been drinking a Farewel to old *England*, and Succeſs to the next Campaign. I had like to have had a Duel with Colonel *Merryman*, he took me for you: Pray, Sir, what Quarrel have you with one another?

Bel. The natural Antipathy Age has to Youth, I know of none elſe —— he was in his Cups, I ſuppoſe.

Baſt. But who did you take me for?

Bel. Not for him I aſſure you; ſo a good Journey to you, Captain. [*Exit.*

Baſt. Thank you, Sir — he's gone into his own Houſe ——What can the Meaning of this be? I muſt endeavour to ſee *Camilla* by the break of Day, an unſeaſonable Hour to viſit a Lady, but the Impatience I am under of clearing myſelf to *Conſtantia*, will break in upon Ceremony at this Time——Oh Fortune, be thou once propitious, and give me full Poſſeſſion of my Love, or make me loſe the Memory of her Charms.

Link-boy. Where ſhall I light you to, Maſter?

Baſt. No where; begone——ha!——[*Exit Link-boy.*] Colonel *Merryman* and Lord *Richlove* in Converſation! I'll wave Revenge for once, and liſten to the Conſequence.

[*Withdraws.*

Enter Colonel Merryman *and Lord* Richlove.

Mer. Why here has been ſtrange Miſtakes, my Lord! Should you have carry'd off my Niece, ſay you?

L. *Rich.* Moſt certainly ——If I had not been prevented, as I told you.

Mer. Who cou'd that Man be?

L. *Rich.* I wiſh I knew him, Colonel; I fancy it muſt be him her Brother deſigns her for.

Mer. He is not yet arriv'd, that I know of.

L. *Rich.* I think it very unnatural in *Belvil*, to force his Siſter's Inclinations, even againſt a Father's Choice.

Mer.

Mer. Hang him, my Lord, he's a perfect Humouriſt; I wiſh I cou'd plague him a little——I hope I may credit your Lordſhip's Aſſertion? You ſay my Niece *Conſtantia* really loves you, my Lord?

L. *Rich.* Upon my Honour, Colonel, ſhe has met me in the Garden, admitted me privately into her Bed-chamber, and I was to have carried her off this Night——If I can deceive this old Fellow, and draw him over to my Intereſt, I may chance to carry my Deſign yet. [*Aſide.*

Mer. Nay! if once a Woman admits a Man into her Bed-chamber, ſhe has a Deſign of admitting him elſewhere that's certain———Well, give me your Hand, my Lord; by the Honour of *Britain* I'll ſerve you if I can.

Baſt. Say you ſo, old Gentleman? [*Aſide.*

L. *Rich.* I thank you, Colonel; but how ſhall I ſee *Conſtantia?* for I doubt this laſt Accident has doubled *Belvil*'s Care; if I cou'd be introduc'd into the Family under ſome Diſguiſe, we might find an Opportunity for her Eſcape.

Mer. Humph, Diſguiſe, ſay you? What think you of a *Grecian* now? Od, your Lordſhip wou'd make a jolly *Grecian*, and you ſhall ſell Perfumes, Waſh-balls, Chocolate, and ſo forth — I promiſed my Niece ſome Chocolate, and you ſhall go from me.

L. *Rich.* I like the Contrivance! But, Colonel, your Quarrel with *Belvil* may be an Obſtacle in my Way; ſuppoſe I ſhou'd meet with him, perhaps your Name wou'd not give me Admittance, what ſhall I do then?

Mer. Right! we muſt ſend againſt that———Now I think on't, I'll introduce you myſelf———you are ſure my Niece loves you, and that you have my Brother's Conſent, my Lord?

L. *Rich.* Moſt certainly, Colonel; I hope you don't think I'd impoſe upon you?

Mer. No Faith, my Lord, I hope you don't; therefore away, get the Dreſs, and the reſt of the Perquiſites, and fear nothing; I'll carry you into her Apartment, and leave you to make the Diſcovery——

L. *Rich.* Let me come there once, and then———

Mer. Ay, and then there will be ſuch Cooing and Billing, ha, ha, ha! well, well, I have had my Day, as *Dryden* ſays——and ſo ſpeed your Love, I ſay. The very

Thought of diſappointing this young Dog's Deſign will give me equal Pleaſure, my Lord, it will run through my Veins like the Joy of Victory: I'll expect you at my Houſe, my Lord——Not marry my daughter! Zounds he ſhall ſweat beneath the Faſcines of Matrimony, before I have done with him.

L. *Rich.* I'll wait on you with all the Speed poſſibly I can, Colonel. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Colonel Baſtion.

Baſt. Here's a Villain now; he has impos'd upon Colonel *Merryman*, and hopes to carry his Deſign by Treachery, but I'll counterplot your Policy; firſt let me inform the Ladies of this, then I'll take Care of your *Grecian* Lordſhip. [*Knocks at* Camilla's *Door.*

Cam. [*In the Balcony.*] Who's at the Door?

Baſt. 'Tis *Camilla*'s Voice.

Cam. Colonel!

Baſt. The ſame.

Cam. Stay, I'll come down this Moment. [*Exit.*

Baſt. Pray Heav'n *Conſtantia* may be with her: I know not why; but methinks a Heavineſs hangs on my Heart, that almoſt choaks my Speech.

Enter Camilla.

Cam. Oh! Colonel, your Affairs wear an ill Face at preſent. Was not you to have met my Couſin to-night?

Baſt. I was, but by an Accident I ſaw her not.

Cam. Nay, there were more Accidents than one, I can tell you: ſhe fell into her Brother's Hands, inſtead of yours.

Baſt. Unfortunate! Into her Brother's Hands?

Cam. But by her coming out of my Houſe, he miſtook her for me; and after ſhe had made her Eſcape——

Baſt. Bleſt Sound! Did ſhe eſcape undiſcover'd? By what Miracle?

Cam. I know not, but undiſcover'd I am ſure ſhe did; for I coming by accidentally, met the Shock of his Fury, he ſtill charging me with what had happen'd——and poor *Timothy* felt the Effect on't too.

Baſt. Hang him, Raſcal, no matter if his Bones had been broke, ſo that had been the worſt.

Cam.

Cam. The Miſtake has created an eternal Quarrel between me and *Belvil*; his Paſſion wou'd not let him hear Reaſon, nor my Pride permit me to undeceive him.

Baſt. I am unhappy every Way; can you forgive my being the unfortunate Cauſe, Madam?

Cam. Let not that trouble you, Colonel; but think which Way to free *Conſtantia*; for but now, as ſhe was coming to me, her Brother ſurpriz'd her, and caus'd the Door between our Apartments to be nail'd up.

Baſt. Miſchievous Turn of Fate——This is an unforeſeen Shock, what ſhall I do now? If I ſhou'd kill this Lord, it can't advance my Cauſe — nor give me Entrance to my Love——Something muſt be thought on to convey me into the Houſe. I have Buſineſs of Moment to impart to you, and to my dear *Conſtantia*; don't you think it poſſible to ſpeak to her thro' the Door?

Cam. I believe it may, if you pleaſe to walk in we'll try: 'Tis broad Day-light; Heav'n ſend the Day prove more propitious than the Night has done. [*Exit.*

Baſt. Patience we'll take our Meaſures.

I ſhall at leaſt detect my Lord's Deſign,
And clear your Cauſe, whatever comes of mine. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE Conſtantia's *Apartment.*

Conſtantia *talking thro' the Door.*

Conſt. I'll obſerve my Cue, never fear it. Ha! my Brother!

Enter Belvil.

Bel. How's this, talking thro' the Door? —— Siſter, if you valu'd your Reputation, you'd not take your Confinement ill, nor endeavour to hold a Correſpondence thro' a Door, which I had Reaſons for nailing up.

Conſt. Then you ought to have let me into your Reaſons, Brother, and not make my Father's Houſe a Jail to me.

Bel. Bating *Camilla*, you ſhall have what Company you will; I lov'd her once——once did I ſay! alas, I find I do ſo ſtill, and therefore won't expoſe her; but be aſſured there is a Cauſe, yes, and a juſt one too, for my Proceeding. I expect Sir *Philip* by the firſt fair Wind; when you are marry'd my Care is over, and you'll have Liberty to

converſe

converſe with who you pleaſe; then you may renew your Friendſhip, Siſter, but not till then, I aſſure you.

Conſt. Then I'm afraid we have taken leave for ever.

Bel. How, *Conſtantia!*

Conſt. Nay, frown not, Brother, you cannot force my Will: What Privilege has Nature given you? Why ſhou'd you dictate to my Heart, or point the Man that ſhou'd reign Lord of me? I muſt tell you, Sir, this ungenerous Action makes me look with Stranger's Eyes upon you, and weakens much the Affections of a Siſter.

Bel. Moſt heroically ſpoken —— Now let me tell you ſomething; this haughty Speech has ſuch an aukward Air, that it ſeems to be but juſt acquir'd; let me adviſe you, give the Study over, for Paſſion in your Sex, is like Vanity in ours, very unbecoming, and rarely conquers nought but Fools and Cowards———Look ye, *Conſtantia*, I am poſitively reſolv'd to have the Knight for my Brother-in-Law; now he has no Siſter, and I none but you, then Judge how the Alliance muſt come.

Tim. [*Within.*] Buy any *Britiſh* Cloth or Holland, Kentins, Cambricks or Muſlin—— buy any fine Bone-Lace within?

Conſt. Well, Brother, if Heav'n deſigns Sir *Philip* for my Huſband, I muſt ſubmit; if not, there will be ſome Way found to make you do ſo; then let Time decide this Matter. *Florella!*

Bel. With all my Heart.

Enter Florella.

Tim. [*Within.*] Buy any *Britiſh* Cloth within?

Conſt. Call that *Scotchman*, I want ſome Muſlin.

Flor. Yes, Madam. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Florella, *with* Timothy *in a* Scotch *Pedlar's Habit, with a Pack upon his Back.*

Tim. 'Tis plaguy heavy, Heav'n ſend me fairly rid of it. [*Aſide.*

Conſt. Have you any very fine Muſlin, Friend?

Tim. Yes in troth have I, Madam, the fineſt for yer Uſe in aw South or North *Britain*.

Conſt. Come into the next Room, and ſhow it me.

Tim. Troth will I, Madam; he's no *Briton*, that wo not gang with a bony Laſs. [*Exit* Tim. *and* Conſt.

Flor. Here's a Letter for you, Sir; a Porter brought it, but ſaid it requir'd no Anſwer———I reſolve to clear the Miſtake

Miſtake 'twixt him and *Camilla*, that I may get rid of him, in order to ſerve my Lord——for he is very generous, and the ſtricter he confines my Lady, the better for his Lordſhip, provided I can but ſecure *Belvil*; this Letter I hope will do't. [*Aſide.*

Bel. [*Reads.*] What's here! *I wou'd not have you credit this leſs for coming from an unknown Hand, nor think yourſelf in the wrong if you aſk* Camilla's *Pardon, for it was not ſhe, but* Conſtantia, *that run into your Arms laſt Night.* Ha! *Conſtantia!* Hell and Furies; has ſhe then a Lover of her own? this jumps with what ſhe ſaid but now: How have I been impos'd upon? *Conſtantia!* if it be ſo, how ſhall I ſee *Camilla*'s Face, or dare to approach that injur'd Maid? if it were not *Camilla*, ſhe came out of *Camilla*'s Houſe, that I am poſitive of, and therefore ſhe muſt be privy to the Intrigue: Now I fear my Suſpicions were but too true, it was my Siſter which I ſaw, and that Villain in the Maſk was the very Man——oh that I knew him but——'Zdeath how am I confounded! hark ye, *Florella.*

Flor. It takes as I wou'd have it. [*Aſide.*

Bel. Do you know any Gentleman that makes Pretenſions to your Miſtreſs?

Flor. Mum! I'll play my Cards ſure, no Confeſſion in *forma pauperis*, he never ſees, and therefore ſhall know no more than will ſerve my Turn——who I, Sir? not I indeed, Sir.

Bel. You lie — this Letter ſays there is a Man ſhe likes.

Flor. Why, Sir, do you think my Lady tells me who ſhe likes? ſome pitiful Miſchief-making Villain has done this, to beſpatter my Lady's Fame.

Bel. Ah! this Jade has all her Paces, true as Steel to her Miſtreſs; there is nothing to be done this Way. I'll to *Camilla*'s own my Fault, aſk her Pardon, and try by gentle Means to find the Truth: Go, bid him draw the Nails of that Door again——I'll make my Viſit that Way.

Flor. Any way, ſo I am but rid of you. [*Going.*

Bel. And do you hear, lock the Street-door and bring me the Key, I'll prevent her Elopement, except ſhe leaps the Window. [*Exit.*

Flor. The Key! which Way will my Lord get in then? [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *draws and diſcovers* Conſtantia *and* Timothy *uncording the Pack, from whence comes out Colonel* Baſtion.

Tim. Egad he has almoſt broke my Back—he is conſumed heavy, conſidering he has not made a good Meal theſe three Months——Here, Madam, here's a charming Piece of Cloth for your Wear, here's Cambrick, Kentin and Callico for you, all in a Lot——oh wou'd you were in a Holland Wrapper together. [*They run and embrace.*

Conſt. Oh my *Baſtion!* Do I hold thee in my Arms once more?

Baſt. My Love, my Life, my dear *Conſtantia*, oh let us fly and tie that Knot, which keeps me ever here: Haſte I conjure thee, by our mutual Love, let me convey thee hence this Moment now, elſe I fear thou never wilt be mine——

Conſt. Not thine! By the moſt ſacred Ties of Love, I ne'er will be another's.

Baſt. Alas, thou can'ſt not promiſe that—— Fortune ſeldom takes the juſter Side, and faithful Lovers are not always happy: Then prithee ſuffer thyſelf to be carry'd out the ſame Way I came in, now before your Uncle and that Lord arrives. I have taken care of a Parſon that ſhall make us one for ever.

Conſt. But how wilt thou get out then, undiſcover'd?

Baſt. I do not mean to do it; let me but ſecure thee, I'll ſtay on Purpoſe to confront that Villain, and ſee him puniſh'd as his Crimes deſerve; then unſuſpected ſtill of loving thee, fly to this dear Boſom.

Conſt. Well, my Love, thou ſhalt be obey'd; tho' 'tis an odd way to be roll'd up in a Pack; but I have read that *Cleopatra* did ſo, and ſure I do not love thee leſs than ſhe did *Cæſar*.

Tim. So, now I am to have her upon my Back; egad that's quite wrong that.

Enter Florella.

Flor. The Colonel here! and as I live *Timothy* the *Scotchman*——I wonder'd indeed he wanted to buy Muſlins of a Pedlar. [*Aſide.*

Baſt. Come be quick, my Love.

Flor. Ay, you may be as quick as you pleaſe, but the Street-door is lock'd up, and your Brother has taken the Key with him to *Camilla's*.

Conſt.

Conſt. To *Camilla*'s! why, is he gone thither, ſay you?

Baſt. Unlucky Turn.———

Flor. Yes, Madam, and thro' your private Door too. Somebody ſent him a Letter, what was in it I know not, but when he had read it, he aſk'd me if I knew of any private Admirer you had, ſeem'd in a great Fury, ſnap'd me up, when I told him I did not, with you lie, you do. But I had too much Concern for your Welfare, Madam, to betray the Colonel.

Baſt. Too well I know thee, but 'tis not Time yet to clear Accounts. [*Aſide.*

Conſt. We are certainly betray'd, and *Belvil* knows I love thee.

Baſt. Then let him know it; I am a Gentleman, and ſcorn to quit my Pretenſions, or diſown 'em, tho' ten thouſand Dangers threaten'd me.

Tim. Oh the Devil, I ſhall be pedlar'd, with a Pox to me, by and by I fear.

Baſt. And yet I know not why, but I wiſh that thou wert ſafe out of this Houſe, methinks.

Conſt. Hark, I hear a Noiſe, for Heav'n's ſake don't let my Brother ſee you if poſſible; here, here, help, *Tim.* to make up his Pack again; *Florella*, ſhut that Door.

[*They ſeem to huddle up the* Colonel, *the Scene ſhuts.*

Enter Belvil *and* Camilla.

Bel. Nay, fly me not, *Camilla*, I own my Fault, and am convinced that I have done you Wrong.

Cam. Away, away, ſtick to your Reſolution; you know my Cunning cannot clear my Fame, or e'er induce you to believe me more. Ha, ha, ha! ſweet Sir, you ſee I have not given myſelf much Pain about it.

Bel. Nor do I expect you ſhou'd, *Camilla*. Paſſion has the ſame Power o'er the Minds of Men, that Clouds have over the Face of Day; it contracts the Proſpect of our Reaſon, and makes our Judgment dark—— but when the Storm is once diſcharg'd, each Faculty reduc'd, and Prudence takes her Seat again, our Thoughts return, and all our Senſes cool, and we examine Matters with a different Air, and every thing has quite another Look; then if we have been to blame, 'tis no Shame to own it, but rather argues the Greatneſs of a Soul capable to diſtinguiſh right.

Cam. This Reaſoning had been well ſix Hours ago.

Bel.

Bel. Can it have loſt its Value in ſix Hours? Will not this Poſture ſatisfy your Pride, for only that can make you ſlight me now: Oh *Camilla*, I know thy Soul too well, to think ſix Hours can raze me from thy Heart. Thou art not fickle in thy Nature, no, thy Principles diſdain that Part of Woman; by thoſe then I conjure thee, tell what thou knoweſt of this Night's Miſtake.

Cam. Riſe, *Belvil*; you have cunningly found the Way to move me. By that honeſt Principle I ſwear you wrong'd me, I was not the Woman you ſurpriz'd.

Bel. Then I ſubmit to whatever Penance you'll impoſe ——but one thing more! Was not my Siſter ſhe? ha!

Cam. How comes he to gueſs at her? What ſhall I ſay? ——I muſt not own it. [*Aſide.*] I know not that, for when I came I ſaw no Woman.

Mer. [*Within.*] *Camilla.*

Cam. Ha! my Father! I wou'd not have you ſeen, till I have told him we are reconcil'd. Away, I'll follow you inſtantly, and tell you all I know of that Affair.

Bel. I ſhall expect my Angel with impatience. [*Exit.*

SCENE *draws and diſcovers the Pack upon a Table,* Conſtantia *and* Timothy *by it.*

Enter Belvil.

Conſt. My Brother! Oh lie ſtill, my Love, or we are undone for ever. [*To the Colonel.*

Tim. O wo's me, her Brother! oh, oh, oh!

[*Shakes and cords his Pack.*

Conſt. Oh good *Tim.* don't tremble ſo, you'll betray all.

Bel. How now, Siſter, have you not done chattering yet? I bring you good News, *Camilla* and I are Friends again, and ſhe'll be here preſently; I hope I have oblig'd you now. Here, who's there?

Enter Florella.

Take the Key and open the Street-door again.

Tim. Ah wou'd I were fairly out on't: What will become of me?

Conſt. Indeed you have rejoic'd me, Brother, I was ſure my Couſin cou'd not merit your Diſpleaſure.

Bel.

Bel. Has this Fellow any thing that's good? What does he ſell? What ails him to ſhake and groan ſo?

Conſt. No, nothing worth looking on——he has got the Ague, I think.

Tim. [*Getting his Pack.*] Aye, Sir, I have the tertian Ague; oh, oh!

Bel. Poor Fellow, ſet down thy Pack, and go to the Fire and warm thee.

Conſt. No, no, Brother, let him go to an Ale-houſe and warm him; go, go, away with your Trumpery.

Tim. Look ye, Madam, don't diſparage my Commodities; I have nothing in my Pack but what any Lady may wear, by my Sol, Madam.

Conſt. Prithee, Fellow, don't prate to me, but begone.

Tim. Iſe ganging as faſt as I can, Madam. [*Reels againſt* Belvil, *who claps up his Hand to ſave the Pack.*

Bel. Ha! 'tis a comical made up Pack as ever I ſaw, and feels odly, there may be more in this Pack than I am aware of. [*Aſide.*] Poor Fellow, thou art but weak, why do you carry ſuch a heavy Load? come, ſet it down, I'll buy ſomething of thee out of pure Pity.

Conſt. Now I am ruin'd paſt Redemption. [*Aſide.*

Tim. Ah, methinks I feel a Sword quite thro' my body. [*Sets down his Pack upon the Table.*

Bel. Have you any good Lace for Ruffles?

Tim. Lace, Sir! I, I, I, I, I, I, I have—no—Lace, Sir.

Bel. What! have you any fine Holland for Shirts, then?

Tim. Holland, Sir? yes, Sir; no, no, now I think on't, Sir, I ſold the laſt Piece I had at the next Houſe. What will become of me? [*Aſide.*

Conſt. He certainly will find the Colonel! this Fellow's ſtammering will betray my Love? what ſhall I ſay or do to hinder it? [*Aſide.*

Bel. Why what have you then? this Concern has a Meaning. [*Aſide.*

Conſt. Indeed he has nothing that you will like, Brother.

Bel. That I believe. [*Aſide.*

Tim. No, Sir, I have nothing ye will like upon my Sol, Sir; when I have recruited my Stock Iſe call again.

[*Goes to take up his Pack.*

Bel. Sirrah, I ſay I'll ſee what you have; now you are a Rogue,

a Rogue, I believe, and don't come honeſtly by your Goods, ſo are aſham'd to ſhew them; open your Pack, ye Dog.

Tim. Ah, *Tim*, thou art a dead Man. [*Aſide.*

Baſt. Give me Liberty inſtantly, Sirrah, or I'll cut your Throat.

Conſt. Ah! [*Shrieks.*

Bel. As I ſuſpected! Villain! [*Beats him.*] have you brought Rogues into my Houſe to rob me?

[Baſtion *jumps out and draws.*]

Baſt. Sir, I ſuffer no Man to correct my Servant; I believe you know I am no Houſe-breaker, and am ready to give you what Satisfaction you pleaſe.

Conſt. Oh hold, you ſhall not fight. [*Interpoſes.*

Bel. Colonel *Baſtion!* no! you have ſofter Wars for him, I ſuppoſe: Confuſion! is this your going for *Harwich*, Colonel?

Baſt. Had I not ſtay'd to have been ſerviceable to your Family, I had been gone, Sir.

Bel. Serviceable to my Family! which way, Sir? by debauching my Siſter? hark ye, Sir, I deſire you'll give me an Account of this by and by in *Hyde-Park*. [*Puts up his Sword.*

Baſt. If I convince you not that my Deſign was honourable, and what you'll thank me for too before I leave your Houſe, I'll not fail to meet you. [*Puts up his Sword.*

Bel. On that Condition I am cool.

Tim. Egad I'm all of a Sweat, I'm ſure, and ſhall never be cool, I'm afraid.

Enter Colonel Merryman, *Lord* Richlove *like a* Grecian, *and* Le Front *like a Salop Man with a Pot.*

Baſt. Now, *Belvil*, let me intreat you to ſtep with me into the next Room. Madam, you have your Cue.

Conſt. Ay, ay, I warrant you.

Bel. What do you mean, Colonel?

Baſt. Suſpend your Curioſity but a Moment, and you'll know——Come along, Sirrah. [*To* Tim.

Bel. Well, for once I will.

Tim. What the Devil's to be done now? [*Exit* Baſt. Bel. *and* Tim.

Mer. There ſhe is, my Lord; to her, to her, Man, ſhow, ſhow her all your fine Nicknacks. Odſo, here's my Daughter and her Father, but I'll take them off preſently.

Enter Camilla *and Sir* Roger.

Niece, I promis'd you a Preſent of Chocolate, I met a *Grecian*

cian here that has extraordinary good he ſays, ſo I have brought him in; take as much as you will, Girl, I'll pay for't, or any thing elſe he ſells.

Conſt. Let me ſee, what have you?

Mer. Take him into the next Room, Niece, I don't deſire to ſee what Conſcience you Women have, but I'll pay for as much as you'll buy, Niece.

Conſt. I thank you, Uncle: Well, come in here then. [*Exit* Conſt. *and L.* Rich.

Cam. What, mayn't I ſee what he has got too?

Mer. No, no, no, there's nothing for you to ſee, Child, therefore do you ſtay here; come, I'll treat your Brother and you with ſome Salop.

Sir *Reg.* Salop, what is that Salop? I have often ſeen this Fellow ſauntering about Streets, and cou'd not imagine what he ſold: What is it made of, you? [*To* Le Front.

Front. Meo ſpeako Engliſo nono.

Sir *Reg.* What the Devil does he ſay now?

Mer. Why he tells you he ſpeaks no *Engliſh*; he's an *Italian*.

Cam. Excellent——I'm afraid he'll change his Tone by and by: Come, give me a Diſh.

Front. Senior, expleco meo whato ſheo wanto.

Mer. Uno daſho de Salopo. [Le Front *fills Salop.*

Sir *Reg.* This *Italian* is very vowelly, it runs much upon the o methinks.

Cam. No Fool like the old one.

Conſt. [*Within.*] Help, help! a Rape, a Rape!

Sir *Reg.* Ha, what's that, a Rape? what the Devil, has the *Grecian* fallen foul of my Daughter?

Mer. How's this? I'm ſurpriz'd.

Front. Oh de Devil baul her, I ſhall ſound away, begar.

Enter Belvil *dragging in Lord* Richlove, *the Colonel with* Conſtantia, *and* Timothy.

Bel. Come along, Villain; if you're ſo warm, here's a Pump hard by ſhall cool you.

L. Rich. Have a care what you ſay, Sir, I am not a Perſon to be treated ignominiouſly.

Bel. My Lord *Richlove!* I am glad I have met you; tho' you deſerve below a Scoundrel, yet I'll do you the Juſtice that belongs to your Quality.

Sir *Reg.* Hark ye, Brother, have you ta'en up Pimping before

before the Peace? Methinks you might have found ſome other Family to have given Handſel to your Trade.

Enter Florella.

Mer. Look ye, Brother, don't be ſaucy; if your Daughter admits a Man into her Bed-chamber, and offers to run away with him, it is to be ſuppos'd Handſel may be given without a Pimp.

L. *Rich.* So, the Devil won't bate me an Inch I ſee.

Bel. How's that, Sir?

Baſt. I muſt clear the Colonel, he has been impos'd upon; but here's one can tell beſt how his Lordſhip came into the Bed-chamber, ſince ſhe ſhow'd him the Way.

Flor. So, my Buſineſs is done.

Bel. Your humble Servant, Mrs. Bawd? this Houſe has no farther Buſineſs with you; go, troop. [*Gives her a Kick.*

Flor. Then ſome other ſhall, Sir.

Baſt. His Lordſhip may ſet you up for his Uſe.

L. *Rich.* I am ſo confounded I know not what to ſay.

Cam. How does your Lordſhip ſell Chocolate a Pound? Ha, ha, ha!

Mer. Zounds, I never had ſuch a Trick put upon me in my Life; he told me that my Niece was in Love with him, and that he had your Conſent, and *Belvil* only oppos'd him——my Lord, old as I am, you and I muſt talk this Buſineſs over behind *Montague* Houſe, we muſt faith.

Conſt. Let me adviſe your Lordſhip to practiſe the Rules of Honour and Honeſty more, or reſign that Title which ought to inherit both——Well may the Vulgar break in upon the Laws, when they can plead Cuſtom from the Great: People in your Sphere, ſhou'd ſet Precedents for Virtue, and not give Examples of Debauchery and Vice; the higher Men are plac'd, the more their Actions are in view; and thoſe that ſcorn the poor Plebeian State, ſhou'd ſcorn their Crimes much more.

Bel. I'll meet your Lordſhip half an Hour hence at *Tom*'s, from whence we'll take Coach to a convenient Place; you underſtand me. [*Aſide to L.* Rich.

L. *Rich.* Yes, and will meet you too, Sir; ſo damn your Family. [*Exit.*

Cam. Hark ye, Friend, why don't you cry your Salop?

Front. De Devil take her Jeſt, begar me muſt beg Pardon. [*Falls on his Knees.*] Me be de very good Family

in *France*, but de pavre Refuge for Religion, mafoy, muſt do any ting for Bread, me be de *Valet de Chambre* to dat Divel of a Lord, but if you will forgive me, I will be your Footman, begar.

Sir Reg. So, you can ſpeak *Engliſh* now, Sirrah.

Tim. A Footman, ye *French* Dog! ——ſpeak one contemptible Word of a Footman, Sirrah, and I'll beat your Furmity Kettle about your Ears.

Mer. Well ſaid, *Tim.*

Sir Reg. No, no, let him alone, we'll think of a Puniſhment for him, I warrant you.

Front. Me wiſh me were in *France*, begar me never give *England* the Honour of my Preſence more.

Bel. Colonel, I now own myſelf oblig'd to you, and thank you for this Diſcovery: And, Uncle, I forgive you, and aſk your Pardon for any ill Manners I might be guilty of laſt Night: *Camilla* and I are reconcil'd, and I only want my Friend Sir *Philip* to compleat my Happineſs. I would gladly have my Siſter marry'd on the ſame Day.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A Letter by the Poſt for you, Sir. [*Gives a Letter.*

Bel. [*Looks on the Letter.*] 'Tis Sir *Philip*'s Hand; I hope it brings News of his Arrival.

Buſt. I hope not.

Conſt. I dread the Conſequence.

Bel. What's this! *Dear Friend*; *I truſt to that Name for Pardon——of an Action which I am guilty of—— I am marry'd*——Damn him, marry'd!——

Cam. What puts you out of Humour, *Belvil?*

Bel. No new thing, Madam: The Falſeneſs of a Friend, that's all; my Knight's marry'd.

Cam. The beſt News I have heard this Twelve-month.

Conſt. O bleſt Sound! I told you, Brother, if Heav'n deſign'd it not, there wou'd be Ways found to croſs it.

Sir Reg. Is this your honourable Friend, *Belvil?* Ha, ha! we have both been miſtaken I find; therefore by my Conſent, my Daughter ſhall chuſe for herſelf for the future.

Bel. With all my Heart, I'll never concern myſelf about her more; I wou'd only aſk one Queſtion, Siſter; did not you miſtake me this Morning?

Conſt. I did indeed, Brother, and for this Gentleman; I take you at your Word, Sir, and crave your Bleſſing.

[*Kneels with the Colonel.*

Baſt. We want but that to make us truly bleſt.

Bel. So! there's a Turn I ne'er ſuſpected——

Sir *Rog.* This is ſomething quick, methinks——but take her, and bleſs you both.

Mer. Well ſaid, Brother; he's a Man of Honour, faith, and my Niece has made a good Choice: Nephew, give me thy Hand—by every dead *Frenchman* I am proud of thy Alliance.

Baſt. And I look upon this Day the happieſt of my Life, if *Belvil* will accept me for a Brother.

Bel. Yes, yes, Colonel, ſince I ſee how things have been manag'd, you have my Conſent among the reſt.

Cam. Now you oblige me truly, *Belvil*—Couſin, I wiſh you Joy. [*Salutes* Conſtantia.

Conſt. I wiſh you the ſame, *Camilla*.

Front. Noble Colonel, me ſhou'd be very glad to be your Gentleman, mafoy.

Tim. Zounds, ye Dog, wou'd you ſupplant me that have undergone the Slavery of the Courtſhip, and now the Harveſt of Matrimony is ripe, wou'd you eat the Fruits of my Labour? 'Tis my turn to be Gentleman, Sirrah, and I'll quit it for ne'er a *French* Son of a Whore in *England*—that has no more Courage than he has. [*Aſide.*] Therefore ſtrip, Sirrah, ſtrip, the beſt Man take it. [*Begins to ſtrip.*

Baſt. Hold, hold, we'll have no domeſtick Broils; you are grown as ſtout as *Hercules*. But come, *Tim*, your Quarrel ſhall end in a Song. [Tim. *ſings a Song.*

A SONG deſigned to have been ſung by Mr. *Pack*, in imitation of the *Iriſh*, who was prevented by a Cold.

DEAR Brother doſt hear the joyful News,
Our Maſter's caught i'th' Conjugal Nooſe;
Wanton young Cupid *ſo well play'd his part too,*
That Cælia's *bright Eyes ſoon ſhot his Heart thro' t*
Then Ow la wa let us be merry,
O nily wa let us be merry,
Ya hony Lee let us be merry,
And drink the Bride's Health in Sacy Canary.
Ya hony Lee, &c.

Fill t'other Glaſs, the 'Groom's Health take too;
Why ſhou'd we ſleep ſince we muſt wake too?
Oh this Liquor falls ſhort of thoſe Charms
That our Maſter will taſte in Cælia's *bright Arms.*

For Ouv la wa there will be Kiſſes,
O nily wa, and ſweeter Bliſſes,
Ya hony Lee, their Eyes are rowling,
At each Kiſs one takes t'other's Soul in.
Ya hony Lee, &c.
When Night's gone, and the Day is breaking,
The bluſhing Bride's in woeful taking;
The World will know what ſhe's been doing,
And nine Months ſhew the end of Wooing:
For Ouv la wa, there will be puking,
O nily wa, and dismal looking,
Ya hony Lee, this comes of Kiſſing,
And yet they long to taſte the Bleſſing.
Ya hony Lee, &c.
But when Granee the Bantling produces,
The Bride well again for Conjugal Uſes,
Then, then, ſhe minds not the whole World's Sneering;
Marriage is lawful, ſhe minds not their Jeering.
But Ouv la wa, if Spouſe proves naughty,
O nily wa, of Wenching faulty,
Ya hony Lee, what a Peal ſhe'll ring him,
And how many Kiſſes muſt wipe off his Sinning!
Ya hony Lee, &c.

Mer. Very well.

Sir *Rog.* What think you of a Dance now? Some of my Servants play on the Violin.

Mer. Away with it then——— [*A Country Dance.*

Baſt. Now my *Conſtantia*, Fortune ſmiles upon us, and gives me all in giving thee.
Even Honour, Glory, Conqueſt, centers here,
And Fame itſelf ſubmits to powerful Love.
Be ev'ry gen'rous Man like me careſt,
Still love like me, and ſtill like me be bleſt.

Cam. *May ev'ry brave Defender of our Iſle*
Be thus rewarded for his warlike Toil;
And after Sieges, Winter Camps and Storms,
May ſome kind Female take him to her Arms.
[Ex. Omnes.

THE

THE

CRUEL GIFT:

A

TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

BY

Her MAJESTY's Servants.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. SEWELL. Spoke by Mr. WILKS.

THIS Play (I wonder how the Thing could hold!)
Is, if I reckon right, two Winters old;
It ſhould have courted you the laſt hard Froſt,
But you in Ice *and* Politics *were loſt,*
Two ſlipp'ry Things. *Some know it to their Coſt.*
The prudent Mother, therefore, with good Reaſon,
Wean'd not this Child before a better Seaſon:
Well pleas'd ſhe ſees the Madneſs of the Age
Spent in an impotent ſucceſsleſs Rage.
From civil Life transfer your Horrors here,
And give to Tragedy *its proper Sphere.*
Our Woman *ſays, for its a* Woman's *Wit,*
(That ſingle *Word will gain us half the* Pit)
This is her firſt Attempt in Tragic Stuff;
And here's Intrigue. *and* Plot, *and* Love *enough.*
The Devil's in it, if the Sex *can't write*
Thoſe things in which They *take the moſt Delight:*
If ſhe has touch'd theſe Scenes *with artful Care,*
Be kind, and all her ſmaller Failings ſpare;
The Ladies *ſure will eaſe a Woman's Fears,*
For common Pity's Sake, the Men for Theirs.
On Hopes like theſe her Tragedy *depends,*
Not on confed'rate Clubs of clapping Friends,
Diſpos'd in Parties to ſupport her Cauſe,
And bully you by Noiſe, into Applauſe.
If ſhe muſt ſue, ſhe ſcorns thoſe vulgar Arts,
But fain by nobler Means would win your Hearts;
Tell you ſhe wears her Country in her Breaſt,
And is as firmly Loyal, *as the* beſt:
Then bid your Hearts *their kindeſt Pray'rs convey,*
And meet your coming Monarch *on his Way;*
Who, from the peaceful Journey, brings us more
Than our long Liſt of conqu'ring Kings *before;*
For ne'er did Britain's *Hopes ſo highly tour,*
Or promiſe ſuch a glorious Stretch of Power,
As on that Day, which ſhall to Council bring
The Braveſt Senate, *and the* Greateſt King;
Who's rip'ning Schemes ſhall diſtant Nations rule,
Make Tyrants *tremble, and* Divans *grow cool:*
To Britain's *Enſigns then, as They decree,*
The World ſhall ſtrike by Land, *as well as* Sea.

EPILOGUE.

Written by N. Rowe, Eſq;

Spoke by Mrs. Oldfield.

Well, —'twas a narrow 'Scape my Lover *made;*
That Cup *and* Meſſage — *I was ſore afraid—*
Was that a Preſent *for a new made Widow,*
All in her diſmal Dumps, like doleful Dido!
When One peep'd in — and hop'd for ſomething good,
There was — O Gad! a naſty Heart *and* Blood.
If the Old Man had ſhewed himſelf a Father,
His Bowl *ſhould have incloſ'd a* Cordial *rather,*
Something to chear me up amidſt my Trance,
L' Eau de Barbade — *or comfortable* Nants!
He thought he paid it off with being ſmart,
And to be witty, cry'd, he'd ſent the Heart.
I cou'd have told his Gravity, moreover,
Were I our Sex's Secrets to diſcover,
'Tis what we never look for in a Lover.
Let but the Bridegroom *prudently provide*
All other Matters *fitting for a* Bride,
So he make good the Jewels *and the* Jointure,
To miſs the Heart, *does ſeldom diſappoint her.*
Faith, for the Faſhion Hearts *of* late *are made in,*
They are the vileſt Baubles *we can trade in.*
Where are the tough brave Britons *to be found,*
With Hearts *of* Oak, *ſo much of Old renown'd?*
How many worthy Gentlemen of late,
Swore to be True *to* Mother-Church *and* State;
When their falſe Hearts *were ſecretly maintaining*
Yon trim King Pepin, *at* Avignon *reigning?*
Shame on the canting Crew of Soul-Inſurers,
That Tyburn-Tree *of* Speech-making Nonjurors;
Who in New-fangl'd Terms, *Old* Truths *explaining,*
Teach honeſt Engliſhmen *damn'd* Double Meaning.

O! wou'd you loſt Integrity reſtore,
And boaſt that Faith *your plain Fore-fathers bore;*
What ſurer Pattern can you hope to find,
Than that dear Pledge *your* Monarch *left behind!*

EPILOGUE.

See * *how his* Looks *his* honeſt Heart *explain,*
And ſpeak the Bleſſings of his future Reign!
In his each Feature, Truth, and Candour trace,
And read Plain Dealing *written in his* Face.

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* His *Royal Highneſs* was preſent at the Author's Benefit, 1716.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

King of *Lombardy*,	—— —— ——	Mr. *Mills.*
Duke of *Milan*, diſguis'd like an Hermit,	——	Mr. *Foman.*
Lorenzo,	General of *Lombardy*, privately married to *Leonora*, ——	Mr. *Booth.*
Antenor,	Prime Miniſter of State, Father to *Learchus*, —— ——	Mr. *Quin.*
Learchus,	Keeper of the Royal Fort, in Love with *Antimora*, ——	Mr. *Ryan.*
Cardono,	Friend to *Lorenzo*, and his Lieutenant-General, ——	Mr. *Walker.*
Agoniſtus,	Friend to *Learchus*, —— —	Mr. *Wilks.*

WOMEN.

Leonora,	Princeſs of *Lombardy*, ——	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Antimora,	in Love with *Learchus*, ——	Mrs. *Porter.*

Embaſſadors, Captain, Guards, Ladies, and other Attendants.

SCENE, the City of *Verona* in *Lombardy*.

THE

THE CRUEL GIFT.

ACT I.

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Antenor *and* Learchus.

Ant. AWAY, 'tis all Romantick;
The lazy Virtue of ſome dreaming Hermit:
Far be Ambition from their homely Cells:
But what haſt thou to do with ill-tim'd Honeſty?
Obſerve me well, and treaſure in thy Soul
The experienc'd Wiſdom of thy Father;
Let Intereſt be thy bright unerring Guide,
The ſecret darling Purpoſe of thy Heart.
Believe me, Boy, ſhe reigns Supreme below;
Honours and endleſs Pleaſure wait around her:
When ſhe commands, ſmile on the Man thou hateſt,
Careſs him to inevitable Ruin.
From fooliſh Pity guard thy well-taught Mind;
To Women leave the fond Deceiver Love;
That Bar to Glory, and to great Revenge.
Think not of Friendſhip more than of a Word,
Which, once gone forth, is loſt in idle Air.

Lear. Is this the Language of Paternal Love?
Forbid it, all good Men, that I ſhould think ſo.
You mean to prove my Soul, and 'tis moſt juſt;
For many wear the borrow'd Maſk of Goodneſs;
But I was made in Scorn of Artifice;
Superior Virtue is my awful Goddeſs,
My pleaſing Motive, and my wiſh'd Reward.
Whether ſhe leads me to the active Field,
Or the more dangerous Court, ſhe guides my Life:

Fame, Honour, Wealth, when by her Hand beſtow'd,
With grateful Joy ſubmiſſive I'll receive them;
But offer'd by the World in lieu of her,
With Scorn I'd throw them back, as empty Trifles,
Unworthy of an honeſt Man's Regard.

Ant. Dull Moraliſt! haſt thou no Taſte of Pow'r?
No Thirſt of Glory? No ambitious Longings,
To raiſe thy Soul, and bear thee up to Empire?
And canſt thou let *Lorenzo* tour above thee?
Call to Remembrance all thy noble Anceſtors,
Who all fell Victims to the Rage of his.
Conſider this; then think if thou art injur'd
Enough to prompt thee to a great Revenge.

Lear. Far be the Thought of Vengeance from my Soul;
I view with equal Juſtice Friends and Enemies:
Pride may perhaps pronounce This, Weakneſs in me.
No Matter what the haughty Mind ſuggeſts;
I'd rather wear the name of Good than Great.

Ant. Why, this is finely ſaid.

Lear. For *Lorenzo*, ſince my Royal Maſter,
Whoſe great undoubted Right has Power to give,
Beſtow'd on him the Honours which I wore;
Long may they flouriſh with him: Who ſhall dare
Blame you in giving or reſuming Favours?
Then ought we, Sir, t' impoſe on Majeſty,
What in ourſelves we would not bear?

Ant. Go on, go on, purſue this darling Vapour,
Unthinking to what Precipice it leads;
Extol *Lorenzo*, dwell upon his Praiſe,
And help to ſwell the popular Applauſe.
Forget the Conqueſts that have crown'd thy Valour,
The numerous Wounds thou haſt ſuſtain'd in Battle
For this inſulting, this ungrateful King!

Lear. Were not my Sword the freedom of my Country?
Wounds loſe their Smart in ſuch a glorious Cauſe:
He who for Intereſt, or for baſe Revenge,
Should in a private Quarrel fell his Foe,
Deſerves the Scorn of every good Man for't.
But he who would enſlave his native Land,
Give up the reverend Rights of Law and Juſtice,
To the deteſted Luſt of boundleſs Tyranny,
Pollute our Altars, change our holy Worſhip,

Deſerves the Curſes both of Heaven and Earth;
And, from Society of human Kind,
To be caſt forth among the Beaſts of Prey,
A Monſter far more ſavage.

Ant. Excellent!

Lear. For me———
I know no Glory, but my Country's Good,
Nor Anger bear 'gainſt any, but her Foes;
But all her Enemies are mine: for her
I'd make this Body one entire Scar,
Ere I would ſee my Country made a Prey,
Or know the King, to whom I've ſworn, diſtreſs'd;
And this I hold to be all brave Mens Duty.

Ant. Matchleſs Stupidity!
Art thou from me, from my ſtrong Blood deriv'd,
And can thy ebbing Pulſes beat ſo low,
So diſtant from the Vigour of my Soul?
But, Spite of Artifice, I ſee quite thro' thee;
Ill doſt thou hide from me the hated Cauſe
Of this tame ſuffering, this Baſtard Patience.
Deaf to Ambition, fooliſh Love betrays thee.
Lorenzo's Siſter, *Antimora* reigns
The pow'rful Miſtreſs o'er thy Heart and Fame;
Thy eaſy Mind, fond of the ſlaviſh Yoke,
Forgets her haughty Brother ſoars above thee.
I bad thee lift thine eyes to *Leonora*,
The beauteous Hope of this fair Kingdom.

Lear. Yes, that guilty Thought of yours undid me.
Oh! was it not, that finding your Ambition,
The angry King, to ſcatter all your Hopes,
Ruin'd guiltleſs me?

Ant. Well, I remember his ungrateful Rage,
Remember it with juſt Indignation;
And thou as ſoon might'ſt think to reconcile
Th' eternal Quarrel between Death and Nature,
As quench my eager Thirſt of Vengeance.
Yet I diſſembled well my Injuries,
And ſooth'd the fiery King with ſo much Art,
The bold Propoſal was miſtook for Zeal,
To keep the beauteous *Leonora* with us.
'Twas thus the Monarch's Favour I regain'd,
His wanting this experienc'd Head for Council

When that old Sophiſter *Alcanor* dy'd,
I roſe again Prime Miniſter of State;
And now have in my View a brave Deſign,
Of which thou art unworthy to partake.
Lear. My Want of Merit is my Pride in this;
For where Revenge and Fraud are of the Party,
I would not be admitted———
Ant. You wou'd not, Sir—
But tho' Crowns and Pow'r want Charms to move thee,
And Injury ſeems to have loſt her pointed Sting;
When thou ſhalt know that *Antimora*'s given,
A Pledge of Friendſhip, from her Brother's Hand,
To his dear Fav'rite and Fellow-Warrior,
I know thy Spirits will be all awake.
Lear. Ha!
Ant. Yes, that dang'rous Maid, who has miſled thee,
For whom all filial Duty is forgot,
All Wrongs forgiven, all Ambition quench'd,
Muſt be *Cardono*'s Wife——
Lear. I know *Lorenzo* loves the Man you mention,
But that he is to wed fair *Antimora*,
Is all a Dream, work'd up by waking Malice.
The Souls of Martyrs, mounting from the Flame,
Are not more brightly ſpotleſs than her Faith;
But you have Leave to ſay whate'er you pleaſe,
And I, unruffled will with Calmneſs hear you.
Ant. Go on, young Stoick, bleſs theſe Pair of Friends,
Go, bend thy Knee to this young Fav'rite low;
Reſign thy Miſtreſs to the other's Arms,
And be renown'd for Patience!
Lear. When I do that, let Infamy and Shame
Purſue and blot the name of Soldier from me.
Give up my Miſtreſs, quit the Maid I love!
As ſoon I would give up my Poſt in War,
Reſign the Soul which animates this Frame,
And to that lateſt Nothing be reduc'd,
Where Love and Glory ceaſe——But Oh! I rave;
Her Brother's Pow'r, no, not the King's Command,
Can ſhock her Faith——
Ant. Build not thy Hopes upon a Woman's Faith,
But join with me, and greatly be reveng'd,
I have the Means, *Lorenzo*'s in my Snare;

Deep as the Grave I've trac'd his erring Steps,
And ſeen him ſafe within the Toils of Fate;
Once more I warn thee to throw off thy Love;
Wake from this idle Amorous Lethargy,
And ſhun that falling Houſe, like Loſs of Honour;
Exert thy Soul, and aid my great Deſign,
Or from this Moment thou'rt no more my Son. [*Exit.*

Lear. Wou'd I indeed were not, unhappy Thought.

Enter Agoniſtus.

My *Agoniſtus* ———
Oh! much I wanted thee, and thou art come
Even to ſhare Misfortunes with thy Friend.
Thou kind, thou beſt Companion of my Youth;
Thou Partner in my Dangers, well I know thee.
Should Father, King, and ev'ry Star frown on me,
Thou wouldeſt not forſake me.

Ag. Much ſooner ſhall this fertile Kingdom change
Her happy pregnant Soil for ſterile Sand,
Than I forſake my Friend —— Come, be not ſad,
Thou wilt again regain thy Maſter's Favour.

Lear. Thou know'ſt me not ——
If thou doſt think I in the leaſt regard
Whom Fortune mounts upon her giddy Wheel,
Or o'er what Fav'rite ſhe inſulting drives:
A ſofter Care does all my Thoughts employ;
Love, *Agoniſtus*, is the fatal Source
From whence my Sorrows ſpring.

Ag. I've gueſs'd it long,
But knew not to what Fair your Vows were paid.

Lear. Now I will tell thee all th' important Story,
And eaſe my burthen'd Heart of half its Load.
Thou'rt well acquainted with that ancient Hate
Between *Lorenzo*'s Family and mine,
And muſt remember to have heard at leaſt
His Grandfather, when o'er-power'd by Faction,
From Court exil'd, paſs'd many Years in *Venice*;
During which Time his Son, the Lord *Alcanor*,
Marry'd a beautiful *Venetian* Lady,
And he had Iſſue by her this *Lorenzo*,
And *Antimora*, of whom ſhe dy'd in Child-bed.
Soon after this, his Father alſo dy'd.

Alcanor

Alcanor ſtrait employ'd his Friends, t' obtain
Leave from the King for his Return to *Lombardy*.
The King gave Leave; he came, and liv'd obſcurely,
In ſullen Solitude, and haughty Privacy.
Ag. I do remember to have heard this Story.
Lear. In a lone ancient Seat *Alcanor* liv'd,
Hard by a Caſtle which belong'd to us;
'Twas there I firſt beheld fair *Antimora*,
And, gazing, catch'd and gather'd growing Love.
Bright as a *Sylvan* Goddeſs ſhe appear'd,
And ſhot her beauteous Beams into my Soul.
In ſome Diſguiſe I waited every Day,
Till in one happy Ev'ning I at laſt
Met her as ſhe was walking forth alone;
With trembling Awe I ventur'd to approach her,
And on my Knees I begg'd that ſhe would hear
The trueſt Paſſion that e'er warm'd a Lover.
Ag. And ſhe conſented ———
Lear. At firſt ſhe heard with Caution, ſtill objecting
Our Houſes Hatred, and my proſp'rous Fate,
And charg'd me to ſuppreſs the growing Flame,
And fix my Choice on ſome more happy Maid,
Whoſe ample Fortunes, and whoſe equal Merit,
Might vindicate my Love. ———
Ag. Thus Minds, form'd truly great, bear up their Port.
Lear. But ſtill I preſs'd, and told the lovely Fair-one
My wakeful reſtleſs Agonies of Heart,
My eager Fondneſs, and my growing Fears,
The Pains of Doubt, and Horror of Deſpair,
With ev'ry Care which racks a Lover's Breaſt.
At length the Ardour of my fervent Vows
Drew from her ſnowy Boſom, unawares,
A pitying Sigh, and from her Eyes a Tear,
The rich Reward of many anxious Minutes.
At laſt ſhe ſpoke, and bleſs'd me with this Promiſe;
If there be yet a ſmiling Hour behind,
That ſhall the Grandeur of our Houſe reſtore:
You, who have lov'd me in this Ebb of Fortune,
Shall find a grateful Senſe in *Antimora*.
Ag. She is indeed a Miracle of Goodneſs.
Lear. She gave me Leave to ſee her every Day;
But ſoon, alas! my Father's waking Jealouſy

Diſcover'd where my conſtant Vows were paid,
And urg'd the King I might be ſent Abroad.
The *Turkiſh* War concluded juſt before,
And *Lombardy* was by this Arm in Peace;
And 'cauſe no warlike Expedition offer'd,
I bore a peaceful Embaſſy to *Rome*.
Before I went, I ſaw the lovely Maid,
And told her all the Cunning of my Father,
With all the Trouble of my Soul at Parting:
She bid me go, and ſaid it was my Duty
To ſerve my King in Peace, as well as War;
Then breath'd a Sigh, and promis'd to be faithful.
'Twas thus we parted. Soon after I was gone,
Oh, *Agoniſtus!* fain I would forget it,
My Father all our Letters intercepted;
And, blinded with the daz'ling Luſtre of a Throne,
Rais'd his ambitious Thoughts to *Leonora*,
And dar'd to aſk her for my Services.

Ag. Unlucky Thought!

Lear. Oh! moſt abhorr'd Ambition!
For this my Father was diſplac'd from Court,
And Lord *Alcanor* drew again in Favour.
The *Tuſcan* War about that time broke out,
When this *Lorenzo*, this young Rival-Warrior,
Had firſt the Honour to command our Forces;
He roſe in Favour, while I ſet in Shame.

Ag. Swiftly he roſe, as if the Goddeſs *Fortune*
Became enamour'd with his many Graces;
No ſooner ſeen, but all her Smiles were on him.

Lear. For this I was recall'd, diſgrac'd, upbraided, ruin'd,
And baniſh'd from the Sight of *Antimora*;
Beneath her Window, wet with baleful Dew,
All Night I lay, and told each Star my Grief.
She prais'd my Change, confeſs'd the Prince's Charms,
And all Acceſs deny'd to wretched me;
Till Love, long tortur'd on the Rack of Grief,
Convinc'd her of my much-wrong'd Innocence;
She ſmil'd, and bid me hope a better Day;
But oh! what Day can I expect to ſee,
If what my Father told me now be true?
Cardono weds the beauteous *Antimora*;
But haſte, my Friend, tell her *Learchus* dies,

Whene'er ſhe makes that hated Rival happy.

Ag. I fly; but ſee the Friends appear.

Lear. Ha! how quick my Spirits move; I'm all on fire:
What head-ſtrong Rage does Jealouſy inſpire?
This is the Court, ſafe from unhallow'd Strife;
When next we meet, guard well that hated Life;
Thou ſhalt diſpute my *Antimora*'s Charms,
And through this Breaſt make Paſſage to her Arms. [*Exit.*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Cardono.

Lor. Was that *Learchus* parted hence?

Card. It was.

Lor. They ſay his Mind is rich in ev'ry Virtue;
A Stranger to his Father's canker'd Malice,
And of a friendly Nature; yet I know not,
Something there is that whiſpers to my Soul,
Beware that Race.

Card. Oh, moſt prophetick Thought!
Teach *Antimora* to beware it too;
Forgive my Fears; Lovers have watchful Eyes;
Or I miſtake, or he is much too happy.

Lor. The Error of thy Fondneſs, nothing more;
She is the Daughter of Antipathy,
Nurs'd up in Hate to that invet'rate Houſe,
And, like myſelf, unalterable.

Card. Fain, oh! very fain, would I believe thee;
My Hopes are center'd in that blooming Maid,
And Life, without her, is not worth my Care:
Yet when I ſpeak of my exceſſive Paſſion,
To me ſhe ſeems more cold than Mountain-Snow,
And hears with Unconcern whate'er I ſay;
But if, by Chance, ſome one *Learchus* name,
A conſcious Bluſh o'erſpreads her Face, and ſtrait
She turns away, to hide the riſing Joy.

Lor. Sure, my Friend, thou doſt miſtake her Looks;
That bold Aſpirer, moſt abhorr'd *Antenor*,
Once dar'd to aſk the Princeſs for his Son:
Oh! were it but for that preſumptuous Guilt,
I'd ſooner wed my Siſter to Diſhonour,
To Miſery, or Death, than to *Learchus*.
But ſee! ſhe comes! as I appointed her;
I mean by gentle Means to aid thy Suit.

Card. The Powers above aſſiſt thee.

Enter Antimora.

Anti. Cardono with him! Oh! my boding heart. [*Aſide.*

Card. Who can deſcribe the Lover's painful Pleaſure
At the Approach of his enchanting Fair?

Anti. I come to know my deareſt Brother's Will.

Lor. Come nearer, Siſter; why doſt tremble ſo?
Haſt thou a Cauſe for Fear, my *Antimora?*

Anti. I hope I need not fear, my gentle Brother;
Whilſt you are ſafe from War's deſtructive Rage,
And bleſs me with your Smiles, I have no Fear.

Lor. Am I then dear to thee? tell me, my Siſter.

Anti. Dear as my Life, my Virtue, or my Fame;
You are the fondeſt, trueſt, beſt of Brothers.
Tender and careful as a Guardian Angel:
Since gracious Heaven took my Father from me,
Thy kind Indulgence has ſupply'd his Care;
That Providence may crown thy Hopes and Wiſhes,
Is, each returning Morn, my firſt Requeſt.

Lor. If thou would'ſt have me credit theſe fond Accents,
Which more, if poſſible, endear thee to me,
Look on *Cardono*——on this ſuffering Youth,
Who treaſures all his future Hopes in thee;
Pity his Sorrows, and prevent his Fate;
And if no other Merit reach thy Knowledge,
Remember that he is my Friend.

Anti. That ſpeaks him of a noble Nature, Sir,
And I ſhall ſtill regard him with Eſteem.

Card. Too weak a Cordial to my fainting Heart.
That ſickens with Deſpair. [*Aſide.*

Lor. Eſteem! Think, I prithee, what I owe him,
And help me to diſcharge the mighty Debt;
Oft in the Field he has my Life preſerv'd,
When, warm'd with Slaughter, I have ruſh'd too far,
And plung'd myſelf amongſt my thickeſt Foes,
Hemm'd round with Death; and yet he broke thro' all,
Reſolv'd to reſcue, or to periſh with me.

Anti. Superior Virtue cannot miſs Reward.

Lor. Thou muſt reward him, Siſter; yes, thou muſt,
If I have any Intereſt in thy Breaſt;
If I have well obey'd our Father's Charge,
And been a Father to thee; or, if thou

Haſt

Haſt not forgot his dying laſt Command,
Never to wed without my Approbation,
Then, if thou'dſt know me happy, make him ſo.
Anti. Forbear, thou kind Protector of my Youth,
Forbear to wound thy *Antimora* thus;
Nor vainly aſk what I can never grant.
There was a Time you would have ſought my Peace;
Give me not Cauſe to think you love me leſs.
Lor. Thou'rt dearer to me than the Smile of Kings,
My Hopes of Glory, or immortal Fame;
And therefore 'tis that I would place thee here,
Safe in the Arms of this deſerving Man,
Who merits, and who fondly loves thee.
Anti. Think you, my Lord *Cardono*, this the Way?
Uſe your Authority to gain your Wiſhes?
Power may diſpoſe of Life; but reſt aſſur'd
A gen'rous Mind can never be compell'd.
Card. Alas! my Friend, your Kindneſs has undone me.
Lor. Take heed, my Siſter, how you wake mine Anger,
Which will, like Light'ning, blaſt thy unwary Soul:
Is there a Form thy erring Choice prefers
To this brave Man? My Rage will find him out,
And hurl a ſwift Deſtruction on his Head:
Nay, do not weep, Tears will avail thee nothing;
Can it be poſſible thou ſhouldſt forget
From whence thou art, and liſten to *Learchus*,
The Son of that vile Parricide *Antenor?*
Deteſted Thought!
Anti. Oh wretched *Antimora!*
Lor. Ha! dar'ſt thou to ſigh for him, degen'rate Wretch!
Then hear me, Madam, and obſerve me well;
Teach thy fond Heart t'accept the proffer'd Good,
Or from thy Diſobedience date long Woe;
Affection ſhall give Place to vow'd Severity;
Unſeen, unnam'd, unpity'd, ſhalt thou live,
And waſte the tedious Hours in vain Remorſe;
Nor will I ever hold Diſcourſe with thee,
But to upbraid thy Weakneſs.
Anti. Oh! my Brother! my only Friend on Earth!
[*Kneels.*
Recall thoſe Words, thoſe dreadful haſty Words,
And rather kill me any other Way.

Card.

Card. Oh! hold *Lorenzo*, I can bear no more. [*Raiſes her.*
Jealouſy, Diſappointments, and Deſpair,
Are Joys to what my Heart this Moment feels;
She muſt have Eaſe, whatever comes of me.
Anti. Where have you loſt your wonted Tenderneſs?
Think if our deareſt Father now were living,
And ſhould impoſe ſuch harſh Commands on you,
Againſt your Inclination, charge you wed,
Or if like me you lov'd where Tyes of Duty
Make that Love a Crime, what would you do?
Lor. She touches me indeed—Prithee comply.
Anti. If *Antimora* may have Leave to plead;
If I have yet a Place in your Eſteem;
If from your Breaſt you have not raz'd me quite;
Give to my throbbing Heart a little Time
To weigh the many Cares which hang upon it;
And I muſt beg, that you, my Lord *Cardono*,
No longer would inſiſt upon his Power;
Urge not a Cauſe, that may increaſe Debate
Between the kindeſt, moſt united Pair
That e'er one Mother bore.
Card. Severe Requeſt; but I obey.
Lor. Take thy Deſire, my Siſter; but remember,
That if you wou'd preſerve a Brother's Love,
Let not the Woman ſway thee to thy Ruin.
Go then, I ſay, and ſummon all thy Reaſon,
Direct the Ballance with an even Hand;
Conſider, Duty, Honour, Gratitude,
Are poiz'd againſt that Trifle, Inclination.
Then let impartial Judgment guide thy Choice;
Tear from thy Virgin Breaſt th' inglorious Paſſion,
If thou regard'ſt thy own, or Brother's Fame.
Car. Remember my Deſpair, for the ſame Breath
Which makes him happy, gives me certain Death.
[*Exit* Lorenzo *and* Cardono.
Anti. What dire malignant Planet rul'd my Fate?
Why was I born to love where I ſhould hate?
Where I ſhould hate! No, I ſhould all Things love,
Such are the Dictates of the Powers above;
Then what they teach, they ſurely will defend,
On their great Care ſhall all my Hopes depend,
To crown my Love, or give my Life an End. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Antenor, *and hears her laſt Words.*

Ante. Curſe on thy Brother, how I hate his Sight;
Yet, like his evil Genius, I purſue him,
I have alarm'd the King; that Work is o'er;
And now th' Embaſſadors from *Tuſcany*,
Purſuant to th' Advice I ſent that Duke,
Bring with them Propoſitions for a Marriage,
And with unweary'd Diligence attend
And watch thoſe Steps which bring his Ruin on,
Between that Prince and *Leonora*.
To-day they have their Audience of the King;
Methinks it ſuits my Purpoſe well:
But ſee, the King appears.

Enter King.

King. Where are thou hid, *Antenor?*
When moſt I want thee, thou doſt ſhun me moſt;
I like it not.

Ant. What would my gracious Lord?

King. Thou haſt convey'd a Sting into my Breaſt,
Which ſtill, the more I labour to draw forth,
With double Anguiſh deeper points its Way.
What doſt thou know, that has ſo greatly mov'd thee
T' inſtil the ſubtil Poiſon of Diſtruſt,
And ſtir my Nature up againſt my Child?

Ant. If my inceſſant Duty, careful Fears,
Ever upon the Guard for you and Glory,
Offend my Royal Maſter, I am ſilent;
Forgive my Zeal, and I'll obſerve no more.

King. I know Ambition is thy darling Sin,
'Bating that I do believe thee honeſt;
Then leave theſe doubling Arts, and ſpeak thy Purpoſe.
Why doſt thou ſigh, and fold thy aged Arms,
Expreſſive Signs of ſome approaching Miſchief,
Still warning me, in Whiſpers, as I paſs,
To obſerve the Princeſs *Leonora?*

Ant. This I have done:
But if I am too loyal, too ſincere;
If Apprehenſion grows too ſwift in me,
Give up the Charge you did intruſt me with,
To ſome more worthy of your Confidence;

Who,

Card.

Who, when they have obey'd your ſtrict Command,
And learnt each private Motion of your Court,
May cautiouſly diſcover what will pleaſe,
And paſs in Silence what you fear to know.
King. Tortures and Death! pierce me at once, and ſpeak
Whate'er it be, and rid my Expectation.
Some ſecret Plot againſt my Life and Crown.
Much rather had I hear of brooding Treaſon,
Of raging Peſtilence, or blazing Cities,
Prodigious Earthquakes, univerſal Ruin,
Than ought which touches *Leonora*'s Fame.
Ant. That I had dy'd, ere given the Secret vent;
I beg your Majeſty will urge no more
This hated Subject.
King. Urge not my Temper! no, I charge thee do not;
Thou haſt rais'd my Curioſity ſo high,
Or give me Eaſe, or Racks ſhall force it from thee.
Ant. What ſad Deſtruction tears my aged Breaſt!
Oh! think how much the Tale will wound you Sir,
And let me keep the fatal Secret hid.
King. Speak, I command thee.
Ant. Oh, my tortur'd Soul! the Princeſs loves ——
King. Say'ſt thou! ha! whom does ſhe love?
Ant. The fatal Secret trembles on my Tongue,
And fears to fall —— *Lorenzo.*
King. Ha! have a Care,
I ſhall not credit this too eaſily.
Ant. Alas! great Sir, my Heart would dance with Joy,
Could I but doubt the wretched Truth I tell,
Which I ſhall ever mourn; but 'tis moſt certain
Her Heart and beauteous Perſon are beſtow'd
On that ſelected Man ——
King. Traytor, 'tis falſe! I know thou hat'ſt *Lorenzo*;
The ancient Quarrel 'twixt his Blood and thine
Has made a Villain of thee ——
Ant. This I fear'd! Oh! hard Return for Loyalty!
King. If thou doſt not prove this Accuſation,
Thy Head ſhall anſwer it.
Ant. Be it as you ſay.
If I diſcover not, near to the Bower,
A Place thro' which at Midnight he's let in;

And

And ſure the Purpoſe is not hard to gueſs.
King. Do this, *Antenor*, and my Heart is thine;
My Pulſe beats high, impatient of Revenge,
And Speech grows painful, choak'd with Indignation;
Down all my wild Reſentments for a while,
And let me ſee, and judge like Majeſty.
Oh! *Leonora*, if thou'rt fall'n ſo low,
To hold thy nightly Revels with my Slave,
There's not a Rack thy Crimes can make me feel,
But I will double it upon you both:
Ling'ring, unheard-of Torments you ſhall prove,
And curſe the fatal Sweets of guilty Love. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE *a Room of State. The* King *and* Leonora *ſeated on a Throne, attended by* Antenor, Lorenzo, Learchus, Cardono, Agoniſtus, *&c.*

Embaſſadors *at a Diſtance.*

King. MY Lords, I've in this Preſence choſe to hear
What 'tis the Duke of *Tuſcany* demands;
Proceed, and let us know your Meſſage.
Emb. Our Royal Maſter, much renown'd in Arms,
(Witneſs the many Conqueſts he has gain'd,
Tho' Victory of late declar'd for you)
Charg'd us to ſay, Succeſs is not inſur'd;
You cannot bribe the fickle Goddeſs; ſtay,
She will not long forſake his vet'ran Bands,
Choice harden'd Troops, unus'd to fly the Field:
But yet to cultivate a Friendſhip with you,
So firm and ſtrict, it may to Ages laſt;
Yet, even now, whilſt ready Warriors wait,
He offers Peace.
King. On what Conditions does your Maſter ſend?
Emb. Conditions, Sir! he did not term 'em ſo,
But Supplication to your Royal Will,
That this fair Princeſs, beauteous *Leonora*,
Would, with your Leave, receive him for a Huſband.

Lor.

Lor. Ha!

Emb. And join the long diſputed Lands, in Peace,
To theſe of *Lombardy*.

Ant. I ſee *Lorenzo* gathers up his Brows;
This Propoſal ſtings him to the Soul. [*Aſide.*

King. Had he been Conqueror, thus he might have aſk'd;
But tell your Duke I have not yet forgotten
His great Injuſtice to the Duke of *Milan*.
He took th' Advantage of the *Turkiſh* War,
When all my Force was bent againſt the Infidels,
To chaſe my Uncle from his Dukedom forth,
And ſet a bold Uſurper in his Stead.
Theſe twenty Years he has an Exile been,
He, and one only Son; nor know we where,
Or to what Country, if alive, they're driven;
By which my Daughter is become the Heir
Of this my Kingdom; yet I'll not force her Will,
But leave it free; and therefore ſhe ſhall anſwer ye.

Lor. A thouſand Bleſſings follow that Indulgence.
[*Aſide.*

Leon. Since I've my Royal Father's Leave to ſpeak,
I tell you, Sirs, that your Requeſt is bold.
Your ſinking Maſter, half ſubdu'd, demands
Our populous Kingdom to recruit his own,
And I muſt be the Paſſport to convey it.
There's more Ambition in his Eyes than Love;
'Tis for my Dowry, not for me he ſues.
Tell him I ſcorn his Offer, with his Crown;
And when (tho' long avert it, gracious Heaven)
This happy Kingdom ſhall devolve on me,
I will defend it with my utmoſt Strength,
To this ſmall Tract of Earth, whereon I ſtand,
Ere give a Nation to a vanquiſh'd Foe.
He ſhould have been the Monarch of the World;
His conqu'ring Legions drawn around our Walls;
His batt'ring Cannon playing on the Town,
And dreadful Famine raging thro' the Streets;
Our trembling Maids and Matrons drown'd in Tears,
Ere this Way made Propoſals for a Peace.

Lor. The Muſick of the Spheres dwell in her Voice,
And everlaſting Love upon her Tongue. [*Aſide.*

Emb.

Emb. Is this the Anſwer we muſt carry back?
And does your Majeſty approve this Scorn?
King. I do; ſo tell your Duke from me.
Emb. Then once again prepare for Battle, Sir;
You'll find our Maſter ſtrong enough to cope ye,
And make you well repent this haughty Port.
King. Let him come on again, we'll vanquiſh him;
Go, bring your boaſted Squadrons to the Field;
I've not a Man but glows with eager Courage,
To meet, and chaſe them o'er the bloody Plain.
Emb. Your boaſted Valour frights us not, great Sir,
But ſpurs us to the Field. [*Ex. Embaſſadors.*
King. Now let me embrace my brave Defenders;
Lorenzo, thou art welcome to my Arms;
Nature in thee has ſhewn a Prodigy;
In War thou'rt fierce, in Peace the Child of Softneſs;
One would imagine Envy's ſelf might ſpare thee.
Lor. The mighty Favours which you heap upon me,
My Royal Maſter, fill my Soul with Gratitude.
King. But wherefore keeps *Learchus* from our Preſence;
Is there not Room in Hearts of mighty Kings
To hold the Worth of all deſerving Men?
Lear. I attend your Majeſty.
King. Come near, *Learchus*, thou haſt ſerv'd me well,
And though of late thou haſt not fought my Battles,
For ſecret Reaſons from thy Charge remov'd,
I love thee ſtill; and to confirm I do,
I make thee Governor of the Citadel
And Royal Fort.
Lear. My Life ſhall anſwer for th' important Truſt:
Will *Antimora* come? [*To* Agoniſtus.
Ago. She anſwer'd me, in Tears, ſhe would.
[*Aſide to him.*
Ant. The King ſeems greatly pleas'd, and wiſely hides
The Purpoſe he intends——ſhort are your Joys,
Ye falſe ones! [*Aſide.*
Leon. The King, my Lord, is laviſh in your Praiſe;
But where ſhould grateful Monarchs caſt their Smiles.
If not on Heroes that have ſerv'd them truly?
Lor. I plead no Merit for my Service, Madam;
I owe my Prince's Bounty this Applauſe.

If

If I ſee thee not this Night, my Laurels fade,
And certain Death ere Morning will o'ertake me.
[*Aſide to* Leonora.

Leon. We are obſerv'd, the Paſſage ſhall be open.

Ant. By their Eyes I know the Appointment's made;
That Whiſper told the Hour——Did they but know
How very fatal I ſhall make their meeting,
Their Inclination would grow cool upon't.
It joys my Soul to think I ſhall undo them.

King. Meet me here ſome Moments hence, *Antenor*;
And now let all withdraw but *Leonora*. [*Exeunt.*
Daughter, methinks this Day you're doubly mine;
Your Words contain'd whate'er my Heart could wiſh;
In thee alone I treaſure all my Hopes,
And have in thee forgot thy Mother's Loſs.
And well, I think, thou wilt deſerve this Fondneſs:
Say, wilt thou not, my Child? Surely thou wilt,
And ne'er be juſtly caſt from out my Breaſt.

Leon. Alas! what means my Father? Why this Caution?

King. You have this Day diſdain'd a Sov'reign Prince;
Let no mean Choice diſgrace ſo juſt a Pride,
And ſully all thy Virgin Fame at once;
But, like my Child, like thee, apparent Heir
Of our fair *Lombardy*, ſupport thy Grandeur.

Leon. My Heart beats faſt at the Alarm of Fear. [*Aſide.*

King. I do remember thou haſt often told me,
Thy Heart burnt only with the Fire of Greatneſs,
And Love no Converſe held within thy Boſom;
And that my Glory fill'd each Thought of thine,
And bore thee up to Empire.

Leon. Wherein have I betray'd more Weakneſs, Sir?
And why am I accus'd of Diſobedience?

King. Do I accuſe thee, *Leonora*? No:
I warn thee only of degenerate Love.
Cou'd I accuſe, I ſhould not argue thus;
Thou know'ſt my Temper is compos'd of Fire,
Tho', like the Steel, when unprovok'd, 'tis cool;
But if the Flint of Diſobedience ſtrikes,
Fierce Sparks fly out, and threaten Ruin round.

Leon. Do not I guard the Actions of my Life
With all that duteous Care which you directed?
Do not I wait my Royal Father's Will,

Deny Acceſs to all the ſhining Court?
Except in publick, and by your Command,
I never ſee the Heroes of our Age.
King. Pray Heaven it prove ſo. [*Aſide.*
Leon. Within the Bower, by yourſelf aſſign'd,
Do I not paſs my Time amongſt my Maids,
Nor once appear, but when you call me forth?
King. All this I know, at leaſt I think I know it.
Leon. Think! grant, Heav'n, I'm not betray'd! [*Aſide.*
King. But do not truſt to ſecret Management;
For Kings have many Eyes, and watchful all,
As thoſe bright Lamps of Heav'n, that wake for ever;
They can, tho' all the Curtains of the Night
Be drawn, and ſolemn Darkneſs reigns around,
Diſcover every Action of their Court.
Leon. 'Tis ſo! and we are certainly undone. [*Aſide.*
I cannot gueſs what 'tis my Father means,
Or what the Purport of your Words intend.
If any Villain has traduc'd my Fame,
And render'd me ſuſpected to your Majeſty,
Give me to know my vile Accuſer ſtrait,
And let the Wretch confront me inſtantly.
King. If thou art innocent, as I hope thou art,
Then thou haſt nought to fear.
Leon. If I am innocent! Oh my throbbing Heart
Flutters and leaps as it would force my Breaſt,
And muſt portend ſome Miſchief. [*Aſide.*

Enter Antenor.

Ha! now I no longer am concern'd to know
Who has created all theſe Doubts within you;
For here, here comes the ſubtle working Mole,
That heaves your Breaſt, and breaks the Plain of Nature,
Purely for Miſchief, and his own Revenge;
That you refus'd his Son, ſtill galls his Soul;
The Viper ſeem'd but to have loſt his Sting,
'Till he had wound himſelf into your Boſom,
Where he at once might ſtrike your tend'reſt Part.
Ant. Alas! what have I done, my gracious Princeſs?
Leon. Go on, vile Politician, I defy thee;
Spread all thy Nets, and magnify Suſpicion,
'Till it appears as great as thy own Villainy,

In

In a moſt hideous, moſt gigantick Form,
To fright the World from thy Society;
From thy own Bowels ſpin the pois'nous Thread,
That may entangle Innocence and Honour:
My ſpotleſs Fame ſhall break thy Cobweb Arts;
My Virtue all thy treacherous Plots confound,
And, like a Bolt of Thunder, ſtrike thee to the Ground.
[*Exit* Leonora.

Ant. I ſoon ſhall calm this guilty Rage,
Has then my Royal Lord inform'd the Princeſs
Of his Suſpicion, that ſhe's thus provok'd
Againſt the humbleſt Servant of his Will,
And threatens to deſtroy me?

King. If what thou haſt declar'd be honeſt Truth,
Thou canſt not fear, thou haſt a King thy Guard;
But take thou heed, be careful in the Proof;
Thou ſeeſt ſhe does defy thee.

Ant. Her Paſſion ſhews her Guiltineſs the more;
It is the Nature of the Sex to do it:
They think to ſcreen their Faults with empty Clamour,
And ſtop our juſt Reſentment with their Noiſe;
But if your Majeſty diſcover'd aught
That may inſtruct her to prevent our Purpoſe,
Then I muſt fall a Sacrifice indeed.

King. Thou'rt ſafe from that; proceed, and ſay
Haſt thou learnt more ſince laſt I ſaw thee?

Ant. This Night I know they meet, I've plac'd a Spy,
Who is to give me Notice when they're met;
And then——

King. They then ſhall part for ever.

Ant. Pleaſe you to walk towards the Laurel-Grove,
Where I have order'd this old Spy to meet us.

King. Thy Words add but freſh Fuel to my Flame:
Lead on, and let me view at once my Shame,
And with his Blood waſh off th' inglorious Stain.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Learchus *meeting* Antimora *in Tears.*

Lear. Why doſt thou dreſs thoſe beauteous Eyes in Tears?
Why does thy Boſom thus with Sorrow heave?
Where are the Gates of ſoft conſenting Love,
To breathe new Life, and wake my dying Hopes?

Anti. Alas! *Learchus*, Fate's become our Foe,

And now the fatal Warrant's iſſu'd forth
To blaſt our Loves, and part our meeting Souls;
Elſe, why ſhould ſuch a faithful Pair as we,
So often be obſtructed in our Happineſs?

Lear. Oh! much I fear; my Father ſpoke too true. [*Aſide.*
What means my Love? has there ſome new Misfortune
Sprung up to intercept our promis'd Joy?

Anti. Is not thy Father fond of Wealth and Power,
And deaf to all thy tender Sighs of Love?
His cruel Nature never will forgive,
Nor will my Brother bear to hear his Name;
But what is worſe, far worſe than that, this Day
He has commanded me to love his Friend;
And, Spight of all Objections I can make,
He grows, like Fate, inexorable.

Lear. Oh! *Antimora!* Love's become enrag'd
At thy too tedious, thy too long Delay,
And this Way takes to mar our promis'd Joys,
And thus revenge the Breach of his Command,
For diſobeying his firſt eldeſt Law.
Why throw we not this Tyrant Duty off,
And from bleſs'd *Hymen*'s Torch light up that Flame,
Which only can expire with our Lives?
To humble Plains let us from Courts retire,
Serene and quiet as the firſt kind Pair,
Before Ambition taught the Way to Sin.

Anti. Nay, even there our cruel Foes would find us out,
And, Time, perhaps, might change thy Nature too,
When thou ſhould'ſt find thy Father's Hate incline
To baniſh thee for ever from his Breaſt.
Then thou would'ſt turn thy Eyes upon this Face,
And ſcornfully diſdain what now allures thee,
And to ſome Rival, fairer in thy Eyes,
Sacrifice thy *Antimora.*

Lear. Why doſt thou ſeek for Words to wound my Soul?
Is there, throughout this ſpacious Globe of Earth,
Another Woman I would change thee for?

Anti. Oh! thou doſt flatter me, alas, in vain;
We were not born to make each other happy.

Lear. Art thou not proof againſt thy Brother then?
Say! muſt I be ſupplanted by *Cardono?*

Anti. Witneſs theſe ſtreaming Eyes, with Sorrow full;
This faithful Heart, which pants to every Fear,
No other he ſhall e'er poſſeſs this Breaſt:
No, my *Learchus*, thou art Lord of me;
My Vows to thee, Death, only Death ſhall break.

Lear. O Tranſport!

Anti. If I have wiſh'd or had one Moment's Care,
Or any Hope, but once to be thy Wife,
Deprive me, Heaven, of all your Bleſſings here;
Let endleſs Wailings and eternal Shame
Surround and blaſt my Fame and me for ever.

Lear. O! Words to heal, and charm Deſpair away,
And Vows as faithful as a dying Saint:
But theſe, my Love, do but increaſe my Pain:
To know thee true, and not to know thee mine,
Is plunging me at once in greater Miſery.
Oh! ſay, thou ſecret Ruler of my Fate,
Why am I kept thus ling'ring on the Rack?
If, by your hard Decrees, I am to loſe
This beauteous Pattern of your wond'rous Skill,
This lovely, faithful Partner of my Heart,
In Mercy double all your Store of Curſes,
Then hurl them down on this devoted Head,
And at one Stroke diſpatch me.

Anti. Ceaſe to offend thoſe awful Powers, from whom
We only can expect to find Redreſs:
With Patience wait for me as I for thee;
Some lucky Minute may perhaps appear
To bleſs our Hopes, and conſummate our Vows.
Oh! were our Houſe's Quarrel but compos'd,
We then might be moſt happy.

Lear. I could curſe all that keep thoſe Feuds awake
Did not my Duty huſh me into Silence.

Anti. Be calm, my Love, and truſt my Virgin Vows;
Truſt thy own Heart, and our united Souls;
Time and our Conſtancy, ſhall conquer all.
From Age to Age by ev'ry faithful Pair,
The Story of our Paſſion ſhall be told,
And Lovers quote it, to expreſs their own by.
But prithee go, leſt Envy ſhould betray us:
Soon as the Princeſs to her Privacy

(As 'tis her Cuſtom every Day) retires,
I'll meet thee here again.

Lear. Wilt thou, my Love, my deareſt *Antimora?*
Angels proteſt and guard my lovely Maid;
Still bleſs her Days with circling downy Joys,
And crown with balmy Slumbers all her Nights;
Dreſs all her Dreams with tendereſt Thoughts of me,
And let 'em whiſper to her faithful Heart
How much *Learchus* loves her.

Anti. May gracious Heaven upon thy Head ſhow'r down
All thoſe choice Bleſſings thou haſt begg'd for me;
May Joys attend thee, laſting as thy Flame,
Great as thy Worth, and glorious as thy Virtues.

Lear. O! matchleſs Excellence!
One kind Embrace, one fragrant Kiſs beſtow!
Oh! Joy ſupream! O perfect Bliſs below!
Oh, *Antimora*, ſhould I more receive,
Should Fortune give me all thou haſt to give,
My Strength wou'd fail, and I want Power to live.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE *the Princeſs's Apartment.*

Enter Leonora *and* Lorenzo.

Leon. HA! *Lorenzo!*
Why haſt thou raſhly diſobey'd my Meſſage?

Lor. What means my Love?

Leon. Saw'ſt thou not my Page? I ſent him to thee,
And in my Letter warn'd thee not to come;
I fear we meet in ſecret now no longer.

Lor. I ſaw him not; but whence proceeds this Fear?

Leon. Antenor, that old ſubtle lurking Villain,
This Day has hinted ſomething to the King,
And tho' in outward Form I bore it off,
I with Confuſion ſhudder'd all within:
None but the holy Man, who join'd our Hands,
Whoſe Faith undoubted knows our ſecret Loves;
And yet I tremble leſt we are betray'd.

Lor. Be calm, my Love; we muſt, we are ſecure;
Come to my Arms, and loſe all Thoughts of Fear.
'Twas I diſcover'd firſt this hidden Cave.
This ſecret Paſſage to this bliſsful Bow'r,
Hew'd by theſe Hands alone, at Dead of Night,

Not

Not truſting any other with my Purpoſe:
Whilſt Love, propitious to our mutual Wiſhes,
Bleſs'd my Endeavours, and inſpir'd my Strength.
Thus unperceiv'd by the malicious World,
I ſteal to lovely *Leonora*'s Boſom,
And gather there what Kings requeſt in vain.

Leon. Oh! Youth belov'd! thou Darling of my Soul?
Thy Words would charm, and lull my Fears aſleep,
Were there not ſomething more than common in them.

Lor. Oh, my fair Princeſs! by our Loves I ſwear,
The happieſt Moments of my Life, are theſe;
Theſe which I paſs with beauteous *Leonora*.
Thou art the Guardian Angel, that defends me
Thro' all the various Dangers of the Field;
The Mem'ry of theſe Kiſſes fire my Soul;
And fond Deſire of ſeeing thee again,
Gives true *Herculean* Courage to my Arm.
Ye dull Philoſophers that place Delight
And mighty Pleaſure in any thing but Love,
My *Leonora*'s Form ne'er fill'd your Eye,
Nor ſhot her Beams of Light into your Soul.
Oh! thou art fairer than the Poets feign
The Queen of Love, in her moſt artful Dreſs;
Thy very Smiles are Graces waiting round,
Upon thy Lips the little *Cupids* hang,
And baſk and wanton in thy Eyes by Turns.

Leon. My deareſt Lord, my faithful Huſband, ceaſe
Theſe laviſh Raptures which thy Love inſpires.
I that have liſten'd to thy Voice all Day,
With equal Tranſport claſp'd thee in my Arms,
And bounded ev'ry Wiſh within thy Boſom,
Now ſhrink and tremble at this fatal Meeting,
For ſomething boding hovers o'er my Heart,
And checks the wonted Joy thy Preſence brings.
Be gone, my Love, and endleſs Bleſſings wait thee.

Lor. Unkindly urg'd; why wilt thou puſh me from thee?
Pleaſure forſakes me, when I quit theſe Arms.
In Council or in Camp, my Soul's with thee,
And my charm'd Tongue can ſcarce forbear thy Name;
For Love and *Leonora* fill my Mind.
Thou'rt all the Subject that my Thoughts purſue;
Oh! that I could hold thee thus for ever,

Not all the Wealth that *Indian* Mines produce,
Should bribe me to forſake thee.
Leon. Thy exceſſive Paſſion will undo us;
Prithee, no more—I do conjure thee leave me.
Lor. Oh! thou haſt rais'd me to ſuch Height of Bliſs,
That when my Soul is ſummon'd hence by Fate,
To taſte the promis'd Joys of Paradiſe,
It cannot ſure be more tranſported there.

Enter King and Antenor *above.*

Ant. Now let your Majeſty believe your Ears.
King. I cannot! they are falſe—Confound the Traytor;
'Tis Magick ſure———'Tis not *Leonora.*
Leon. Hark! heard you not a Voice? Sure 'twas myName.
Ant. Speak lower, Sir, or you will loſe your Prey.
Lor. Thy Fears alone invade thy Ear, my Queen.
King. Ha! his Queen! His Head ſhall anſwer for the Treaſon.
Lor. Unbroken Silence reigns around this Place,
And nought intrudes, but murm'ring Sighs of Love.
Leon. Sure 'tis the Terror of the Night, I feel,
Or elſe ſome boding Miſchief threatens near:
Methinks I ſee *Antenor* waiting ſtill,
The ready Inſtrument of Fate he ſtands.
I know not why, but ſtill my Thoughts are on him,
As if my Genius whiſper'd me, Beware;
For he alone will ruin all thy Peace,
And yet my dear Defender muſt be gone:
Nay, do not loiter then, but haſte away,
When thou art ſafe, perhaps my Fears may ceaſe.
Lor. And wilt thou drive me from theſe Arms ſo ſoon?
And doſt thou think I can conſent to leave thee?
Love is not ſatisfied with Words alone;
He would have kinder, ſofter Entertainment.
Leon. When did I beg for parting till this Hour:
Something there is that whiſpers to my Heart,
This Meeting will be fatal to us both;
And yet thou'lt ſtay and pull our Ruin on.
Lor. Haſte thee, auſpicious Regent of the Night,
And ſudden bid the friendly Shades return,
When on my Boſom thou ſhalt loſe theſe Fears.
Leon. Perhaps they ſpring but from this Day's Alarm,

If

If ſo it prove, forgive a Woman's Weakneſs.
Away; open the Cave, deſcend, and leave me.
If nothing intervene to croſs our Wiſhes,
To-morrow Night I will again expect thee.

Lor. Death only can deprive that Expectation;
Farewel, thou faireſt, beſt of all thy Kind.

[*Opens the Trap, and deſcends.*

King. Well haſt thou ſaid; Death ſhall prevent thy Hopes.
Haſte then, *Antenor*; thou who know'ſt the Paſſage,
Go, take my Guards, and ſeize th' audacious Traytor.

Ant. I fly, my gracious Sovereign.

[*Exit* King *and* Antenor.

Leon. Farewel! Alas! why did he ſay Farewel?
That was, methinks, unluckily expreſs'd.
How apt is Nature, when the Fancy works,
To obſerve each trifling Word as ominous?
Why theſe unneceſſary Doubts upon me?
Have I done aught to ſully my fair Name,
Or taint my Virtue in this ſecret Choice?
In *Fame*'s Record *Lorenzo* foremoſt ſtands
The firſt of Heroes, yet ſurpaſs'd by none.
No conſcious Bluſhes to my Cheeks can riſe,
Which drag Repentance from a guilty Mind.
He is my Huſband, and my Soul's at Peace;
That Thought ſupports me thro' all Storms of Fate,
No pois'nous Damp below can blaſt my Love,
Secure of juſt Protection from Above. [*Exit.*

SCENE *a Grove adjoining to the Bower.*

Enter Antenor *and Guards.*

Ant. Here plant yourſelves, here, on this very Spot,
And from that Cave you'll inſtantly behold
Th' impious Traytor which you are to ſeize,
And bear a Priſ'ner to the Royal Fort.
Be not ſurpriz'd when you behold the Man;
'Tis the King's Order, and you muſt obey;
The Crime is what deſerves no good Man's Pity.

Capt. Our Buſ'neſs is not to diſpute, my Lord.

Ant. Now, tow'ring Lord *Lorenzo*, thou ſhalt fall;
Thy better Fortune ſmiles no longer on thee:
The fatal Siſters have reſign'd to me

The ſlender Thread which holds thy mortal Being;
And like an Arrow thro' the yielding Air,
I fly with eager Haſte to cut it—Yes,
Thou once remov'd, my Son again ſhall riſe;
When I have prov'd the haughty Princeſs guilty,
And in a Father's Breaſt diſarm'd her Power,
She'll dare no more t'oppoſe my purpos'd Greatneſs.
Be ready, for the Mole begins to work—Seize him.

Lor. Ha! Villains! [*The Trap opens, and* Lorenzo *comes up; they ſeize him.*

Capt. Ha! what do I ſee?
Oh! why to me gave you this Charge, my Lord?
Wou'd I had dy'd, ere I had rais'd my Hand
Againſt the braveſt, beſt of Men in War,
Set him free again. [*To the Guards.*

Ant. Your very Life ſhall anſwer his Eſcape;
He dies, that dares to mention Freedom for him.

Lor. O, Traytor! art thou there, thou ſubtle Fiend;
Thou blackeſt truſty Inſtrument of Hell?
Nay, then I know my Doom's irrevocable.
Now, Fellow-Soldiers, bear your General hence,
To darkeſt Dungeons, cruel Racks, or Death;
His Sight is worſe than all the Pains they bring.

Ant. Rail on, and ſee who thou canſt wound with Words;
All other Means are wanting to thee now.

Lor. No, thou'rt not worth my Breath; and I diſdain thee:
Come, my brave Warriors who ſo oft have been
My Country's Bulwarks, and her ſure Defence;
You, who at my Command have ſcatter'd Death
As thick as Corn from out the Sower's Hand,
And drove whole Armies o'er the bloody Plain,
Let not my Fate miſguide your loyal Minds.
Tho' none can guard againſt a Villain's Arts,
Fortune can ne'er ſubdue a brave Man's Soul:
In Love and War, I've reach'd the topmoſt Summit,
And Ages hence I ſhall be read with Wonder;
Whilſt thou, the moſt deteſted of thy Kind,
Shalt be with Horror mentioned—Lead on.

Ant. Stay, I command you, till this Wretch ſhall know
To me alone he owes this Turn of Fate.
'Twas I that watch'd your Midnight Steps, and found
That dark Conveyance to your wanton Sports.

Lor.

Lor. Hold, Monſter! Hell-hound; for thy Life I charge thee,
Touch not a Fame thy Mother never knew;
Nor thy whole Lineage of the Female Race,
E'er ſince the firſt created Maid appear'd;
With Care correct thy bold blaſpheming Tongue,
Leſt from the Root I tear the Viper out,
And make thee curſe thou e'er hadſt Uſe of Speech.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha! away with him, and do as I commanded.

Enter Antimora.

Anti. What horrid Noiſe invades this peaceful Place?
I promis'd here to meet the lovely Youth.
What do I ſee? my Brother ſeiz'd! Oh, ſay
What fatal Miſchief wrought this ſudden Change!

Lor. Where ſhou'd the fatal Miſchief be! but there?
Has Hell a more malicious Fiend than he?
Yet in thy Boſom thou wilt hide his Faults,
Embrace his Blood, that gives thy Brother Death.
Go, hang upon the Neck of his aſpiring Son,
And kneel for Bleſſings from th' infectious Sire.
Forget my Choice, thy Family, and Name,
And be th' adopted Child to him I hate;
But from this Moment ſee my Face no more.

Anti. O, Brother! oh my tortur'd Soul!

Ante. My Son! Perdition ſeize him in that Hour
He dares to diſobey the Charge I gave;
Never to think of ought belongs to thee,
I'd rather ſee him on the racking Wheel,
Impal'd, or dead, before my aching Eyes,
Than wedded into any Blood of thine.
Away with him,
And at your Peril lodge him in the Dungeon.

Lor. Yes, *Leonora*, I will die for thee,
Without a Groan give up this Puff of Breath:
But when I think what Horror, what Deſpair
Will rend thy Breaſt, for thee alone I fear. [*Exit guarded*

Anti. Barbarians hold! O! let me ſpeak but to him.
He's gone, and will not deign to look upon me.
What ſudden Star has clouded all thy Glory?
Our Family is grown the Sport of Fortune,

That

That, like a Ball, ſhe toſſes to and fro:
This Morning view'd him the Support of Kings;
This Evening ſhews he wants Support himſelf.
O! the uncertain Favours of a Court!
Let me think—What, is my Brother ſeiz'd by him
Who gave *Learchus* Being?——And ſhall I
Stay here, and liſten to his am'rous Tale?
No, *Antimora*, arm thy tender Breaſt
With Reſolution, and fly hence for ever;
And let thy Fame and Brother fill thy Soul:
But oh! th' Experiment is hard to make,
To hate *Learchus* for his Father's Sake!

Enter Learchus.

Laer. My Ears the Echo caught of ſad Deſpair;
What of *Learchus?* What of Hate, my Love?
Methinks thoſe Words from *Antimora*'s Tongue,
Blaſt, like the Northern Wind, the op'ning Buds.
Anti. No, Hate and thee, *Learchus*, are become
Inſeparable Partners from this Moment;
For oh! there ſtands a Bar between our Loves,
That from each other ſevers us for ever.
Be baniſh'd then both from my Eyes and Heart;
'Tis owing all to thy inſidious Father,
By whom my deareſt Brother is betray'd.
Curſe, curſe, *Learchus*, curſe the fatal Hour,
When the ſoft Paſſion took Poſſeſſion firſt
Of our too eaſy Breaſts, by Fate forbidden:
Curſe the rebellious Thought which firſt inclin'd,
And made us liſten to each other's Vows.
But oh! ten thouſand Curſes on the Cauſe,
Yes, multiply them, Heav'n, and fix 'em all,
All on thy Father's Guilt, which parts us now! [*Exit.*
Lear. I am aſtoniſh'd! Stay, my Love—ſhe's gone,
And left me in ſuch Labyrinths of Thought,
My Senſes all ſeem wilder'd!

Enter Agoniſtus.

Ago. My Lord, why ſtand you muſing here alone,
When all the Court's in Hurry and Confuſion?
Your Father has diſcover'd to the King
Some horrid Treaſon by *Lorenzo* done,
For which he's ſent a Priſ'ner to the Fort.

Lear.

Lear. Say'ſt thou! a Priſ'ner! then I know the Cauſe
Of *Antimora*'s killing Grief. Away,
And let me learn the Story of his Crimes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Princeſs's *Apartment. She is diſcover'd reading.*

Leon. Here have I met a Tale ſo mourn'd by *Ovid*,
So tenderly expreſs'd to move our Pity,
Where *Canace*, by her Father's dread Command,
Preſents the Dagger to her tender Breaſt.
Ha! why am I alarm'd at this?—Her Guilt
Is what my chaſter Boſom never knew;
And yet methinks I feel a Fear upon me.

Enter Lady.

Lady. O! pardon my Intruſion, Royal Madam,
The King denies without to hear us ſpeak,
But with a ſullen clouded Brow demands
To ſee you inſtantly——

Leon. He does not uſe to treat me thus; but go,
Call in my Women, and leave free the Paſſage.

Enter Ladies, *and ſtand behind her. Then the* King *and Guards.*

King. Guards, wait without.

Leon. My Royal Father! [*Riſes.*

King. Diſmiſs your idle Train;
This is a Scene of Life for us alone,
And where you'll find there's no Attendance wanted.

Leon. Whatever, Sir, you purpoſe to relate,
Your Daughter yet has never learn'd to fear.
Ladies, withdraw—— [*Exeunt Ladies.*

King. And art thou then ſo harden'd in thy Crimes?
Oh! let my Heart forget a Father's Fondneſs!
Let ſofter Pity fly to ſuff'ring Saints,
Nor once invade the Conference we hold.

Leon. I cannot gueſs the Title you mean to tell,
But by your Aſpect know it muſt be dreadful.
Oh! all ye Powers who ſee, and rule this World,
Give me, in this ſevere Extremity,
My Father's Soul, to ſtand my Father's Charge.
My Mother's Purity's already mine!

King.

King. Ha! dar'ſt thou name thy Mother, vile Contagion?
She was all Virtue.

Leon. O! do not look ſo fiercely on your Child, [*Kneels.*
The only Relict of thy once lov'd Queen;
But turn your Eyes, and ſee mine drown'd in Tears;
Thoſe Eyes which you've ſo often kiſs'd, and ſwore
They wore the dear Reſemblance of my Mother;
Which to preſerve from that Deſtroyer, Grief,
You cou'd forego the gay Delights of Empire.
Oh! with that Temper now, that former Fondneſs,
Hear, and forgive the Errors of my Youth.

King. Blaſt me, ye Powers, if ever I forgive!
No, I will puniſh thee as thou deſerv'ſt;
Remove the Cauſe that led thy Soul aſtray,
And ſhew thee what it is to love a Slave.

Leon. Unhappy *Leonora!*

King. I'll have, for ev'ry Kiſs the Traytor gave thee,
By which he ſtain'd the Glory of his King,
His Fleſh by Morſels torn with Pincers off,
And make a Paſſage for his luſtful Blood,
To waſh thoſe Spots away.

Leon. Avert it, Heav'n! On me wreak all your Vengeance;
On me, on me your Daughter, let it fall:
But ſpare the Man which I firſt taught to love;
If not for me, oh! for your own Sake ſpare him!
Spare your Defender, for your Kingdom's Sake;
Let him not fall, (by whom we're all in Safety)
A Victim to a Politician's Malice.

King. Periſh that Kingdom with thyſelf and me,
Whene'er I ſave a Traytor from the Stroke.

Leon. Oh! Royal Sir, revoke thoſe killing Words,
And call his Services to your Remembrance;
The glorious Victories which your Arms have won,
Under the Conduct of my Lord *Lorenzo:*
'Twas he that ſav'd your Cities from your Foes,
And made the Laurel flouriſh on your Brow:
Remember too, how much you lov'd him for't;
Your Praiſe it was that drew my Eyes that Way,
And your Eſteem created one in me.

King.

King. Away, and looſe thy Hold! why doſt thou hold me?
Think'ſt thou to ſooth me with thy Eloquence?
Leon. Oh! 'tis the ſubtle Malice of *Antenor*;
He looks with envious Eyes upon him,
Becauſe you plac'd him in his Son's Command,
And daſh'd his Hopes, that durſt aſpire to me.
What Trains of Miſchief proud Ambition brings!
Hate, Envy, Jealouſy, and Death ſpring from it.
It breaks all Ties of Blood, all mutual Faith,
And even levels Liberty with Chains.
Oft in the Crimes of one ambitious Man
Have many guiltleſs Nations been involv'd.
King. Well haſt thou deſcrib'd that curſt Ambition
Which rais'd the Viper that my Smiles had form'd,
To wanton with the Honour of his King:
But he ſhall ſuffer long convulſive Pangs,
And vainly aſk us for the Stroke of Grace.
If, as thou ſay'ſt, that thou doſt live by him,
Then when he ceaſes to diffuſe his Warmth,
Thou, like ſome puny Inſect, muſt expire,
And, dying, curſe the Author of thy Shame.
Leon. Oh, do not think my Fault exceeds Forgiveneſs!
My Soul's not conſcious of a Crime 'gainſt Virtue;
I challenge Envy for a ſeeming Cauſe,
That my fair Innocence would bluſh to own.
King. Audacious Wretch! have I not ſeen thee wanton?
Loll on his Boſom, and devour his Kiſſes?
Confuſion! dar'ſt thou talk of Virtue?
Leon. Alas! the only Place for *Leonora*,
Is in her faithful Huſband's Arms.
King. Ha! what ſay'ſt thou?
Leon. He is my Huſband; yes, my wedded Huſband;
Remember, Sir, you left me free to chuſe;
Then, what I chuſe, do not unkindly kill.
King. Patience, good Heaven, or I ſhall kill her too;
I wou'd not ſpare him now, to ſave my Crown;
No, this Confeſſion does but wing his Fate;
Off, or I'll ſpurn thee from me.
Leon. Go on, go on, and ſatisfy your Rage; [*Riſes.*
Try all the Racks *Antenor* can invent,
And all that Majeſty incens'd can form,

And

And ſee with what a Conſtancy of Mind
I am prepar'd to meet your Indignation.
I feel my Spirits gather to my Heart,
And man it out with Courage for the Tryal.
The Ardour of my Flame can ne'er abate,
'Tis chaſte and holy as the *Veſtal* Rites;
And if you rip this Breaſt that heaves with Love,
You'll find his Image ſit triumphant there.

King. So, brave! but wherefore does my Vengeance loiter?
Soon ſhall thy boaſted Conſtancy be try'd.
Yes, Trayt'reſs! I will teach thy Diſobedience
What 'tis to wound the Fondneſs of a Father,
And make the Heart drop Blood that doated on thee.

Leon. Kill me this Moment.

King. I diſdain the Proxy;
He, he, for whom thou haſt abandon'd Duty,
Betray'd a Parent, and diſgrac'd a Throne;
He ſhall return the fatal Stroke upon thee.
Hug his Idea, dwell upon his Memory;
For dearly haſt thou bought him — at the Price
Of Honour — of thy Father — of a Crown. [*Exit.*

Leon. Oh dreadful Reſolution!
Hear me, Father! oh, hear me but one Word!
He's gone, he's gone, and with him all my Hopes.
Now, ye malicious Stars your worſt prepare,
Unite your pois'nous Force and fix it here.
Let want of Thought my too much Thought deſtroy,
Let me for Refuge into Madneſs fly,
At once unknowing both of Pain and Joy.
But oh! I rave and waſte my idle Breath;
Fain I'd preſerve him from inglorious Death.
To ſave my Huſband, I will hazard all,
Or bravely periſh with him in his Fall. [*Exit.*

Enter Antimora *and* Learchus.

Anti. Stay, my *Learchus*, I was looking for thee.
Canſt thou forget the Tranſports of my Grief,
And all which it produc'd, when laſt I ſaw thee?

Lear. Aſk thy own Heart, my Love, when thou would'ſt know

The

The moſt important ſecret Thought of mine;
For there I treaſure all my Good or Ill.
Anti. I'm calm and gentle now, as heretofore;
No Fire my Eyes, nor Rage my Heart contains;
My Tongue no Curſes vent againſt thy Father:
Nay, if thou wilt but anſwer my Requeſt,
I can forgive the Injury.
Lear. What can the Ruler of my Fate intend?
Anti. Oh! if thy Love but equals half my Woe,
Thou wilt be kind, and eaſe my aching Boſom.
Lear. Is it in me to give thy Sorrows Eaſe?
And doſt thou, canſt thou doubt of my Compliance?
My Heart ſprings forth to be inſtructed how,
That I may leave ev'n Thought behind to ſerve thee.
Anti. Thus then, my Brother, by the King condemn'd
To ſuffer in Extremity of Torments,
Th' *Idea* wounds my Heart beyond Expreſſion,
And only thou canſt ſave me from Deſpair.
Wilt thou! oh! wilt thou promiſe me Relief,
Now when I beg it in extremeſt Need? [*Kneels.*
Remember once thou waſt a Suppliant too,
Low at my Feet, as I am now at thine;
I pity'd thee, and wip'd thy Tears away.
Lear. O! riſe, my Love, and rack my Soul no longer,
But tell me quickly what this Boon can be,
That thou doſt aſk at ſuch a Diſtance of me;
This Ceremony, and this Expectation
Makes it painful to me.
Anti. Thou, only thou, canſt eaſe thyſelf and me;
Then mark me well, my Brother is thy Priſ'ner,
Let him eſcape, and I'm for ever thine.
Lear. O, *Antimora!* thou haſt ſhock'd my Duty.
But have a care, make not a Villain of me;
Do not thou preſs me to betray my Truſt;
Who forfeits Honour, will be falſe to Love;
And well I know thou ne'er wou'dſt love me after,
Tho', hurry'd now with Fondneſs for thy Brother,
Thou'dſt have me do what thou thyſelf wou'dſt blame,
And hate me, even whilſt thou thank'dſt me for't;
There is but this one thing I cou'd refuſe thee.
Anti. Wilt thou deny my firſt Requeſt, *Learchus?*
And wilt thou dare to mention Love hereafter?

Lear.

Lear, Send me to Lions raging in their Den,
Long Time pent up, and rav'nous for their Prey;
Command me to encounter Hoſts of Foes,
Tho' certain Death attends on ev'ry Side,
And ſee how readily I will obey thee;
But what concerns my Country or my King,
Love even wants Temptation to betray.

Anti. Under this feign'd Allegiance thou wouldſt hide
Thy ancient Hatred to my Brother's Name;
But I have found thee out thro' all thy Turnings,
And here I cancel all our former Vows;
Be every Thought of thee torn from my Breaſt,
And Enmity eternal grow between us;
This Hand, on which thou haſt ſo often ſwore,
And kiſs'd, and breath'd thy falſe pretended Flame,
I'll give to him that ſets my Brother free,
And rack myſelf, to be reveng'd on thee. [*Exit.*

Lear. Was e'er Condition ſo forlorn as mine?
At once fond Love and Duty tear my Boſom.
Love bids my Heart obey without controul,
But Duty checks my Love, and awes my Soul:
Of theſe two great Extreams which ſhall I take,
Shall I my Miſtreſs or my King forſake?
To both I would be faithful, did I know
What Method I could take to make me ſo.
Direct me, Heav'n, amidſt theſe Doubts that riſe,
Which to preſerve, and which to ſacrifice. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Princeſs's Apartment.*

Enter Leonora *and* Cardono, *diſcourſing.*

Leon. If *Antimora*'s Paſſion fails to move,
And bring *Learchus* over to our Intereſt,
Thou mayſt have Hope, *Cardono*, to ſucceed;
For ſhe has vow'd to ſee his Face no more,
If he denies to ſet *Lorenzo* free.

Card. My Friend and you command whate'er I can,
But I deſpair of *Antimora*'s Love;
Nor will I poorly aſk it on ſuch Terms;
To free *Lorenzo*, none would hazard more;
If in the Field I ſaw his Life beſet,
My own, for his, ſhould offer at the Ranſom;

But

But to attempt his Reſcue here, is fruitleſs,
When under Sentence by the King's Command,
And guarded by his moſt inveterate Foe;
'Twould plunge us all in certain Death at once,
And not relieve, but bring his End on faſter.

Leon. Then will you tamely ſtand, and ſee him die!
His Death conſpir'd to feed a Traytor's Pride!
And will you nothing dare, to ſave your Friend?
Can you forget who led you forth to conquer,
And ſtood the Danger equal with the meaneſt?
Has he not gain'd immortal Honours for you?
And made the Name, the very Name of *Lombard*,
More formidable than once the *Romans* were,
And can you now refuſe to lend him Succour?

Card. Oh, Royal Madam! think with what Concern
I hear your Words, and know my Friend's Diſtreſs!
Think you I need theſe Arguments to rouze me!
No, I only want the Means to ſet him free,
And not the Will to do it.

Enter Antimora.

Leon. See where the mourning *Antimora* comes,
Like Lillies weeping with the Morning Dew,
Which, tho' it wets, yet ſullies not their Beauty:
I fear, alas! to aſk thee what Succeſs.

Anti. For me, moſt gracious Princeſs, nought remains,
Not the leaſt Gleam of Comfort now appears:
My Hopes are dead, as ſoon will be my Brother:
Where ſhall I hide me from the fatal News,
Or how ſupport me under it?

Leon. That both you and I muſt leave to Providence:
But ſay, ſuppoſe that I ſhould find a Way,
With Lord *Cardono*'s Help, to free *Lorenzo*,
What wouldſt thou contribute to his Liberty?

Anti. O moſt ador'd of Princes, let me kneel, [*Kneels.*
And bleſs you for this Suppoſition only.
If aught in me could aid the glorious Work,
Tho' 'twere to lance theſe Veins, and let out Life,
If I deny'd, may Heav'n deny my Prayers,
When in my laſt Extremity I make 'em. [*Riſes.*
But oh! I know what 'tis that you would aſk,
And therefore make the Offer of myſelf.

Hear

Hear me, ye Powers, and curſe me if I fail,
Whoever gives my deareſt Brother Freedom,
The holy Prieſt ſhall give him *Antimora*;
Yes, I am his, and I will love him too,
At leaſt, I'm ſure I ſhall not love another.

Card. Let Death attend in all thoſe hideous Forms
That Tyrants ſtudy to afflict Mankind with,
I'd ruſh thro' all for ſuch a glorious Prize;
Love and Friendſhip now ſurmount all Danger,
My Princeſs, Miſtreſs, and my Friend, are Names
That give to Reſolution double Strength:
Propoſe the Manner, and conclude it done.

Leon. Behold the Signet of the King, *Cardono*;
Tho' how procur'd, imports not how to know;
This gives you Admittance to *Lorenzo*;
Six truſty Slaves whom I have bought to ſerve me,
All reſolutely bold, and bent for Action,
Wait without, and ready for the Enterprize:
The Officer who guards the Fort this Day,
I alſo have brought over to our Intereſt;
His Soldiers are by this prepar'd with Wine,
To let you paſs unheeded thro' the Fort;
If any others ſhould reſiſt, theſe Men,
At your Command, will ſoon diſpoſe of them.

Anti. So may you proſper, as your Cauſe is juſt,
And be rewarded as your Soul deſires.

Card. Such a Reward would make a Coward brave;
But if Succeſs ſhould crown our riſing Hopes,
Where can *Lorenzo* ſafely lie conceal'd
From the quick-ſighted Eye of Power and Malice?

Leon. Below the Poſtern Gate you'll find a Boat,
That ready waits to paſs him o'er the *Adige*,
Where I have order'd Horſes to attend him,
By which he may eſcape to *Rome*.

Card. Enough.
Now, Madam, Death or *Lorenzo*'s Liberty;
Remember, *Antimora*, what you ſwore. [*Exit* Cardono.

Anti. I do, and will obſerve it faithfully.

Leon. Look down, ye Angels, with propitious Smiles;
You, whoſe Buſineſs 'tis to guard the Innocent
Thro' all the Mazes of this treach'rous World,
And give a juſt Account of mortal Actions.

Look

Look down, I ſay, and bleſs us with Succeſs,
And ſeal the Vow that here I make before you;
That if it e'er ſhall be my Lot to reign,
And fill the Throne of my great Anceſtors,
Each Year I'll dedicate this Day to Heaven,
And all the Realm ſhall pay its Thanks with me.
Religion is the beſt Support of Power,
And honeſt Men are ſtill its beſt Defenders.

Anti. Forgive me, Heaven, if, for my Brother's Sake,
I wiſh ſhe were already on the Throne.
How natural is it to prefer thoſe Things
That touch us nearly, Spite of Education?
For tho' I have been ever taught to love,
And pay a ſtrict Obedience to my Sovereign,
Yet now I feel that Nature's eldeſt Law
Pleads ſtrongly in me for my Brother's Life:
And oh! this Day, if young *Cardono* proſpers,
I give a fatal Proof of my Affection.
Now to the Poſtern, where I'll wait to ſee
What Deſtiny allots for him and me:
If Life, I care not how my Lot is caſt,
Since all my Joys are in my Brother plac'd;
But if a Blank, and Death theſe Hopes ſucceed,
At once I'm from my Vow, and all my Sorrows freed.
[*Exit.*

Leon. *Lorenzo* is a Pattern for Poſterity;
It matters not from whence, or whom he ſprung,
Since he has all that forms the Godlike Hero.
The Man, tho' ne'er ſo meanly born in Blood,
Who, next his Soul, prefers his Country's Good;
Who more than Intereſt, does his Honour prize,
And ſcorns by ſecret Treachery to riſe;
Who can the baſe and gilded Bribes diſdain,
Prevent Reflections on his Prince's Fame,
And point out glorious Virtues for his Reign:
That Man ſhould be a Monarch's chiefeſt Care,
And none but ſuch ſhould Royal Favours wear. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter King *and* Antenor.

King. IN Spite of all my Wrongs, my Anger cools;
Nor can I now reſolve to let him die;
His Father's Merit melts me into Pity;
The Lord *Alcanor* was an honeſt Stateſman,
And you muſt own *Lorenzo* well has ſerv'd me;
Both theſe plead ſtrongly in a generous Mind.
Ant. Curſe on his Services. · · [*Aſide.*
What ſays my Royal Maſter?
Does not our Laws pronounce it Treaſon, Sir,
For any Subject who ſhall dare to wed,
And mingle with your Blood, without your Leave?
King. Thou ſhould'ſt not urge this hated Theme, *Antenor.*
Thou may'ſt remember 'twas thy own Ambition.
Ant. I do, with Shame, remember it; yet ſure
The Diff'rence of the Guilt is vaſtly great.
I humbly aſk'd, and much repented for it;
He ſeized the Prize, and never aſk'd at all;
And glories in the Theft; nay, braves you too;
Nor once petitions for his Life or Freedom.
King. The Preſent will from me be greater then;
Miſtake me not, I ſhall not pardon him;
No, he ſhall live an Exile, far from hence,
And never ſee my *Leonora* more:
That, to a Lover's Puniſhment enough.
Ant. Think but on the Conſequence of Baniſhment;
When Nature's Law ſhall ſummon you away,
Who then ſhall wear your Crown, but *Leonora?*
Think you not then ſhe will recall her Huſband?
Yes, ſure, ſhe will, and make him Partner with her.
O, Royal Sir! conſult your Subjects Safety;
For ſure that Day muſt fatal be to *Lombardy.*
What ſtrong Aliance can be form'd by him,
That is not purchas'd with our Laws and Treaſure?
King. Diſmiſs your Fears, for I'll diſſolve the Marriage,
And give her to a Prince that ſhall defend ye.

Enter Agoniſtus.

Agoniſtus! Why ſuch Confuſion in thy Looks?
Ago. O pardon, mighty Sir, the News I bring;
Cardono, by your Signet, was admitted
To pay his Viſit to the Lord *Lorenzo*.
King. Ha! ſay'ſt thou! by my Signet! But go on.
Ago. Accompany'd by ſix Men in Livery,
One of which being tall, and well proportion'd,
Lorenzo quickly chang'd his Habit with him.
King. Ha! and did he eſcape?
Ant. Anſwer the King that Queſtion inſtantly.
Oh! Vengeance! Vengeance! have I loſt thee? [*Aſide.*
Ago. I know not, Sir, what happen'd ſince I came;
Cardono ſeeing him that kept the Door
Too curiouſly obſerve *Lorenzo*, ſtabb'd him;
When ſoon his Shrieks alarm'd your Son, my Lord,
Who call'd the Guards, but not a Man would ſtir:
Some ſlept ſo ſoundly, that we could not wake 'em;
Whilſt others ſwore they'd ſet the General free.
'Twas thus! when brave *Learchus* bad me haſte
To tell your Majeſty, and beg Aſſiſtance.
Ant. Oh monſtrous! unheard of Treachery!
King. Fly, take our Guards,
And cruſh this infant Treaſon in its Birth: [*Exit* Ago.
What! durſt *Cardono* croſs our Royal Will,
And ſtir our Soldiers to rebel againſt us?
Ant. Well had it been, yes, wondrous well for Man,
If Nature ne'er had form'd his Female Mate;
Love poiſons oftener than it gives us Joy.
King. Curſe on the fond, deceitful, ſoftening Paſſion!
How glorious had my *Leonora* ſtood,
But for bewitching and deſtructive Love,
Which chills, and quite enervates all it reaches!

Enter Captain.

How now! what News bring'ſt thou?
Capt. The droniſh Citizens pretend to arm,
And gathering Crowds, fill all the Streets with Noiſe,
And cry aloud, Death, or *Lorenzo*'s Freedom.
King. Let them go on! yes, let the Slaves aſpire
To ſeize my Crown, and make *Lorenzo* King:
But they ſhall find I was not born to fear;

No,

No, could the Villains animate like Heat,
And every Breath produce whole Legions arm'd,
My Soul would dart a Fire thro' my Eyes,
That ſhou'd to Aſhes turn the new-born Trayto r
I'll to the City ſtrait, and face theſe Rebels.

Ant. Not for the Univerſe.
Can ſuch a Cauſe be worthy of your Arms?
No, when baſe *Plebeians* offer to rebel,
Whips and Chains ſhould bring them back to Duty;
Whilſt Majeſty, ſerenely unconcern'd,
Beholds the Traytor's Fate.

King. Have I for this with Toil and Care ſecur'd
Freedom and every thing that's dear unto them?
And do th' ingrateful Wretches thus repay me?
But I will teach them what they owe their King,
And ſweep the bold Conſpirators from Earth.

Ant. Rebellions in their Infancy are quell'd,
And to Obedience ſoon reduc'd with Eaſe;
Lop but the Head, the reſt will ſoon diſperſe;
The giddy Pop'lace are in Ignorance led,
And all unſkill'd in what they undertake;
When once the faithful, loyal Sword is drawn,
They drive, like idle Duſt, before the Wind.
Now is your Time to fix your Sway unbounded;
The Godlike Rule, and Right of ev'ry King;
Let all thoſe pop'lar Heads, that cry for Liberty,
Whoſe Aim has been to curb the Pow'r of Princes,
Be term'd Abettors of *Lorenzo*'s Treaſon,
And rid you of a factious Crew at once.

King. Thou prompt'ſt me well, thou Oracle of Rule;
Mercy ill ſuits with ſuch a vip'rous Brood.

[*Trumpets and a Shout without.*

Enter Agoniſtus.

Welcome; this Shout betokens thou haſt conquer'd.

Ago. We have, great Sir;
Lorenzo is ſecure, his Friends all ſeiz'd,
His Siſter *Antimora* too we found
Near to the Poſtern, full of Expectation;
Her Words betray'd her of the Party.

King. To Priſon with them all; thy Meſſage gives
Thy King new Life, my *Agoniſtus*.

Ant.

Ant. It is not ſafe for you to ſpare one Man;
Nay, ev'n the Traytor Siſter ought to die;
What, durſt a Woman 'midſt the Rout appear,
T' inflame the Mob, and countenance Rebellion?
Let her too ſhare her Brother's Fate, great Sir,
And cruſh at once the vile inſidious Race.

King. Yes, my Inciter to Revenge, ſhe ſhall;
She ſhall be puniſh'd for the heinous Fault:
But we will think of her hereafter.

Ant. Ha! hereafter.
No, I reſolve to make ſure Work on't now;
Now, whilſt Fortune ſets Revenge before me. [*Aſide.*

King. Haſte thou, *Antenor*, and draw out our Soldiers;
March them with Speed to this rebellious City:
Proclaim all Traytors that you find in Arms;
And thoſe who ſhall refuſe to lay them down,
Diſcharge the Fury of our Cannon on 'em.

Ant. Great Sir, I will; but firſt let me intreat
To have the Pris'ners inſtantly diſpatch'd:
'Tis Policy to let their Deaths be ſudden.
Lorenzo dead, Rebellion ſoon will die.

King. It ſhall be done; thou counſell'ſt well, *Antenor*;
I've no Remorſe, *Lorenzo* dies.
Yes, I will cruſh this vile infectious Root,
And ſo prevent the Growth of future Branches.
Haſte, *Agoniſtus*; with this Signet haſte,
And tell *Leurchus* 'tis our inſtant Pleaſure,
That all th' Abettors of *Lorenzo*'s Treaſon
Do ſuffer in the common Road of Juſtice.
But let not him by Axe or Wheel expire;
My boundleſs Wrongs do boundleſs Rage inſpire,
But rip his Breaſt, and to our Daughter bear
His HEART, juſt panting with a Lover's Fear.
Tell her, from me the much-lov'd Preſent came;
The Part in which ſhe treaſur'd all her Fame:
Bid her to that repeat her guilty Vows;
'Tis all the Comfort that her Crime allows. [*Exit.*

Ant. Bear to our Son theſe Orders, *Agoniſtus*;
Charge him to ſee them executed ſtrait. [*Exit* Agoniſtus.
Captain a Word———
You are no Stranger to my Son's fond Paſſion
For this vile Trayt'reſs, *Antimora*;

And leſt for Love he ſhould betray his Duty,
And ſave his Minion from the deſtin'd Stroke,
Haſte thou, and ſay it was the King's Command
That Lady ſhou'd be Pris'ner kept with thee;
And, when ſhe's in thy Power, diſpatch her.
Capt. It ſhall be done, my Lord. [*Exit.*
Ant. O the exulting Joy of great Revenge!
This Moment gives me more ſubſtantial Pleaſure,
Than all the Years I in a Court have paſs'd.
Now all my noble Anceſtors look down,
And aid with Smiles this mighty Undertaking.
'Tis worthy of that Enmity you bore,
That I at once involve the hated Race,
And crown my Wiſhes in the Siſter's Fall.
How I applaud myſelf for this brave Deed,
My Foes confounded, and *Learchus* freed,
From guilty Love, to Empire ſhall ſucceed.

SCENE *changes to a Priſon.*

Lorenzo *bound, meeting* Cardono *wounded.*

Lor. Alas! *Cardono* wounded! Oh my Friend!
Oh, wherefore wouldſt thou be ſo kindly cruel,
To interpoſe thy friendly Offices
Between a Monarch's Power, and my ſad Fate?
Thy Raſhneſs has undone thee.
Card. Call it not Raſhneſs——
Our Souls in Friendſhip's Bonds are link'd ſo ſtrongly,
Our Bodies needs muſt ſhare each other's Fate:
But oh! ſee who comes here; this killing Sight
Unmans thy Friend, and ſinks him into Woman.

Enter Antimora.

Lor. Ha! art thou come t'inſult our Miſery?
Haſt thou obtain'd from thy *Learchus* Leave
To glut thy Eyes with Vengeance on his Rival?
Anti. Oh, my dear Brother! ceaſe to upbraid me;
I own the Juſtice of offended Heaven,
And hate myſelf for diſobeying you.
Thus on my Knees I beg you to forget [*Kneels.*
The former Weakneſs of your mourning Siſter,
And with this fav'rite Youth, this bleeding Friend,

Employ your beſt perſuaſive Eloquence
To gain his Pardon; for theſe Wounds he wears,
(Oh fatal Accident!) were given by me.
To ſave your Life, I left no Means untry'd,
Which made me raſhly ſwear to wed the Man
That ſhou'd from Death preſerve and ſet you free:
Cardono's Love unthinkingly obey'd me.

Card. Do not repent the firſt Command you gave me,
[*Raiſes her.*
Such a Command that Love can witneſs for me,
I never once regretted; I obey'd
To make thee mine, and free my Friend, I fought;
Two the moſt pow'rful Reaſons Man can give.
Oh! had the Enterprize but met Succeſs,
I ſhou'd have glory'd in this Action more,
Than when I drove my Foes in Fight before me;
The rich Reward for which I drew my Sword,
Will juſtify the Act to ev'ry Lover.
Yes, *Antimora*, by thoſe Eyes I ſwear,
Had Fortune made thee mine but one ſhort Night,
And Death with Torment waited in the Morning,
I'd live an Age in that ſmall Space of Time,
And meet my Fate with more than manly Courage!
The Memory of thy Charms had ſo tranſported me,
My Soul had ſoar'd in Extaſy of Bliſs,
To yon bright Heav'n, inſenſible of Pain.

Lor. Oh, *Antimora!*
Thy fickle Sex is ever in Extreams;
How much thy Folly over-weigh'd Affection!
When laſt I preſs'd thee to accept this Youth,
Tho' thou didſt know him dear to me as Life;
Yet now, when Paſſion, and the Woman work'd,
Thou offer'd up thyſelf, alas! my Siſter.
Tho' I confeſs the Proof is wond'rous great,
Which here thou giv'ſt of thy Affection to me;
Yet muſt I tell thee 'twas miſguided Zeal,
That taught thee raſhly to enſnare my Friend.

Card. Oh, *Lorenzo!* ceaſe, I beg thee ceaſe;
Upbraid no more the dear, the trembling Maid,
Whom I am bound to bleſs for what ſhe did;
Since, if it be thy Deſtiny to fall,
I would not live behind thee.

Anti. I cannot blame you for your chiding m ;
And I ſhould merit more Reproaches ſtill,
Were not my Chains with equal Weight with yours;
And now perhaps the fatal Order's given
To cut us off together.

Lor. Learchus ſurely will be kind to thee,
And ſave thee from the fatal Stroke.

Anti. O! do not think I have a Soul ſo mean,
To live by him who gives my Brother Death.
Tho' I confeſs I love *Learchus* more
Than weary Pilgrims Reſt, or Martyrs Heaven;
Yet ſooner wou'd I breathe infectious Air,
Which bring Diſeaſes, loathſome to behold,
Than owe my Life to him when thou art gone.

Enter Captain.

Capt. Madam, you might have ſpar'd thoſe Proteſtations,
Since 'tis the Will of Majeſty to croſs
All the fond Hopes *Learchus* ever had,
And leaves his Wiſhes widow'd in Deſpair;
For you muſt die.

Lor. Oh! inexorable Heav'n! curs'd *Antenor*,
At once thy Malice reaches all that's dear,
And doubles ev'ry Pang of Death upon me.

Capt. Guards, take hence this Lady.

Card. Villains forbear! where's *Learchus?* where's now
His boaſted Paſſion for this lovely Maid?
Can he be tame, and ſee his Miſtreſs die?
Art thou the Screech-Owl, that proclaims her Fate?
Had I a Sword, I'd ſend thy canker'd Soul,
The Harbinger of her's, in Death.

Capt. Yours, my Lord, will do that Office better,
Since the ſame Sentence waits on you.

Anti. Oh, forgive me! me, the unhappy Cauſe;
And, Captain, one Requeſt I have to you.
[*Runs to the Captain.*
Haſte to *Learchus*; I conjure you fly,
And beg him ſtrait, by all our former Kindneſs,
To interpoſe between this Youth and Death,
And wreak his Father's Malice all on me.

Card. I ſcorn to take a wretched Life from him;
One parting Kiſs to wing my fleeting Soul.

And

And bear it upwards to the Bleſs'd above;
'Tis all the Recompence I'll aſk thee now. [*Kiſſes her.*
Anti. Oh! 'tis a poor Reward for Loſs of Life;
My Heart will burſt with this Exceſs of Woe,
And ſpare the Trouble of an Executioner.
Lor. Oh Heaven! haſt thou in all thy Store of Curſes,
Pains more acute for Man, than what I feel?
Yet I would ſuffer more, if more cou'd be,
So that my Siſter and my Friend could live.
Let me embrace my Partners in Misfortune,
And gather ye to me, as the feather'd Kind
Gather their young Ones at th' Approach of Danger:
Like them defend you too while I am able,
Till preſs'd with Odds, and over-power'd with Strength,
To cruel Vultures fall a Prey together. [*All three embrace.*
Capt. I muſt obey my Orders: Guards force her hence.
[*They lay hold of her.*
Anti. Mayn't we have Leave to die together?
Oh! cruel Wretches, why d' ye pull me ſo?
[*She holds* Lorenzo *and* Cardono, *and ſtruggles.*
Take me not from the Sight of this bleſs'd Pair;
Oh! let my Eyes purſue theſe faithful Objects,
Till we ſet in Death together! But oh!
Their Strength prevails, and I muſt looſe you both.
——So when riſing Floods
Bear from ſome Rock, in ſecret where they lay,
The *Halcyon*'s Neſt and all her Brood away,
The careful Mother hovers as they glide,
Hangs on the Wing, and flutters with the Tide;
Till at the laſt the Waves invading creep,
Fill her frail Houſe, and ſink it in the Deep,
With one ſhrill Note ſhe ſhrieks her laſt Deſpair,
Starts from the Sight, and flits away in Air. [*Ex. torn off.*
Card. O, my ſick Soul!

Enter on the other Side, Learchus, Agoniſtus, *and Guards.*

Lor. Tortures worſe than Death ——
I ne'er expected aught to thank thee for;
[*Seeing* Learchus.
But find, *Learchus*, I am now miſtaken.
I own the Favour of the higheſt Kind,

That thou to Death reſigns my Siſter up,
Whoſe cold Embrace more glorious is than thine.
Lear. Ha! [*Whiſpers to* Agoniſtus, *who Exit.*
Guards, execute your Orders! but a while
Leave this my mortal Enemy with me.
Card. Farewel, my Friend, an active Life is done,
[*They ſeize* Cardono.
And I remove to Indolence and Eaſe,
Where, if no Thought of thee and *Antimora*
Have Power to invade beyond this Life,
I ſhall be much more happy in the Grave.
Lor. If in the other World Souls have a Knowledge,
Soon ſhall we meet, and there enjoy each other.
My Heart, like thine's, with double Sorrows torn;
Each Part is ſo great, it ſtrikes the other dumb.
Card. Now lead me to that dreaded Nothing, Death;
From whence the King, that cuts me off in Youth,
Cannot by Crowns and Empires free himſelf.
What, tho' he meaſures yet ſome rolling Years,
And dies on downy Beds ſet round with Slaves,
Within the Grave the Worms know no Diſtinction.
But hear me, Heav'n, let no Diſtreſs befall him;
May he ne'er want thy faithful Arm, *Lorenzo*,
Leſt, when he thinks upon thy many Conqueſts,
He ſhould too late repent thy haſty End:
Once more farewel. [*Exit guarded.*
Lor. A thouſand Angels catch thy parting Soul,
And bear it up to their bleſt Seats above.
My Spirits faint beneath this Load of Miſery,
And long to lay the heavy Burden down.
Why doſt thou keep me here, inſulting Man?
Lear. To ſatisfy myſelf, if Fame be true,
That thou art Maſter of ſuperior Virtues.
Me thou haſt held at hateful Diſtance ſtill,
And robb'd my Soul of what it moſt deſir'd,
Its fondeſt Wiſh, my *Antimora*'s Love.
Then tell me now, by Honour, I conjure thee,
In what *Cardono* merited above me?
Lor. Do not profane his Name; I charge thee, do not:
Is there Compariſon 'twixt him and thee?
Antenor was not Father to *Cardono*.
Lear. Unmanly doſt thou urge my Father's Faults,
And

And moſt unjuſtly charge his Crimes on me.
I oft have wiſh'd our Houſes Hate compos'd,
And us'd Endeavours to have heal'd the Breach;
But thou didſt ſtill deny the Means to do it.
Lor. This is no Time to think of paſt Deſigns;
Nor will I hold Diſcourſe of aught with thee.
My Thoughts are fix'd on nobler Subjects far;
My beauteous Wife, my *Leonora* now,
And vaſt Eternity fill all my Mind.
Lear. Thy Wife! haſt thou then wedded *Leonora?*
Lor. I have; there I will anſwer thee with Pleaſure;
Of what I have poſſeſs'd, you can't deprive me.
Lear. Oh! why am I to bear this hateful Meſſage?
Lor. What Meſſage is my Wife to hear from thee,
To make thee ſigh? It muſt be dreadful ſure.
Lear. Dreadful it is, and ſtaggers Nature in me;
Tho' thou doſt think me ſavage and remorſeleſs,
Yet I do tremble at the horrid Charge:
Read there the Manner of thy *Death*, and where
Thy faithful *Heart* muſt be diſpos'd of.
[*Gives him a Paper.*
Lor. Oh, rich Repoſitory for the *Heart!*
That knows no Bliſs beyond her virtuous Boſom.
By all the Charms of *Leonora*'s Perſon;
By all thoſe Joys I've taſted in her Arms,
There's Height of Pleaſure in the harſh Decree;
Nor does my Nature feel one Pang for this:
But how ſhe'll bear it, Heav'n can only know.
My Soul for her is touch'd with mighty Anguiſh;
And thus forgetting all my Hate and Wrongs,
I bend my Knee in Supplication down.
Since thou'rt to be the Harbinger of Fate,
Touch her, oh! gently touch her with my Fate,
And ſay Death ſtole upon me unawares,
And laid me down without a dying Groan,
Whilſt my laſt Words were, *Love* and *Leonora*.
Lear. Riſe, my Lord,
Tho' you regard me as your mortal Foe,
Yet I will diſcharge this Truſt moſt faithfully,
Or any other you'll repoſe in me;
And pray believe, that if my Power cou'd ſave you,
You ſhould not aſk in vain.

Lor. I thank you, Sir; but Life I would not ask of thee;
But when thou doſt preſent her with my *Heart*,
Tell her it was her Huſband's laſt Requeſt
She wou'd not grieve, nor vent one Groan for *me*,
Leſt the dear Accent of her Voice o'ertake
My Soul, and draw it downward from Angelic Reſt.
Yet one Thing more, if thou'lt vouchſafe to do it,
Cloſe by the Grove that joins the Royal Bower,
Within a lonely Cell, an Hermit lives,
Whoſe holy Function ſanctify'd our Loves;
I yeſterday receiv'd this Packet from him,
With ſtrict Injunction to deliver it
When next I was in private with the King.
What it imports, I know not; but the Man
Is greatly good, and was my Father's Friend;
To whom his lateſt Words commended me,
And bad me pay the ſelf ſame Duty there,
That from my Infancy I'd paid to him.
Return theſe Papers back, I humbly pray thee,
And ſay, I beg, that, for my Soul's Repoſe,
He wou'd ſend up his pious Prayers to Heaven,
If Nature ſo permit *Antenor*'s Son.

Lear. Still, wilt thou ſtill repeat *Antenor*'s Son?
Were I that Monſter which thy Hate has form'd,
I ſhou'd rejoice to ſee thee fall with Shame;
But all the Powers above can witneſs for me,
With deep Concern I execute this Order.

Lor Pardon me.
His Name is always upwards in my Thoughts,
And thence 'tis utter'd by my Tongue unheedingly;
But I forgive, and wiſh I could forget him:
Forget by whom my Glories are all ſully'd,
My Death conſpir'd, and all my Pleaſures ended.
Fain I in Peace wou'd Life's Remains employ,
And as I bravely liv'd, wou'd bravely die.
Beyond the Grave no Enemy can come,
And I ſhall reſt at quiet in my Tomb.
Death is a Debt we all to Nature owe,
No Matter then how ſoon or late we go:
But dying well, is what we ſhould propoſe,
And leave to Heaven the Vengeance on our Foes.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE *draws, and discovers* Leonora *sitting on a Couch, her Women weeping round her.*

Leon. WHY do you weep? why do those Fountains flow?
Whilst I, for whom this mighty Grief is shown,
Have not one Tear to mingle with your Sorrows.
Leave this unprevailing Source of Woe, be gone!
Eternally your Mistress bids Adieu;
And thou, *Verona*, Mistress of this Kingdom,
Whose crouded Streets with Acclamations rung,
When e'er I deign'd to grace 'em with my Presence,
Prepare thy sable Weeds to mourn me now;
For the next Sight which draws thy People forth,
Will be the Obsequies of *Leonora*.

Lady. Oh! who unmov'd can see your great Distress,
And yet refrain from weeping!

Leon. Cou'd you, like *Niobe*, express Concern,
And into weeping Marble be transform'd,
You cou'd not add one Grain of Ease to me.
Go then, and let my Fame be all your Care,
That when this wretched Body is no more,
No Calumny may rest upon my Name.
My Lord *Lorenzo*, my renowned Husband;
Yes, I'll proclaim in publick to the World,
That he's my dear, my faithful wedded Husband;
For his great Soul's adorn'd with Kingly Virtues.
Away, deluded Thoughts of what has been;
For oh! alas! I fear he is no more.
Both Courage, Prudence, Fortitude, and Love,
Center'd in him, and Honour kept the Guard;
And this —— deliver to Posterity,
I glory more i'th' Title of his Wife,
Than that of Princess, Daughter to a King;
Nay, more than of that Crown my Father wears.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, the Lord *Learchus* craves Admittance;
He says he brings a Message from the King.

Leon. Admit him then, whate'er his Buſineſs be;
The jarring Paſſions of my Soul are huſh'd,
And ev'ry warring Faculty is calm;
The King and Fate can ſhock my Peace no more.

Enter Learchus *in Mourning, and one following him with a Cup.*

Lear. Before my Tongue diſcloſe the fatal Meſſage,
That will, I fear, unhinge your Reaſon quite,
Oh! let me kneel, and in this humble Poſture,
Obtain your Royal Pardon, for obeying
The fatal Orders of the King your Father.

Leon. Riſe, my Lord, and ſpeak your Meſſage.

Lear. Oh that were it not to be ſpoke by me.
Lorenzo is ——

Leon. Dead! There I help'd you forward —— Why, 'tis well;
You ſee I faint not; then proceed, I pray;
Tell me, come tell me how my Huſband fell;
For all my Senſes are to Hearing turn'd,
And I can liſten to the fatal Tale:
But thou'rt his Foe, and will not do him juſtice,
Nor ſpeak the mournful Meſſage of his Love.
Thou com'ſt to triumph o'er my endleſs Grief,
And ſatiate thy inveterate Hate on me.

Lear. This Taſk, this hateful Taſk, was not my Choice,
But forc'd upon me by the King my Maſter.
Yet when I wrong *Lorenzo*'s Memory,
May Truth forſake my Soul, and Speech my Tongue;
The vital Blood that circles in my Veins,
Congeal to Ice, and ſtop the Springs of Life.
Your Huſband fell moſt reſolute and brave,
And your *Idea* op'n'd Heav'n before him.
Tell her, ſaid he, *I charge her not to grieve,*
Since he who falls a Martyr for my Love,
Still ſinks with Honour equal to the Field;
And Death for her bring greater Pleaſure far,
Than a whole Age of Life without her Love.

Leon. Oh matchleſs Conſtancy!
You ſee I do obſerve his laſt Requeſt
Tears are the Tribute which a Girl can pay.
Too poor a Taſk for *Leonora*'s Eyes,
When ſhe wou'd mourn a faithful Huſband's Loſs.

Inward, ye Fountains, turn your liquid Springs,
And round my Heart collect your baleful Streams,
Whilſt Sighs ſuppreſt, augment the ſwelling Tide,
And raiſe it up to ſuch Extremity,
Till one dire Groan the fatal Tempeſt breaks,
And Life and Grief at once ruſh out together;
Then I ſhall find my deareſt Lord again.

Lear. My Heart, I fear, will fail me in my Purpoſe;
Oh moſt lamented Princeſs! [*Aſide.*

Leon. Ha! what, another Exclamation?
Then there is ſomething ſure remains behind;
Some dreadful, monſtrous, matchleſs Scene of Woe,
Whoſe horrid Birth, even thou, *Antenor's* Son,
Seems fearful and unwilling to diſcloſe.

Lear. There is indeed; oh! how ſhall I relate it?
Or where find Words of ſoft and gentle Sound,
To cloath the fatal Buſineſs of my Errand?

Leon. Ha! ſupport me, gracious Heaven.

Lear. Within this *Cup*; oh! can I live to ſpeak it!
The King preſents you with your Huſband's *Heart!*

Leon. Ah! [*Shrieks.*] Tyrant, Murderer, moſt inhuman Father;
Patience! oh Patience! whither art thou fled?
Fury, Diſtraction, aid my lab'ring Brain!
Start ev'ry Nerve, and burſt ye throbbing Veins,
Diffuſe your [illegible], to quench his eager Thirſt!
Oh! [illegible]ious Rage! oh matchleſs Cruelty!
Hear me, juſt Heaven, and hurl thy Vengeance down,
Quick, blaſt the Authors of this curſed Deed:
Let Earth be barren, and the Sea be dry,
Each Tree conſum'd, and ev'ry Herb deſtroy'd;
Let univerſal *Chaos* reign again,
And hide this Object in its ſable Womb.
But why waſte I my Time in fruitleſs Wiſhes?
My Huſband chides me for this long Delay,
I come, my Love. [*Snatches at* Learchus's *Sword.*

Lear. Forbid it, Heav'n, that you ſhou'd touch your Life.

Leon. 'Tis Hell forbids it; thou, the ruling Fiend;
Thou haſt prevented me! Oh gracious Act!
From thee! from thee, who gave *Lorenzo* Death!
But Grief, like mine, will find a thouſand Doors to let in Death.

These

Theſe Hands ſhall cruſh the Organs of my Life,
And ſtop at once this Breath replete with Miſery.
Lear. Fly, and acquaint the King with her Reſolves;
And beg his Preſence, to allay the Storm. [*Ex. Attendant.*
Leon. Oh, my *Lorenzo!*
For thy Death, curſt be this fruitful *Lombardy*,
May Rapine wake her Genius from Repoſe,
And in her Cities place the Seat of Famine;
May Tempeſts lay her ſtately Fabrics waſte,
And make her Deſolation great as mine.
Lear. Royal Madam!
Leon. Interrupt me not with that deteſted Voice;
Give me the precious Relick of my Love;
The nobleſt *Heart* that ever Man poſſeſs'd;
Nor will I part with it, till Life forſake me;
Nor when I die, for here I'll have it plac'd,
[*Points to her Breaſt.*
A ſacred Pledge, and Witneſs of my Truth;
The ſureſt Token for my Lord to know me,
When in the other World we meet again. [*Exit.*
Lear. Upon your Lives guard her with ſtricteſt Care,
And let no Means of Death be near her.

Enter Agoniſtus.

Ago. My Lord, the King is coming hith[illegible]
Lear. 'Tis well; and are my Orders all ob[illegible]
Ago. Exactly; but ſee, the King appears.

Enter King *and Guards.*

King. Haſt thou in ev'ry Part perform'd our Will?
Lear I have, great Sir.
King. 'Tis well; I've ſent *Antenor* to the City,
To quell the Riots there; and that once paſt,
I ſhall again poſſeſs my Crown in Peace.
Thoſe Drones, pretending to have Stings, appear,
And in full Body would arraign my Juſtice.
In vain the *Fox* wou'd wear the *Lion*'s Skin,
Without the *Lion*'s Strength — But ſay,
How does our Daughter bear her Minion's Death?
Lear. The Royal Dame, like *Roman* Matrons, bore,
Unmov'd and calm, the mournful Tale of Death.
King. Then is half my Vengeance loſt.

Lear. But when I nam'd your *Preſent* of his HEART,
Both Majeſty and Reaſon quite forſook her,
And wild Diſtraction ſhook her beauteous Fabric.
She rav'd, and curs'd *herſelf*, and *all the World*;
Then took the Relick of her much-lov'd Lord,
And vow'd to part no more.

King. Thou doſt revive me with this Story.

Lear. Oh, Royal Sir,
My Heart is ſwoln with exceſſive Sadneſs.
Oh! could my Eyes, inſtead of Tears, ſhed Blood,
They could not, ſure, expreſs the dreadful Scene,
Which by your fatal Order was diſplay'd.

King. Art thou ſo tender in thy Nature!

Lear. Oh! think upon the mourning Princeſs, Sir,
That peerleſs Monument of loyal Truth,
Whoſe Soul diſdains to be out-done in Love,
But vows to die for *Him*, as *He* for *Her*:
Then aſk your Heart, if all's at Peace within.

King. And art thou grown her Advocate, *Lorenzo?*
Antenor will not thank thee for the Office.

Lear. My Father, even in his Height of Hatred,
Would weep to hear the Sorrows which I ſaw.
Oh, Royal Sir! what muſt your Subjects do,
When that ſad Day to *Lombardy* arrives,
[redacted] Majeſty muſt yield to Fate?
[redacted]orthy found to fill your Throne,
[redacted]cous *Leonora* is no more?
The Child unborn will curſe that haſty Doom,
By which you have deſtroy'd the nobleſt Pair
That ever *Hymen* join'd in Nuptial Bands.

King. Name it no more, I do not care to think on't;
I wiſh thy Father had but half thy Virtues.

Lear. Lorenzo gave a Packet to my Hands,
Which he receiv'd, he ſaid, from an old *Hermit*,
With full Inſtructions for your Majeſty.

King. Where is the Packet?

Lear. He did intreat I would return it to him;
And I perform'd his laſt Requeſt with Care,
But the ſame *Hermit* waits without, to tell ye,
With heavy Heart, the great important Story.

King. Admit him ſtraight.

Enter

Enter Hermit.

What wou'd you, venerable Sir, with me?

Her. Theſe twenty Winters have I paſs'd in Prayer,
From Noiſe of Courts, and Buſtle of the Great,
Bound by a Vow to expiate my Sins,
And ſave a Child which thou haſt taken from me.
Lorenzo, whom the Lord *Alcanor* bred,
And ſtill, for weighty Reaſons, call'd his own,
Was only Son to me; his Hand I join'd
Where Love, long ſince, had join'd his tender Heart;
Even to thy Daughter, the Princeſs *Leonora*.

King. Ha! and dar'ſt thou juſtify this Treaſon?
Is the baſe Offspring of a dreaming Prieſt
Worthy to rule, and mingle with my Blood?
I know you well; all your Humility
Conſiſts in outward Form, a mere Diſguiſe
To cover Pride and bold Ambition with!
Which ſtill aſpires to teach and govern Kings.
But know, that Garb of Sanctity, grave Sir,
Shan't awe my Hand from puniſhing a Traytor.
Guards, ſeize him.

Her. Hold! know'ſt thou this Face, my Kinſman, tell me?
Or has thy Memory loſt the Duke of *Milan*?

King. Ha! the Duke of *Milan*! O! my Uncle!
Why wou'd you, Sir, conceal [redacted]
And draw this Load of Guiltineſs upon it?

Her. When he,
Who now uſurps my Dukedom, drove me out,
From Court to Court, I ſought in vain Relief.
Yourſelf in War, unable to aſſiſt me,
The Tyrant grew in great Alliance ſtrong,
And ev'ry Prince refus'd to ſhelter me:
One Ev'ning, as I walk'd alone in *Venice*,
And melancholy muſing what to do,
Having receiv'd my Orders to depart,
I met a Hermit, who call'd me by my Name,
And told me all the Failings of my Life;
Then bad me enter holy Orders ſtrait,
And expiate my Sins in fervent Prayer.
Full twenty Years, if this I well perform'd,
My Son, he ſaid, ſhould wear a Regal Crown,
And I ſhou'd be again reſtor'd to *Milan*.

But

But if, before that Term of Years expir'd,
I lag'd, or once repin'd at what I bore,
My Son and I ſhou'd periſh — Oh fatal Thought!
For now I have found th' ambiguous Prophecy;
The Crown he meant, was Martyrdom for Love.

King. Oh moſt unhappy Prince!

Her. This, when I told that honeſt Lord *Alcanor*,
He offer'd to receive my Son for his,
Who then was three Years old, and breed him for me;
Then bound himſelf by Oath to keep the Secret.
I ſtrait took Orders, and finding him recall'd
I ſoon reſolv'd to fix my Dwelling here,
And in a lonely Cell, hard by the Bower,
I liv'd unknown to all but Lord *Alcanor*.
My Friend, upon his Death-bed, charg'd *Lorenzo*,
To pay the Duty of a Son to me;
But told him not how much he ow'd it to me.
The twenty Years being now expired quite,
I purpos'd to diſcover to your Majeſty
The great important Story of my Life;
And, for which Purpoſe, to my Son I gave
The Packet which this Lord return'd me back.
But oh! my Soul, when moſt I hope for Comfort,
I am become moſt miſerable!
Wherein your Fears to miſe the Horror of my Guilt,
Who will be ſure to drive me to Deſpair;
When bear'ſt that of remaining Hope,
That you and *Leonora* will forgive me.

Lear. Help, help the Princeſs; ſee, ſhe comes,
Mad, with her Woes, and graſping ſtill the Heart.

King. Open, Earth, and hide me from this Object.

Enter Leonora, *held by her Women.*

Leon. Off! off, Tormentors; off, and give me Way;
Am I a Princeſs, and dare you detain me?
Ha! the King! Oh! let me kneel before you,
For all the Storms of Life will ſoon be over.
Permit me to believe, that once I was
The only darling Pleaſure of your Soul;
Commanded Slaves, who at my Nod ſtill fled,
And were the very Creatures of my Will:
Inform me then how I have loſt this Power,

That

That thoſe who ſhould obey, dare to controul me.
All that I aſk, is to be rid of them ;
I want no Daggers, Aſps, nor Poiſons now ;
All ſeveral Bleſſings for a ſpeedy Death ;
But only Leave to lay a Father's Preſent
Next my poor Heart, and ſleep my Cares away.

King. Look up, my Child, behold thy Father mourns
Thy too unhappy worthy Huſband's Fall.
Oh ! let my Penitence attone my Crime ;
See, *Leonora*, Nature is revers'd ;
A weeping Father kneeling to his Child.
Oh ! promiſe me that thou wilt live, my Daughter,
And we will all revere thy Huſband's Mem'ry :
For him a Monument ſhall ſtraight be rais'd ;
The *Parian* Marble, and *Corinthian* Braſs,
And Gold from *India* ſhall the Pile adorn ;
And yearly all his Soldiers gather round,
To hear Orations in his Praiſe for ever,
Whilſt I reſign my Crown and Rule to thee.

Leon. Oh! poor Temptation to a wretched Life !
What is a Crown, compar'd with what I feel ?
Can Crowns allay Extremity of Woe ?
Oh, no ! your Offers want that healing Power ;
And if your Sorrow's real, or only feign'd,
It matters not, ſince my *Lorenzo's* gone.
Since you have murder'd him by whom I liv'd,
Here, by this precious Relick of my Love,
Which you have in the pureſt Metal plac'd,
I ſwear, and witneſs all ye ſacred Powers
That guide our Lives and pre-ordain our Fates,
Hear, and confirm my ſtedfaſt Vow. [*Kneels.*

King. O hold, my Child !

Leon. No Sleep ſhall ever cloſe theſe Eyes again,
Nor Food ſuſtain this hated Life I wear,
Nor aught profane the Kiſs upon my Lips,
Which from my Huſband I receiv'd at parting,
Till from theſe Multitude of Woes reliev'd,
I re-enjoy my Love. [*Riſes.*

Lear. Oh, Madam !
Why will you puniſh all the World for one ;
For one raſh Act committed by a Father ?

King. Oh! that my Crown could raiſe him from the Grave !

With

With eager Tranſport I would lay it down.
With more Content, with more ſubſtantial Joy,
Cou'd I behold you in each other's Arms,
Than e'er the Scepter gave me.
Her. I wiſh thy Soul had been thus touch'd before;
Then my *Lorenzo*, then my Son had liv'd.
Leon. Theſe are your Wiſhes, when Relief is paſt;
Why will you cruelly interrupt the Dying?
King. Why wilt thou wound me with thy Unbelief,
And rack me worſe than e'er thy Huſband was?
What Proof of my Repentance ſhall I give thee?
By all the Fruits of Earth and Lights of Heaven;
By that ſuperior Light, the glorious Sun,
From which for ever let my Eyes be ſhut,
If they could e'er behold a Sight more pleaſing.
Lear. Now is my Time. [*Exit.*
Leon. In vain, in vain you uſe theſe Imprecations,
Since in my Breaſt they cannot make Impreſſion;
For he, alas! is gone for ever from me.
King. Oh, my Child! why doſt thou turn thy Eyes away?
And is thy Father ſeen ſo hateful grown,
Thou canſt not bear to look upon him?

Enter Learchus *and* Lorenzo *at the upper End of the Stage.*

Leon. Ha! ſee, ſee, ye Murderers, who comes here?
It is the lifeleſs Shadow of my Huſband;
He's ſent by Heaven to warn your guilty Souls,
Of endleſs Torture, for your barbarous Crimes.
See here my Love! I graſp the Subſtance ſtill;
A tender Father's Preſent to thy Wife;
The beſt and richeſt Gift, when thou wert gone
Oh! it has told me all, and bid me haſte
To fly Oppreſſion, and enjoy thy Preſence.
And now I feel the happy Moment on me;
Life gives way, and I am coming to thee. [*Faints.*
King. Support our Daughter.
Lor. Hold off; let me embrace the beauteous Mourner:
Oh! ſpeak to me, my Dear; my *Leonora* ſpeak:
Thy Soul is ſummon'd by thy Huſband back.
Oh! leave me not to periſh in Deſpair.
King. Ha! what do I ſee! *Lorenzo* living!

Her.

Her. My Son alive ! I thank thee gracious Heaven,
And all that has been inſtrumental to it.
Lor. Oh, *Leonora!* oh my beauteous Wife!
Daſh not my riſing Joy at once, my Love;
Look up, my Fair ; 'tis thy *Lorenzo* calls.
Leon. Ha ! 'tis he, the very He ! Oh Tranſport !
'Tis my real, my dear, my faithful Huſband.
Say how, oh ! how haſt thou retriev'd thy Heart !
Or art thou by ſome Miracle ſupported?
Thus will I hold thee faſt within my Arms,
From whence no mortal Strength ſhall wreſt thee forth,
Without the Life of *Leonora* with thee.
Lor. Oh, thou Excellence ! thou wond'rous Woman !
How ſhall I requite thee?
King. Proclaim it to the World, *Lorenzo* lives ;
No more the Son of old *Alcanor* now,
But Heir Apparent to the Crown of *Milan.*
Lor. What do I hear ?
King. Yes, thou'rt of noble Blood ; ſee there thy Father.
Kneel to him.
Lor. Am I then, Sir, your Son ? Oh, pardon me
If I enquire why thus you have conceal'd me,
So long unknowing of my Duty ?
Her. Riſe, my Son ; another Time I'll tell thee all ;
May Heav'n ſhower its Bleſſin[illegible] on both.
Leon. Oh Extaſy ! thy Father living !
Mine reconcil'd, and thy dear Life reſtor'd !
The Joy's too great for mortal Senſe to bear ;
'Tis ſure the Epitome of that above,
Which Angels, in their ſep'rate State, enjoy.
There wants but *Antimora* and thy Friend,
To make thee happy too.
King. If thou haſt been ſo very good, *Learchus,*
To preſerve them too, thy King will thank thee.
Embrace this Man, *Lorenzo*, for he ſav'd thee ;
And here the Hatred of your Houſes ends.
Lor. I'm all Confuſion ! Was I ſav'd by thee ?
Oh ſpare my Words, and read 'em in my Eyes!
Lear. I aſk no Thanks ; the King has over-paid me,
Since he forgives this only Breath of Duty.
Come forth, my *Antimora*, now no more
Bound by the Duty of a Siſter's Love. [*Enter* Antimora

A

And oh! I wiſh I cou'd produce *Cardono!*
I did my beſt to ſave him, tho' my Rival;
But notwithſtanding all the Care I us'd,
He expir'd of his Wounds.
Lor. Alas! my Friend.
Anti. Your Pardon, Royal Sir. [*Kneels.*
King. Riſe, fair *Antiſtora*; I forgive thee.
Anti. Oh my raviſh'd Senſes! tho' I no more
Muſt call you Brother, yet methinks I feel
The ſame tranſporting Joy for your Deliverance,
As if you truly were my Brother.
Lor. Thou ſhalt be my Siſter, lovely Maid;
And the ſame fond tender Care I'll pay thee;
And wiſh I really were thy Brother now,
To ſhew how much I prize this worthy Man.
Yet take her from my Hand, *Learchus*, and,
With her, take the Heart that thou didſt kindly ſave.
Lear. The two great Bleſſings Heav'n or Earth can give me. [*They embrace.*
King. Now thou haſt made me more than King, *Learchus*;
And my Regards ſhall ſound thy Praiſes forth,
And to the World proclaim thy matchleſs Virtue.
Lear. If my Delay of Duty had diſpleas'd,
I wou'd have offer'd myſelf, great Sir,
And dy'd, to expiate my honeſt Fault.
Your Pardon, Royal Madam's what I want,
For all the Grief which I have caus'd in you.
I had no gentler Means to ſave *Lorenzo*,
But by appearing to obey the King.
I us'd the Heart of him *Cardono* ſtabb'd,
To work my End, and raiſe a Father's Pity,
Hoping your real Diſtreſs might move the King,
And wake Repentance in his Royal Soul.
My Plot ſucceeded, and I'm happy in it.
Leon. Let tender Maids, who feel the Force of Love;
For ever bleſs, and ever praiſe thy Name.
May'ſt thou ne'er aſk of Heaven or Man a Boon,
But may it be with double Portion granted.
Come to my Breaſt, thou Partner in my Grief,
And witneſs, ſacred Truth, how dear I hold thee.

Exeunt

Enter Captain.

Capt. The Citizens hearing *Lorenzo* lives,
Laid down their Arms, and bleſs'd your Majeſty;
But Lord *Antenor* was in the Buſtle ſlain.
Lear. Alas! my Father!
King. Let this fair Virgin recompenſe thy Loſs,
While all thy Father's Honours live again;
And with a better Grace adorn thy Brow.

But oh! be warn'd by his unhappy Fate,
What Dangers on the doubling Stateſman wait!
Had he prefer'd his King's and Country's Good,
This public Vengeance had not ſought his Blood;
But while the ſecret Paths of Guilt he treads,
Where Luſt of Power, Revenge, or Envy leads,
While to Ambition's lawleſs Height he flies,
Hated he lives, and unlamented dies.

The End of the SECOND VOLUME.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 10 February, 2016